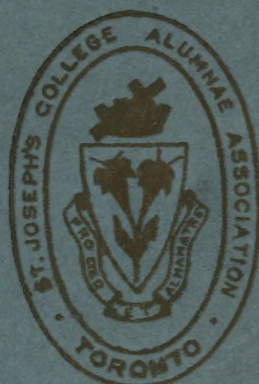


SAINT JOSEPH LILIES



JUNE, 1917

SAINT JOSEPH'S COLLEGE,
TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADA.

VOL. VI.

No. 1

Suitable Summer Styles

IN

Dresses and
Suits
Millinery,
Blouses,
Gloves and
Hose,
Boots
and
Shoes



THE whole list of young girls' or young women's requirements in dress or other things is covered by the wonderful stocks of goods in our big store.

¶The Misses' Department offers the latest Paris and New York styles in Coats, Dresses and Suits.

¶The Millinery Department has a special girls' and Misses' section where the youthful styles are featured.

Afternoon Tea served in the
Lunch Room—3.00 to 5.30

THE
ROBERT

SIMPSON

COMPANY
LIMITED

ST. JOSEPH LILIES

Alumnae and Friends

PLEASE SEND YOUR ANNUAL
SUBSCRIPTION OF ONE DOLLAR

TO

St. Joseph's College

St. Alban's Street, Toronto

FOR

St. Joseph Lilies

Published Quarterly

**J U N E
SEPTEMBER
DECEMBER
MARCH**

Single Copies, 30 Cents

SEND TO-DAY! Subscribers kindly
send prompt notice
of change of address TO THE COLLEGE

CONTENTS ON PAGES 1 AND 2

ST. JOSEPH LILIES.

Borthwick's Bread

HOME-MADE BREAD

Toasts to delicate crispness that makes one
slice an invitation for another. ∴ ∴ ∴

Bread of the Very Best Quality

TWENTY DIFFERENT KINDS

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

BORTHWICK BAKING CO.,

HERBERT LAWLOR, Prop.

Phone Gerrard 2331

11-25 Davies Ave.

TORONTO

PLEASE PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS.

ST. JOSEPH LILIES.

JOHN J. FEE

Wholesale Butter ^and Eggs

**Special Attention to Table Butter
and New Laid Eggs**

64 Front Street East,

TORONTO

ONTARIO

TELEPHONES: Adelaide 133 and 134

PLEASE PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS.

Life Insurance at Cost

NO MORE :: :: NO LESS

WHY YOU SHOULD JOIN THE Independent Order of Foresters BECAUSE

IT HAS adequate rates. Is 100 per cent. solvent. Furnishes a complete Insurance Protection.

IT FURNISHES Sick and Funeral Benefits. Furnishes Disability Benefits.

IT PROVIDES Fraternal, Social and Hospital Benefits and most of its Branches Provide Free Medical Attendance.

IT FURNISHES Old Age Benefits. Furnishes free Treatment for Tuberculosis in its two great Sanatoriums.

IT TAKES complete care of Full Orphans and assists Half Orphans of deceased members.

IT HAS paid in Total Benefits over forty-nine million dollars.

Study 1915 Year's Noble Record

Paid to Beneficiaries..	\$2,267,053.79
Paid in Expectation of Life	16,500.00
Paid in Disability Benefits	216,417.07
Paid in Old Age Benefits	987,440.55
Paid in Fraternal Benefits	162,275.20
Paid in Sick and Funeral Benefits	285,222.28
Increase in accumulated funds during 1915	665,085.10
Assets per \$1,000 Insurance in Force ...	228.65

Accumulated Funds	
December 31st,	
1915	\$ 4,206,072.98
Paid in Benefits since Inception	\$49,633,813.71

Low cost of Management ensures low cost of Insurance to the Insured.
An I.O.F. Policy Protects You in Loss of Health and in Old Age.

IT PROTECTS THE HOME AND CHILDREN.

If YOU want the best Fraternal Insurance then insure with this solid organization, the

Independent Order of Foresters

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION AND LITERATURE APPLY TO
E. G. Stevenson, S.C.R. **Fred. J. Darch, S.S.**
TEMPLE BUILDING :: :: TORONTO, CANADA

Merchants' Bank of Canada

ESTABLISHED 1864

Authorized Capital.....	\$10,000,000
Capital Paid Up.....	\$ 7,000,000
Reserve Fund.....	\$ 7,000,000
Total Assets over.....	\$80,000,000

DIRECTORS :

SIR H. MONTAGUE ALLAN, *President*. K. W. B. CACKELL, *Vice-President*
THOS. LONG, ANDREW J. DAWES, F. HAWARD WILSON, ALEX. BARNET,
F. ORR LEWIS, FARQUHAR ROBERTSON, ANDREW A. ALLAN,
GEORGE L. CAINS, C. C. BALLANTYNE, A. B. EVANS.

HEAD OFFICE, MONTREAL

E. F. HEBDEN, *General Manager*.
T. E. MERRETT, *Superintendent of Branches and Chief Inspector*.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

We give special attention to Savings Accounts. One Dollar only is necessary to open an account. Interest allowed at highest Bank Rate, and added twice a year without application or presentation of Pass-Book.

No delay in withdrawals. Two or more persons may open a Joint Account, and either party can with-draw money.

GENERAL BUSINESS

Commercial Letters of Credit Issued, available in Europe, China, Japan and other countries.

Travellers' Letters of Credit issued, available in all parts of the world.

Travellers' Cheques issued in convenient denominations, available in all parts of the world.

Bank Money Orders sold at all Branches; payable at the office of any Chartered Bank in Canada.

Loans made to Merchants, Manufacturers, Farmers, Live Stock Dealers, Municipalities and School Sections.

We cash cheques, drafts, express orders, postal money orders, etc.

Remittances to Great Britain can be easily and safely made by purchasing a draft on our London Agents. We have ample facilities for transmitting money to all other European countries also.

ST. JOSEPH LILIES.

St. Michael's College Year Book

PUBLISHED BY GRADUATING CLASS OF 1916.



Subscription \$1.00

For Advertising Rates Apply to
ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE.
Phone N. 790.

D. J. SHEEHAN,
Editor.

T. J. McGUIRE,
Business Manager.

PLEASE PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS.

ST. JOSEPH LILIES.

Tea Cleanliness and Purity

From the tea gardens in Ceylon to the familiar sealed packets of



Absolute cleanliness prevails. Every particle of dust removed.
Weighed and packed by automatic machinery.

ESTABLISHED 1856.

P. BURNS & CO.

Wholesale and Retail

COAL AND WOOD MERCHANTS

HEAD OFFICE

49 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO

BRANCH OFFICES.

Front St., near Bathurst.
Tel. M. 2119, M. 449
Princess St. DocksTel. M. 190
449 Logan Ave.Tel. N. 1601
Huron and DupontTel. N. 2504

YARDS.

304 Queen EastTel. M. 17
429 Spadina Ave.Tel. Col. 603
1312 Queen WestTel. Park. 711
274 College St.Tel. Col. 1304
324½ Queen W.Tel. Main 1409
572 Queen WestTel. Col. 12
441 Yonge St.Tel. Main 3208

Telephone Main 131 and 3298.

PLEASE PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS.

ST. JOSEPH LILIES.

Fruit and Vegetables Solicited

BRANCH
WAREHOUSES:

**SUDBURY,
NORTH BAY,
COBALT,
COCHRANE,
and
PORCUPINE**

References :
The Canadian
Bank
of Commerce,
(Mkt. Branch)
and Commer-
cial Agencies.

**SEND FOR
SHIPPING
STAMP**

WE GET YOU BEST PRICES

Our facilities enable us to realize top prices at all times for your fruit, vegetables, or general produce. Aside from our large connection on the Toronto market, we have established branch warehouses, with competent men in charge, at SUDBURY, NORTH BAY, COBALT, COCHRANE, and PORCUPINE. In time of congestion on the Toronto market, we have a ready outlet through these branches. We never have to sacrifice your interests.

H. PETERS,

88 FRONT ST. EAST, - - - TORONTO, ONT.

Parkdale 1493

C. GANNON
WHOLESALE BUTCHER

—
**FINEST
QUALITY
OF
MEATS**
—

23 MARGUERETTA STREET

Toronto, Ont.



**For Infants, Invalids, the Aged
and Travellers**

A Safe and complete Food Product for Infants and Invalids which eliminates the dangers of milk infection.

The basis of "Horlick's Malted Milk" is pure, full cream milk combined with the extracts of malted grain reduced to powder form.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK CO.

Racine, Wis., U.S.A.

Montreal, Can.

PLEASE PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS.

"Safe Electric Wiring"

GEORGE J. BEATTIE

"The Electric Shop"

72 Victoria Street

TORONTO, CANADA

Our Storage Battery Department at 72 Adelaide Street is well equipped to take care of your Automobile Storage Battery Troubles

TELEPHONE MAIN 6178



**CANADA'S
GREATEST
MUSIC STORE**

Importers, Publishers, and Manufacturers of Sheet Music, Music Books, and Musical Instruments of every description.

Our stock is especially adapted to the requirements of **TEACHERS, STUDENTS, SCHOOLS, CONVENTS, and CONSERVATORIES.**

Write for Price Lists and Catalogues.

Publishers of
Elementary Classics
Primary Classics
Famous Classics
First Pieces in Easy Keys
Melodious Recreations
Read's Easy Method for Piano
Vogt's Modern Technique
Vogt's Standard Anthems
Ideal Anthem Books
Mammoth Folio of Music
Empire Song Folio
Vocal and Piano Music of All Kinds,
Standard and Popular, always on hand.
Let us supply your every requirement.

WHALEY, ROYCE & CO., LIMITED
WINNIPEG **TORONTO**

A Sewing Machine Offer

We want to put a **SINGER** Sewing Machine into your home for a free, fair, full trial.

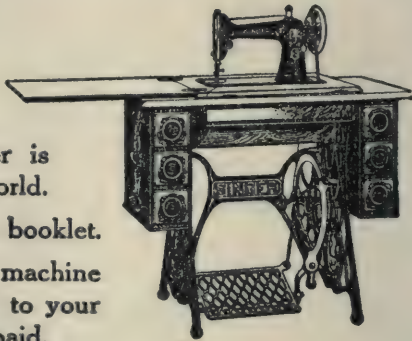
We want every woman to see for herself why the Singer is recognized as the best in the world.

Send a postal for our free booklet.

Select from it the type of machine you would like to have sent to your home for free trial, all charges paid.

If you decide to buy it, terms will be made to please you.

If you don't want it, it will be taken back at our expense. Write for the booklet now. Address,



SINGER SEWING MACHINE CO.

EXCELSIOR LIFE BUILDING, TORONTO.

ST. JOSEPH LILIES.

John Sloan & Co.,

WHOLESALE GROCERS

TORONTO BELLEVILLE KITCHENER

Saint Jerome's College

KITCHENER, : : : : ONTARIO.

Excellent Business College Department

Excellent High School Department

Excellent College or Arts Department

New Buildings, with Latest Hygienic Equipments. The Largest Gymnasium in Canada—Running Track—Swimming Pool—Shower Baths.

**FIRST-CLASS BOARD
COMFORTABLE SLEEPING ROOMS**

Individual Attention to Students.

All Professors Canadian by birth and training, with post-graduate courses in Europe.

Address,

Rev. A. L. Zinger, C.R., Ph.D., President

PLEASE PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS.

PLEASE PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS.

Christie Biscuits

ARE THE

Purest of All Pure Foods

OVER 500 VARIETIES

Christie, Brown & Co., Limited
TORONTO



IRONING DEPARTMENT FOR SHEETS, TABLE
COVERS, PILLOW SLIPS, TOWELS,
NAPKINS AND SPREADS, ETC.

NEW METHOD LAUNDRY CO.
LTD.

"We Know How."

VISITORS WELCOME.

The Club Coffee Co.

SPECIALISTS IN

FINE COFFEES AND TEAS

Importers, Roasters and Blenders
TORONTO, ONT.

Take pleasure in announcing that the steady increase of their business has forced them to secure larger premises.

In a large new warehouse built by them, the most up-to-date roasting and grinding machinery has been installed, and now, more than ever, have facilities on hand to render exceptional service.

A specialty is made of supplying large institutions.

THE NEW ADDRESS

240 Church St., Toronto

Telephone Main 173

PLEASE PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS.

ST. JOSEPH LILIES.

LARGEST STOCK OF THE BEST IMPORTED MATERIALS

KING STREET STYLES

AHLGRENS, LIMITED

Ladies' Costumes Made to Measure

ONE ADDRESS ONLY :

97 King Street West, Toronto

MAN TAILORED SUITS \$25.00 AND UP

Our Motto: 'Every Customer Must Be Satisfied.'

ENDORSED BY O'BRIENS, LIMITED.

Modern Laundry Plants

LARGE AND SMALL

MANUFACTURED AND INSTALLED BY

The Toronto Laundry Machine Co., Limited

TORONTO, ONTARIO

Dundas Street Bridges

Telephone June. 3714

PLEASE PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS.

Elevator Specialty Company, Limited

*Our Specialty is Repair
Work on Elevators and
Electrical Machinery*

DAY PHONE NIGHT PHONES
Main 2201 Adel. 3013
Adel. 4161

36-38 Lombard St.

Dr. Porter

DENTIST

CORNER

Mississauga and West St.

ORILLIA :: ONTARIO

Phone Main 4630.

Stromberg Electric Clocks
Master and Secondary

Signal Systems Company

TELEPHONE EXPERTS

Private Telephones. Manual and Auto-
matic Systems.

Church and Lombard Sts. **Toronto.**

ROSS & SON

*Trees Shrubs
Roses*

TORONTO NURSERIES

1167 QUEEN ST. E. Phone Gerrard 2538

LUX

PURE Essence of Soap in
flakes—for Shampoo, Hair
Wash, Bath or Toilet. Dissolves
readily in hot water, forms a
foamy, cream-like lather which
cannot injure the daintiest
hands—leaves the hands soft
and glossy—invigorates the
scalp.

At all Grocers—10c.

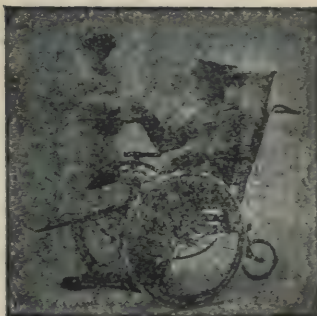
Lever Bros., Limited, Toronto

STEELE BRIGGS

SEEDS

Grow the Best
by Every Test

**TORONTO WINNIPEG
HAMILTON**



Invalid Wheel and Rolling
Chairs of all kinds for
Hospital, House and Street use

Our Grade "C" Catalogue
shows full line.

THE GENDRON MFG. CO.

Gendron

Limited
Toronto

T. A. LYTLE CO.

LIMITED

Sterling Brand

CATSUP

With Green Label

**STERLING ROAD
TORONTO**

Carving Tables. Tea and Coffee
Urns.

RANGES.

Wrought Iron Range Co.

OF CANADA, LIMITED.

Manufacturers of

HOME COMFORT KITCHEN OUTFITS

For Hotels, Restaurants and Insti-
tutions.

Re-tinning and Repairing a Spe-
ciality.

Factory—22 ORILLIA STREET,
Rear of Showroom.

Office—151 KING ST. WEST,
TORONTO.

Phone Adel. 1788 and 3533.

BROILERS.

Dish Washers. Potato Parers.

Phone North 5180.

: : FISH : :

Fresh direct from the Fisheries
every day, by fast express.



PRICES LOW



Quality the Finest at

SIMPSON'S

736 YONGE ST.

Pugsley, Dingman & Co.

Limited

USE

COMFORT SOAP

"It's All Right"

SAVE THE WRAPPERS

Have you used OMO?

The new Bleacher, Purifier and
Cleanser.

"Makes White Clothes Whiter"

For Sale by all Grocers

**School Seating and Supplies
Laboratory Equipment
Water Colors**

THE GEO. M. HENDRY CO.

LIMITED

215 Victoria St. : Toronto

M. M. CLANCY

INSURANCE.



29-34 CANADA LIFE BLDG.

46 King St. W.

Telephone - - Main 3000

CHOICE FLOWERS

Dillemoth

FLORIST

123 King St. W., Toronto

Phone Adelaide 2437.

YOUR CREDIT IS GOOD HERE

OPEN A CHARGE ACCOUNT

LET US FEATHER
YOUR NEST



WE FURNISH
THE HOME
AND
CLOTHE
THE FAMILY

ON EASY
CREDIT TERMS

A CHARGE ACCOUNT

will permit you to furnish your home and dress well. No need of waiting till you get the cash. Come in and choose what you need. Pay a small deposit down and the balance

ONE DOLLAR WEEKLY

HOME
FURNITURE CARPET CO. LIMITED
343-345 QUEEN ST. EAST

THE HOME BANK OF CANADA

Original 1854
Charter

The Home Bank was established as a savings account institution sixty-three years ago and it now does a very large volume of business with thrifty depositors. One dollar opens an account.



“THRIFT
is the management of your affairs in such a way that the value of your possessions is constantly in-**”**
creasing.

The nucleus of every independent fortune is in a Savings Account. Investments can only be made with capital, and capital can only be acquired by saving from earnings. One dollar opens a Savings Account at any office of the Home Bank of Canada. Full Compound Interest paid at highest Bank rate.



Head Offices and Nine Branches in Toronto
8-10 KING ST. WEST, HEAD OFFICE AND
TORONTO BRANCH

78 Church Street
Cor. Queen West and Bathurst
Cor. Bloor West and Bathurst
Cor. Queen East and Ontario
236 Broadview, Cor. Wilton Ave.
1871 Dundas St., Cor. High Park Ave.
1220 Yonge St. Subway, Cor. Alcorn Ave.
Military Camp, Borden, Ont.

Branches and Connections Throughout Canada

Contents

The Sacred Heart (Portrait)	4
A Sonnet for June. E. C. Donnelly	5
Ordinary Mysticism. Rev. C. C. Kehoe	6
At the Cathedral. C. D. Swan	19
The Little Girl Who Smiled Back	20
The Stars and the Flowers. Rt. Rev. A. MacDonald ...	31
The Odes of Francis Thompson. Dr. T. O'Hagan	32
Queen of the May. "Teresa."	36
God, the Holy Ghost. Rev. J. McSorley	37
Pentecost	40
Rev. Bro. Potamian (Portrait)	42
Rev. Bro. Potamian. Rev. Bro. Simon	43
O Canada. S. M. M.	50
The Passing of the Gauls. Rev. Dr. Kissane	51
To the Heart of Jesus. M. S. Pine	57
From My Note Book. Rev. A. Coughlan	58
Alma Mater and Other Poems	65
American Catholic Journalism. J. B. Kennedy	66
The Officials of St. Joseph's College Alumnae	71
The May Alumnae Meeting	72
Kind Words for the Lilies	73
Real and Ideal. C. D. Swan	79
Ab Insidiis Diaboli. S. M. H.	83

The Silver Anvils. Rev. Dr. Dollard	90
Religion and the War. F. B. Fenton	91
Death of a Noted Contributor	94
A Russian Sister of St. Joseph	96
Before Communion	108
History of the Great Indulgence	111
The Passing of an Old Friend	116
Exchanges	118
St. Joseph's College Department	121
St. Joseph's University Graduates, 1917, and Reception..	122
Graduates in Arts, 1917 (Portrait)	123
Keats' Ode on a Grecian Urn. Kathleen O'Brien	132
"Redgauntlet." Naomi Gibson	134
Mental Beauty	136
Our Holiday. Albertine Martin	137
The Tennis Club (Portrait)	140
College Notes	141



THE SACRED HEART

Saint Joseph Lilies

Pro Deo et Alma Matre.

VOL. VI.

TORONTO, JUNE, 1917.

No. 1

A Sonnet for June

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY

O Sweetest Heart of Jesus! to Thy shrine

In this dear month of June, Thy saints have brought,

Their offerings of word and deed and thought,

Like fairest blossoms blown in fields divine—

The blood-red roses of a Charity

Whose seed was gathered from Thine open side:

The lilies of surpassing Purity,

Amid whose petals Thou dost, pleased, abide.

Ah! woe is me, I cannot choose but hide

My blushing face, for I have naught for Thee

Save these poor violets, these tender-eyed

And drooping blossoms of Humility;

All wet with tears, they bloom for Thee alone,

Ah! make the giver and the gift Thine own!

Ordinary Mysticism

BY THE REV. C. C. KEHOE

MYSTICISM is always represented as a direct mysterious vista of God or His supernatural world quite hidden to ordinary mortals, who use reason or faith, setting the mystic on the plane of the prophet and far above such dim explorers as scientists, philosophers, poets, or even faith-enlightened Christians. We might expect that the mind would search for such a direct view of the spiritual world through the veil of matter and also that men would be very skeptical and suspicious of those who claim to have discovered it, on the general assumption that it is too good to be true.

The mystic then accordingly as he is genuine or less than genuine is a divine man with the light of heaven in his face, like another Moses, or he is a wretched fakir, a deluded dreamer, a false philosopher. The human mind is, however, as much addicted to mysticism as to rationalism or science and the history of mental culture presents at every age systems of occult thought and exploration that should be mysticism if they were true. The situation can be exemplified by an incident related in the chronicles of astronomy, how a planet was discovered in two ways, and the findings in both cases corresponded so accurately that the science of astronomy won a new triumph. It had been noticed for a long time that a group of heavenly bodies in a certain area of the celestial globe were under an influence of attraction that converged to a certain point, where astronomers maintained that a great planet must be located. They even gave the exact longitude and latitude of its position, its size and density, and thus it was located and charted without ever having been seen by the eye. That was an example of rationalism, of pure scientific exploration where the unseen was inferred from the influence that it exerted over visible bodies; it was a conclusion evolved from evident premises.

Afterwards a powerful glass was trained upon the spot and a great body loomed up, substantially the same as had been previously described. The outside lay world believed by faith what astronomers taught on this occasion. In this incident we have an exemplification of the three mental avenues to the spiritual world—reason, faith and mysticism. Is there any telescope of mysticism through which we may view God and the spiritual world either for eye or mind? Reason communicates with the Great Architect by surveying and examining His great temple of nature, witnessing in it His art and His attributes; supernatural faith believes His voice through the messenger He sends, and whose credentials He supports by miracles and prophecy, for He subjects nature's laws in ready obedience and respect to verify their mission. Thus reason and faith are legitimate, but what of mysticism?

Of course it is not necessary that the spiritual be unfolded to the eyes of the body; that cannot be and will not be even in the heaven of supernatural beatitude, as body may not view spirit in its native entity; but there is a mental view, in fact two mental views, one of truth and another of facts. A truth may be viewed directly and intuitively without any argument when it is self-evident, as for instance, "there is no effect without a cause," and another of fact, as the soul is conscious of its own acts. If the soul could reach in familiar converse the spiritual world as it communes with its own acts, we should say that such experience is truly mystical. The soul is immediately cognizant of its own thoughts and wishes and also, as it may be said, by concomitance, immediately perceives its own self. This statement is correct for the reason that its actions are perceived in the concrete, and thus the subject beneath or the soul itself that is thinking and willing is necessarily involved in the object of perception. An example could be given in ocular vision; looking at a broad flowing river, the expanse of its quantity, its colour and motion are not seen to us apart, for its broad bosom is one with the water, its colour is the colour of the water, its rippling motion is the onward movement of the water and thus the water itself, the substance is perceived—and still

the water is only seen to the extent of spread, colour and motion.

What the water is in itself chemistry must reason out. So it is with the soul under the view of consciousness, it is something that thinks and wishes in many moods of thought and desire, placid and calm in contemplation, eager in onward rush of search and investigation, stormy in its loves and hatreds. So we watch it, and by reason and shrewd inferences we afterwards come to know what its nature must be.

WHERE MYSTICS GO WRONG.

When there are many counterfeits we can easily infer that there is a genuine reality, that a precious something exists that excites imitations; just as a multitude of false religions and false philosophies always indicate that they are but the parasites that grow on independent organisms rooted deep in God and nature. We could even give a rule for successful imitation and plausible ruses for successful deception as jugglers learn to imitate magic or miracle. The many false systems of occult science that once fascinated crowds, but which are all since abandoned, and encumber the history of mental culture, seem very trifling and clumsy, when their internal mechanism is exposed. It is the shallowness of the mystic art when untrue that disgusts and drives the mind back to the long road of rationalistic plodding, back to science and argument, sometimes to agnosticism, materialism and even atheism. The present age is quite remarkable for the antithesis noticeable in the trends of mental activity, for men and books stand side by side in lecture room and library, hotly aggressive for the claims of rank Materialism on one side, and Spiritualism on the other. Every age has been the same. It is a good sign, nevertheless, for "*virtus stat medio*," truth is a golden mean. There is a material world and a spiritual world, a natural and a supernatural, and they are as oil and water, hard to mix. Pantheism, the mixing of God and nature is the most ready and facile method of setting up a false mysticism, and any one of the

several forms of Pantheism will serve the purpose. Make God the hidden substance of all things and we are by the presto of a magician's wand all transformed into mystics.

There are two positions to which the doctrines of Catholic faith are most fixedly attached and which exclude every form of natural or philosophical mysticism, and these are that no created mind can naturally have intuition of God; and that God has His own truth and existence entirely separated from the world of creatures; and thus by these two, the mind cannot in vision cross the abyss that separates the nature of creatures from the nature of God, nor bring God to itself by filling up the gap and identifying God with itself. Two forms of Pantheism are generally noticeable in the dreams of false mysticism, borrowed from specious, philosophical theories. The idealism of Kant and his followers, Fichte and Schleiermacher, would make all things and even God a mere idea of our minds or a condition of our own consciousness. The only God they know of is the God that each one feels within him by religious sense and conception, and outside of which no one can prove or speak to us of God. This is also the substance of Modernism. To find God we turn to our own consciousness, to our own notions, and each man has his own mental experiences of God and thus each one is a mystic. This is so extravagant and grotesque in all its forms, even the most subtle it may assume in mental vagary, that merely to indicate it is to stigmatize it. This is Idealistic Pantheism and Mysticism. There is another form called Realistic Pantheism, that is more insinuating and elusive, and which will readily intrude itself when the mind grows impatient of faith and reason, and tries to force its way into the Divine Presence. The lightest shadows of extravagance of mystic zeal that are seen to flit over the doctrines or at least the expressions of holy men, even mystics and saints, are cast by the substance of realistic Pantheism. Platonism is a term used to locate historically this sporadic and generic error that shows itself repeatedly in every age in peculiar specific systems such as Buddhism, Theosophy, Christian Science, Ontologism, Quietism, Pietism, etc. In the middle ages when men were more

meditative, introspective and eager for the higher world, a score of differently modified forms of this error are recorded. Four hundred millions of Hindus are addicted to this error at the present time, and it spreads to the West from the dreamy, hazy East under the forms of Theosophy or in the cheap and popular forms of Christian Science and Mental healing. The great divine Plato never taught it, but it is a nimbus that floats around his name, his writings and his school, and no pupil or even admirer of him can quite escape it—even St. Augustine and other early Fathers were calumniated by its being imputed to them in some faint trace.

Platonism does not cut this world clear in essence and standing from God, the great creature cause. The common natures of all things, the class element in which truth and science are found, as distinct from the individual element where particular things differ from each other, even when in the same class, are nothing but the ideas of God, forms that issue from Him and return in the lapse of ages, to the ocean reservoir of His mind. Thus truth is eternal, fixed and us untainted by individualism as the sunbeam that pervades the stagnant pool. The universal shines through all things of a class; every man is a man and has the same essential attributes; every gold is gold and has the same chemical properties, whether gas or liquid, salt or solid, and when this universal is condensed into concrete individual things it sets up their natures and class differences. Every man has the common identical human nature, which is his soul; white and black, brown and yellow races join hands, ignorant or learned, sound or diseased, young and old, even the unborn foetus bear the common stamp. The individual element may fluctuate by the thronging influences of age, climate, disease or sin; that is the perishable part of the body;—the shell, as Christian Science would say in its popular brand of this doctrine, the cloud that shades the sun, the mortal part, the slough that carries with it death, sin and disease. The real man is never dead nor sick, and if we but purify ourselves back to our original identity with God, death and disease cannot approach. The Buddhist practises the identification of himself with the

source of all things, fasts and reduces the body, turns by introspection to the depths of his own thoughts and affections and thus hopes to direct his spirit to the home of spirits, to the Nirvana, where all differences and discord between him and the Divinity will cease, where the spark of his own personal spirit will lapse into the primeval fire, from which it originally came.

This Mysticism and Asceticism of the Hindu gives him quite an interesting distinction, this withdrawing of self from the things of sense and gross animalism. The Modern European that frequents the ports of India for trade or pleasure is, with all the advantages of civilization around him, often a sad, ridiculous contrast to the idealistic Buddhist that gropes for the things of the spiritual world by the uncertain light of Pantheistic philosophy; for the Westerner sees heaven only in money, clothes, wine, horses and women's eyes. No wonder Englishmen and Americans are becoming Buddhists in considerable numbers and that there are as many missionaries coming to us, as we send to them. The image of the triple visaged god in polished ivory, Brahma Vishnu and Siva, now presides over the hearths of many English-speaking homes where the cult of Mahatmas, astral bodies, etc., is discussed and practised, where a votary of the cult may be seen behind curtains of silken softness and graceful texture, both kneeling and sitting on a deep rug of rare Oriental art, wrapped in introspective prayer, while at his elbow a ribbon of incense is waving dreamily upwards to the god from a highly wrought censer; perhaps he is a New Englander, perhaps he is an Englishman; a prominent American capitalist confessed some years ago, it is said, a deep slant towards Buddhism.

Every form of Platonism or Realistic Pantheism is a mere confusion of the plan, design and conception of the architect with the internal design of the structure he has produced, as if we should say that a painting becomes instinct with the very thought of the artist, that a work of art had stolen the artist's mind. Undoubtedly the natures of created things are unchangeable because they are the imitations of God's concep-

tions, but they are only duplicates—true duplicates however that the supreme mind holds eternally true, by conserving them in correspondence with his original designs. This was the great service that divine Plato rendered to truth against the materialistic world of his time; and his great admirer, St. Augustine, maintains that he never taught that the internal natures of material things, the ideas, as he called them in his own Greek tongue were one identity with the mind of God. We may say in short statement that when the third idea of our minds is truthfully copied from the second of the physical ideas, that are extant in creatures, our ideas represent the first ideas of God, and our truth becomes eternal, too, as far as we have winnowed them unto a likeness of the second. But such ideas on our part and the vision they bestow are not mysticism, for they are not taken directly from divinity, to express Him first, they constitute merely human reason, that by first intention engages the creature as its object, and only indirectly adumbrates the divine thought and essence. Such is Platonism and such, also, are the parasites of debased Mysticism, that swarm on the misconception of it; Buddhism, Gnosticism, Theosophy, Quietism, Pietism, Ontologism and Christian Science.

WHERE CHRISTIAN MYSTICS GO WRONG.

When false natural or philosophical mysticism is happily evaded by positing decidedly the distinction between God and the soul and by excluding all emanation of the soul from God and all inexistence in Him, and all gravitation back to identity with Him hereafter, there still remains an open door to this same alluring optimistic dreamland of Pantheistic mysticism through a misconception of the supernatural order of indwelling grace. We are born again, the Master said, of water and the Holy Ghost, and this seems at once, a charter from God for mystical experiences. When the child comes forth from his second birth at baptism, the life of God is in him, a life of higher knowledge of confiding repose and of loving embrace, where the faculties by grace entwine around God as their imme-

ciate object. Grace gives forth these powers of faith, hope and charity, which have for their connatural object God Himself, even as the natural soul sprouts forth mind and will, that find their natural objects in the natures of creatures. Here surely is intimacy with God, as even Plato never dreamed of: to have God the ordinary object of faith in the mind and of hope and love in the will: and they are designated theological because they reach out immediately to God Himself. The soul itself by grace, the early Christians said, glows like iron with permeating fire or air with light, and its faculties are sublimated by theological virtues, above and beyond their own natural functions. But Christianity is not Pantheistic.

What, then, is grace? It certainly is not God. It is a quality of the soul, an entitive or static quality of sanctifying grace in the substance of the soul and an operative quality or habit in the powers of mind and will, and this alone shows that it is not God. The diamond that is set in the ring is more precious than the ring, but it belongs to the ring. Grace is an efficiency, a power and capacity developed in the soul by the higher touch of God, it is the music of an instrument that God continually plays upon, it is a force and thus a true life that He sets up in us by contact, that elevates the soul above earthly things and turns its faculties upon Himself in faith, hope and charity. The action of God may flow out to us, but not His essence. The human and divine nature were never fused or identified even in the Incarnation of Christ; the Second Person of the Trinity held the humanity to rest upon Him in its existence and its responsibility of action as a true, distinct, living, rational instrument in the grasp of the divinity. In a lesser manner every man is an instrument of God by grace. We know familiarly what an instrument can do when manipulated by a master hand, be it tool, brush or pen, vibrating string or reed. Stimulated by God a new light rises in the eyes of the soul and we call it faith, a deep wealth of confidence in the will which is hope, and the higher force of unifying love called charity. Faith and hope fall short of mysticism, but perhaps there is mysticism in charity. Faith and hope shall pass and

give way to the consummate mysticism of beatific vision, but the union of charity changes not in quality and kind, but only unto a greater degree.

Mysticism being only a variation of fruition, faith and hope by their very terms fall short of it, but charity is some incipient fruition. It is an embrace in the darkness, but it is a true embrace and its object is God. Here it may be said of ordinary grace that it does not fulfil mysticism because we do not see by our will and by charity. Charity follows faith, but obtains more than faith can share. Faith is very imperfect in its mode of knowledge, more imperfect even than reason, but it can point out and locate what reason never could, and as truly as beatific vision itself. Faith, therefore, is not experience nor vision, and is not, therefore, mysticism.

ORDINARY SUPERNATURAL MYSTICISM.

What is presented to us by the exposition of ordinary mysticism is supernatural experience of God and the supernatural world radiating from Him, and not natural nor philosophical mysticism of the mere intellect, which is necessarily a delusion and a Pantheistic fiction; and it is called ordinary, though supernatural, because it consists in the experiences and realization of God's presence by the cultivation of the supernatural endowments of mind and heart that issue from the abiding grace within us. The exercise of this stage and habit of mysticism obtains usually in prayer, for mysticism and prayer are quite synonymous; it is in prayer that the various infused virtues and gifts of the Holy Ghost are deployed and set in action. When the mind and will surrender to these, and are vitalized by them, the supernatural world draws very near; when charity flames upwards, even ordinary Christians experience more than they can express. The lowest stage of mental prayer is called meditation or a discursive process of the mind revolving connectedly the truths and suggestions of faith. These truths are what God sees in Himself and the world He is governing, and so faith gives views from heaven, whisperings from the

other world distinct from each other as revealed to us, but when pieced together into a co-ordinated whole, may be said to give a glimpse of heaven. As the process is repeated, truths become so co-related and mutually illustrative that the vision grows clearer and clearer. It is not God but the fragmentary truths that are limning scenes by the mind's action and God's help, and then also lights from the gifts of the Holy Ghost loom up, from wisdom, understanding, counsel and knowledge. It is not the reverie of a philosopher, nor the fine frenzy of the poet that is awakened, but the Holy Spirit within us. If this be mysticism we are constituted mystics in some sense by Baptism, and advanced in the art by chrism and the hand of the bishop in confirmation, when the mysterious gifts of the Holy Ghost are enkindled like lamps in the interior temple of the soul. The seven gifts of the Holy Ghost are habits or dispositions by which we become attentive to the personal illuminations and inspirations of the Holy Spirit. It would be strange if the ear of the soul were highly sensitized by these gifts and the Holy Spirit never spoke to us.

Private inspiration has been so abused by the Protestant Reformation for corrupting the sense of the Bible, that it is now a dangerous occupation some say; but personal inspiration does exist and must exist harmonious with faith and the exterior voice of the Church which faith hears. The Holy Spirit speaks in both oracles, in one for the manifestation of Catholic revealed truths and in the other for the personal appreciation and clear understanding of the same and all that they virtually imply, as far as God may be willing to communicate. What wonders do they not imply to the microscopic eye and sensitized ear when the Holy Ghost unfolds them. The psychology of the supernatural life is very intricate because the psychology of the natural mind is already very abstruse and professional, and also because there is more than mind and heart at work, when the powers of the soul functionate in grace. To dissect the bodily eye and explain its anatomy and physiology would never explain the poetry that has passed through it to the fancy and pen of the poet.

ASCETICISM THE GUIDE TO MYSTICISM.

Ordinary supernatural mysticism being a personal and varying experience, as no two persons are alike, it becomes doubly mystical or hidden when we attempt to press it into systematic science and practical art; thus sometimes simple devout souls often confound doctors and professionals by their personal experiences. Asceticism, however, is more tangible and dirigible, and it is the counterpart and complement of mysticism. It means the purification of the faculties for mysticism and the cultivation of virtue. We have only one set of faculties, the senses, fancy, sensitive appetites, mind and will. These are generally so clogged with earthly things that mysticism is almost unintelligible and still farther removed from practice. The mind and the heart that are steeped in creature comforts are ill-prepared for the flights we are considering. Even philosophers and poets purify their spirits, the false mystics, like Buddhists, are much addicted to asceticism, to the withdrawal of their faculties from the things of sense and gross animalism. Asceticism exercises every faculty and purifies it from the dross of matter and from base objectives;—and there is a whole system that is quite intelligible; of active and passive purgation; the former of our own voluntary mortifications, and the latter the trials and sufferings that are sent from above.

MIRACULOUS MYSTICISM.

The miraculous and the extraordinary are synonymous; so there are miracles in the spiritual and supernatural orders as well as in their opposites; a miracle is what does not ordinarily occur by the rules of any economy, high or low. A miracle of grace is simply an extraordinary supernatural favour not given to everyone. Miraculous mysticism has various degrees, such as subjective manifestations in prayer continuing so persistently that they may be called a habit in which the soul is passive and God expresses His thoughts and emotions in it; and objectively, too, in the communications that unfold themselves

during locutions, visions, raptures and extasies as the lives of most saints exhibit, and in which favours we are more inclined to place their sanctity than in their own elicited acts of heroic virtue. The glorified body of Christ and His Mother come from the world of spirit and supernature beyond, to ravish the bodily eye, and saints and angels and even the Divinity itself in assumed figures appear to the favoured few whom we, less favoured, commemorate as mystics. There are other spirits, too, who troop from the vast depths beyond this world, from the dark abodes of sin and anathema and don fleshly forms, sometimes to delude and mislead, sometimes merely to terrorize, but **always to confound and to inflict injury.** Mysticism is communion between God and His friends, diablerie is an imitation and counterfeit that mystics are often exposed to.

Holy Scripture, from the narrative of God's familiar intercourse with Adam in Paradise onwards through the ages of the patriarchs to the uninterrupted communication that succeeded in the mystical race of Abraham, is a chronicle of mysticism reaching over more than four thousand years. Since the advent of Christ the Jew declares that his race is no longer mystical, and the Christian continues the history, holding open the door to the other world. The blessed in heaven are full adepts of mysticism and using this as a standard, we may say that the highest form of mysticism is to behold the divine essence as it was revealed to Moses and St. Paul.

From this altitude downwards through all the objective and subjective disclosures of the supernatural world, down to the rapt prayer of the growing saint, mysticism runs, and the interesting question is, where it ceases—does it flicker into the conscious mind of every Christian soul, where grace abides in smouldered glow? The very science of mysticism is mystical, and the doctors give different divisions and degrees of this descent, but yet it is remarkable that the oldest systematic records as of the pseudo-Dionysian treatises substantially agree with the succeeding treatises that have appeared since, at least when first hand from the saints who have had the experiences.

In listening reverently to their recital of experiences and also critically applying the gauge of faith, we raise the interesting question: Is there any ordinary mysticism? or is all real mysticism miraculous? Faith is not mystical; but is charity? and, if not charity, at least it will not be easy to dismiss the gifts of the Holy Ghost in the same way; as wisdom, understanding, counsel, knowledge. These survive death and persist even when the light of faith is lost in Sunlight; they do not lose their mystic glow when the soul is in the noonday of beatific vision, St. Thomas of Aquin tells us. They are different from faith, because faith sees by itself, but wisdom sees and understands by the sympathy of heavenly kinship. He means that the Holy Spirit who bestows these heavenly gifts of teachableness, rehearses to us the doctrines of faith until they are not mere manifestations to the convinced mind and pious heart of faith, but to a mind that has become instinct with the sympathy of relationship. It is the voice of blood, of relationship to the Holy Spirit; it is the cry of the bird to its mate; others may listen to the song, but there is a burden of special melody for the soul of the mate. These overtones of sympathy are very noticeable to all, even to the minor friends of the Holy Spirit. What does the pious old woman see and hear as she sways over her beads when the faith visions of the fifteen mysteries are passing before her eyes, and the angelic salutation is on her lips and on her wrapt spirit—what do the lines of motionless figures in the convent chapel during the hour of meditation, when mind and heart are so active in the stillness, the devout priest at the altar when the bell is rung and the people are bending low, the fervent parishioner listening in his pew on Sunday morning with glistening eyes to the fervor of his pastor?

Many modern mystical writers who try to be very exact and very clear, who try to state in the space of an hour, the substance of mysticism to a mind of average intelligence, and who also conclude positively that true mysticism is always extraordinary and miraculous, are generally very clear but shallow in the stream of their exposition.

Even if we leave this matter in indecision there are familiarities with mysticism following from false theory and pious zeal which all sound writers of the Church reprobate, viz., that we sense God in nature, that for instance the uproll of a great mountain is the heaving of God, or the expanse of sea and sky are continents of His bosom—unless we intend by such expressions the analogy of poetry or the exponents and remembrancers of the internal reason, of the eye of faith or of supernatural mysticism. Father Benson has many such expressions in his writings; but let us construe them favourably. This is the error of Ontologism and in its grossest form. We might also, by metaphysical acumen, identify the entity of God with the entity of all things, sharply remarking that when we say “God is” and “man is,” that the “is” of both is the same, and that thus metaphysics shows that we perceive both together, and that we are mystics. This is the second form of Ontologism.

The light in the eyes of the true mystic, the peace in his spirit, the depth of his rooted virtue, his hope and perseverance have deeper sources.

At the Cathedral

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN

O Holy Spirit wings, so white and pure!
 I seem to see you tenderly outspread
 Over these worshippers, as if to shed
 A softening influence their woes to cure.
 Each soul has its own trials to endure,
 Its cross to bear—from yonder priest in red
 Of martyr fires to the small lad who said
 Amens responsive with a face demure.

Hover above all these, O silver wings!
 Console them, Dove of Grace, with the sweet sense
 Of Thy Divine. As life's sea-surging swings
 Come lower, nearer still, with love intense.
 Reveal Thine opening heaven! Bid warfare cease
 And drop the blessed olive-leaves of Peace.

The Little Girl Who Smiled Back

ENID M. DINNIS, IN "IRISH ROSARY."

IMELDA behaved quite beautifully in the Corpus Christi procession up to a certain point. The lady in the wheeled chair occurred at the certain point, and thereby hangs my story.

Imelda's inclusion in the procession had been a problem with which the Sisters had been brought face to face owing to the child's over-weening desire to take part in it. It was curious. Imelda was not the kind of little girl who ought to have possessed an over-weening desire to do anything so decorous and little-girlified as to wear a white frock and veil and behave becomingly. Imelda was a fidgetty, tiresome, quick-silver morsel of humanity. It was certainly not the white frock and veil that had tempted her, as it tempted normal little girls. White frocks were a responsibility which Imelda incurred with reluctance, and a veil was an appendage that she could never be expected to negotiate properly; yet the one desire of Imelda's life was to walk in the Corpus Christi procession.

It was certain that she could not go with the other little girls of her own age who came immediately in front of the canopy. Imelda would never achieve a curtsy! That was a foregone conclusion; and as to learning to walk backwards?—walking forwards was difficulty enough with Imelda. She either danced, pranced, or stumbled. She had a habit, too, of suddenly standing still to take cognizance of something that didn't in the least matter—she was an awful child to take out for a walk. She had been known to completely disorganize the school crocodile on its way to church. The problem was finally solved by Imelda being placed in charge of her two (comparatively) big sisters. Sister Mary Philomena gave her instructions suited to her seven years as to behaviour, particularly as to the custody of the eyes. Imelda was told that, above all things, she was not to look about. Sister Mary Philomena rubbed this in

assiduously, for Imelda was madly interested in things around her. She lacked concentration, her teachers said, and I suppose they knew.

So Imelda, duly instructed, walked in the procession round the church with Clare and Theresa, her two exceedingly well-conducted sisters. The point at which she ceased to behave, as I have said, was when they were passing the lady in the wheeled chair. The chair had been brought into church while the children were being marshalled under the west gallery. It was carried bodily up the steps from the vestibule by four stalwart male members of the congregation—there had been a regular rush to perform this office, and Imelda was thrilled as she watched. There was something curiously thrilling to Imelda's mind in being thus carried into church, just like God. She had always wondered how God liked being carried about—having to wait on the altar until the priest fetched Him. It must be strange to have a body that couldn't move one tiny bit of itself. Most little girls would have felt sorry for the occupant of the chair—a little "oo-ah!" of commiseration went round as the latter made its appearance, but Imelda didn't feel like that a bit. She thought it must be grand and wonderful and thrilling to be just like God in church; and she thought and thought until Sister Philomena tapped her briskly on the shoulder and called her to attention. Sister Philomena felt there would be trouble with Imelda, with her inconsequent mind and roving eyes.

Imelda walked between her sisters and kept her eyes admirably in order until her part of the procession reached the space under the west gallery. She was aching with curiosity to know what the occupant of the wheeled chair looked like. Everybody in the world was wildly interesting. What would the human being in the wheeled chair be like? When they got close up to it the temptation proved too much. Imelda lifted her bright black eyes from the tips of her fingers, devoutly placed together, and darted a swift glance at the occupant of the chair.

She caught sight of a face, a pale face, a pair of large for-

get-me-not blue eyes, and—a smile! That was the strange part of it—a smile and a big one, in church, and at procession time! What would Sister Philomena say if she could see it? And the lady was smiling straight at her—she was not keeping the beautiful forget-me-not eyes in order a bit, yet she was quite grown up—oh, quite! She was returning Imelda's gaze with the utmost interest, and she smiled until Imelda found herself smiling back. It was not really her fault. They turned the chair a little as the procession passed, and Imelda thought again of the good God who was also being moved about. She wished that she could see Him as she was seeing the lady in the chair; she wondered if He was as beautiful as that. Oh, would His eyes be as soft and loving as that, and would He look as happy? Oh, what a pity it was that no one could see Him! Imelda forgot everything else. All Sister Philomena's careful instructions fled from the flighty little head that Imelda frankly turned sideways as she looked at the lady in the chair, still smiling in her direction. She took no notice of where she was going. Suddenly the procession halted and Imelda, engrossed in wondering whether the lady in the chair loved processions with Our Lord in them as much as she did, walked on—right into the child in front of her. Their veils became entangled, and Imelda's very nearly came off. Her sisters were dreadfully shocked. So was Imelda. A positive terror overtook her. What dreadful thing had she not done? She went to Sister Philomena afterwards and confessed that she had been looking at the lady in the chair on wheels. Sister Philomena was really shocked. It was dreadfully rude to stare at a lady in a chair. Ladies in chairs objected to be stared at by little girls. One might almost have imagined that Sister Philomena was more shocked at Imelda's bad manners than at the grave offence of not remaining recollected on so solemn an occasion. But it must be remembered that Sister Philomena was a school-mistress as well as a nun.

“But the lady didn't mind,” Imelda ventured to argue, “she kept smiling at me, and”—it was as well to make a clean breast of everything—“and I smiled back.”

Imelda went home grieved in spirit. Sunday dinner was shorn of its joys by a conscience pain which took away her appetite. Her sisters had carried home the terrible story of her behaviour in looking about her and tumbling over Jane Smith. At afternoon catechism, however, she received some consolation. The Father told them how Our Lord sometimes appeared to the saints in the Blessed Sacrament in the form of a little child. Imelda swung her feet about in sheer joy at the idea that came to her. She propounded it afterwards to Clare and Theresa on their way home. "Do you think," she asked, "that Jesus could have been a little child in the procession this morning?"

Clare and Theresa thought that it was quite possible, having absorbed the instruction into their well-ordered young minds. Imelda drew in a quick breath. "A very little child?" she queried. Clare and Theresa thought it might be possible, the Father had called Him a babe.

"Then, perhaps," Imelda said, "He looked at the lady in the chair, too, when he was carried past."

Clare was too shocked to reply, but Theresa had a didactic mind. "He wouldn't need to look," she said. "God can see everything without looking about. He could see the lady in the chair if He wanted without looking at her."

"He'd sure to want to," Imelda said, softly. She was only partly comforted. It had been so grand to walk in the procession, and she had tried so hard, so very hard, to behave.

Imelda looked in vain on the succeeding Sundays for the lady and the chair. The lady's face haunted her. She dreamt of her at night, and made up stories about her in the daytime. She somehow felt that the lady was a friend of hers, although they had only once smiled across at one another—and that at the wrong time, too!

She was sure the lady was a princess—or perhaps a saint? Only, if the latter, why had she not kept her eyes in order in church? It was perplexing.

Then another thrilling thing happened. Imelda was in church one afternoon all by herself—it was just after Benedic-

tion, and she was allowed to trot home alone, so she had stopped on to look at the tabernacle and think things—things that no one ever heard. Not Sister Philomena, and certainly not Clare or Theresa.

Suddenly she noticed, kneeling near her, a woman dressed like a nurse, whom she recognized as the attendant of the lady in the chair. As Imelda watched her, duly thrilled by the discovery, a most extraordinary thing happened, and kept on happening. First someone came up and whispered a question in the nurse's ear, received an answer, and went promptly off with a beaming countenance and set up a candle before Our Lady. Then someone else crossed over and did exactly the same thing. The kneeling woman was again interrogated, and Our Lady got another candle. This occurred with no less than half a dozen people. Imelda watched with fascinated eyes and longed to know what it all meant. She crept nearer to the informative woman and contrived to hear the question asked by the next inquirer. She gathered from it that the lady whom the nurse looked after had been very dangerously ill, but that she was now out of danger. She would not die, the doctor said, but it was more doubtful than ever if she would ever be able to walk. That accounted for the chair not having appeared again. Imelda throbbed with excitement. There were no less than a dozen candles burning now before Our Lady. People had got the news, one from another, Imelda's sharp eyes had marked the whole thing, and all sorts of people—rich people, poor people, nice people, nasty people (apparently)—and they all put up candles to Our Lady. They were all as glad as that that the lady in the chair wasn't going to die!

Imelda crossed over to the Lady chapel. She happened to possess a penny, and she longed to put up her candle with the others. She, too, felt—oh, ever so glad that the lady in the chair wasn't going to die. But, alas! she remembered that she had been forbidden to light candles ever since she had burnt the sleeve of her best frock while setting up a candle on the top ring for her best friend's puppy, sick of the distemper. She stood, penny in hand, contemplating the illumination wistfully

when there chanced to come up the Funny Father. The Funny Father was an old priest who said funny sort of things. Even grown-up people didn't always understand him, although he never used very long words. Most people loved him, but some said that he was queer. Some people didn't like the Funny Father at all. Imelda admired him even when he bewildered her. They were great friends.

"Well," he asked of her, "are you going to give Our Lady a candle? What do you want her to give you?"

"It's a Thank-you candle," Imelda explained. "All these are thank-you candles for the lady in the chair because she isn't going to die."

The Funny Father guessed at once whom Imelda meant—he was quite sensible like that. He listened while she told him the story of the origin of the illumination, and, moreover, helped her out of her difficulty by sticking her candle for her in the tip-top socket.

"And so you know the lady in the chair," the Funny Father observed. "Lucky little you!"

"I saw her when I looked up at the Corpus Christi Procession," Imelda reminded him—she had already been to confession to the Funny Father, and he had been "very funny" when she had confessed to "smiling back"—oh, very funny, indeed! Imelda adored the Funny Father. "And, please, Father," she added, "is she a Princess? Where does she live, please?"

The Father looked at her in his odd way. "Yes," he said, "she's a Princess of Fairyland—God's Fairyland—and the place where she lives is called the little Kingdom of Heaven."

"And where is the little Kingdom of Heaven, please?" Imelda asked.

"It varies," the Funny Father said. "Sometimes it's a big house, full of grand people, and sometimes it's a big house full of sick people, and sometimes it's a little house among poor people, but whichever it is it's always the little Kingdom of Heaven."

The Funny Father was as difficult to understand as usual,

but Imelda had extracted one practical piece of information. She had got the lady's address. How lovely it would be if she could write to her and tell her that she had given Our Lady a thank-you candle along with the others. Imelda longed to do this, she felt so convinced that the Princess would be pleased, but letter-writing is a grave undertaking for a seven-year old scribe, and in this case no outside aid could be solicited—Sister Philomena would never approve or understand—nobody ever did understand anything that was worth understanding—but the Princess of Fairyland would—the strange fairy-saint who had smiled at her in church.

But Sister Philomena proved to be indirectly useful. The latter was in the habit of giving her charges as a hand-writing exercise the words: "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." Imelda had written them laboriously many hundreds of times, and I am sorry to say all she retained, so far as sense went, was a vague idea of little children suffering. The letter killed in Imelda's case, but now she suddenly remembered, when faced with the task of writing the lady's address, that the necessary words occurred in her copy book exercise—the little children—the Kingdom of Heaven—it was all there, and could be copied carefully on an envelope. The message itself was simple: "Please I put up a candle for you I love you." The signature was a problem. The lady could not be expected to know who Imelda was. A happy inspiration solved the difficulty. Imelda wrote laboriously under her message the words, "The little girl who smiled back." She felt triumphant. Even if by any remote chance some other little girl had been naughty enough to look up and catch the lady's eye, it was unthinkable that she would likewise have been guilty of the depravity of "smiling back."

Imelda addressed the letter to "The Lady," that would be enough—she couldn't spell princess, and she added "The little Kingdom of Heaven" in her best copy-book hand; and since she knew from her mother's correspondence that every letter bears the final direction, "London, W.," she added Lon-

don, W. Then there came a brilliant idea in the posting of the letter. There was the usual red letter-box in the street, but Imelda had also noticed a letter-box in church. There was a card on it with the word "Questions," and Imelda saw a lot of people post their letters there. It seemed likely to be safer for the princess's letter, so Imelda popped her missive in with an increased sense of security, and there the Funny Father found it when he opened the box after the Friday evening address to non-Catholics.

The Funny Father was a most reliable postman. He carried the letter intact to the Little Kingdom of Heaven—I doubt if the postman would have identified it—it was quite an ordinary house, and the lady's room was quite simply furnished. There were lots of flowers about, that was all—people would send them—so many flowers that it was difficult to say which was the lady herself, so the Funny Father told someone. He was an Irishman, and like Father O'Flynn, being a priest didn't stop that.

The lady read Imelda's letter and heard its history. She was lying on a sofa, with pains mostly everywhere, but she laughed merrily over the address on the envelope—a little disjointed cadence of shaken-out laughter like the Sanctus bell, as a poet once observed to the Funny Father, who replied, in his queer way, "Of course, my son, it is like the Sanctus bell, for it always sounds in the presence of the King." That was how the princess came to laugh over Imelda's letter, with the tears standing in her blue eyes.

"I must get to know Imelda," she said. "I remember her quite well—a little black-eyed duck of a child, with a little, quaint, eager face. If there is a procession next Sunday I'll try to go." She gave a little sigh. She had hoped at the last procession that there might have been a miracle—that she might have got out of her chair and walked home. She had had a curious feeling that when Our Lord passed by her strength would be given back to her. Next Sunday's procession would only be a procession in honour of Our Lady—the Healing Christ would not pass her way. Still she would make the effort

and go, and smile at the responsive little face under the disarranged veil.

Imelda was allowed to take part in the procession of Our Lady after some demur on the part of the Sisters. Once more she walked between Clare and Theresa, and this time she was resolute about keeping her eyes in order—she had promised Our Lady that she would. But what if the Princess were there in her chair? How hard, how desperately hard it would be not to look up. The blue-eyed lady was there in her chair! It was the first thing that Imelda “glimpsed” at the far end of the church. Her heart gave a wild bound. But she had solemnly promised Our Lady that she would not lift her eyes once if she were allowed to walk in the procession. Promises must be kept. Imelda wished that she hadn’t promised.

When they were actually passing the place where the chair stood the temptation became excruciating. It was the biggest thing that Imelda had ever undergone. In the violence of the momentary struggle she suddenly thought of the little Christ who could see everything without looking up, and she remembered how the nuns had told her that little children should try and be exactly like the Child Jesus. She had made herself a little prayer (Imelda made up her own prayers, it was much more interesting), “Little Jesus, make me ’xactly like you.” She prayed it now, against the temptation; and then she added, with beautiful frankness, “and ’cause then I should see the lady without looking up.”

The intensity of her praying brought Imelda to a complete and sudden standstill. The girl behind gave her a sharp poke. Clare and Theresa seized her hands and dragged her on, but the procession was disorganized for at least three seconds. It was exactly like Imelda. She stumbled on, dazed and benumbed with the hard lines of it all. She had tried so hard, and she received such a scolding. Clare and Theresa split on her to Sister. It was terribly hard luck, and the lady in the chair had seen it all. Strangely enough, this last thought rather comforted Imelda, although she would rather have shocked anyone in the world than the lady in the chair.

She removed her veil tearfully and resumed her hat and crept back into church. Her sisters had gone on with some other girls. Imelda was in no hurry to follow them. She was crying, and church is by far the best place to cry in. Everyone had left the church when she slipped in. No. The chair was still there. Imelda's heart bounded, but, alack! the chair was empty. That was strange. Imelda crept into the front bench—nearest to the tabernacle. Then she suddenly discovered that someone was in the bench already. It was the lady of the chair. She was kneeling, with her eyes fixed on the altar, very still, but when Imelda gave a little sob she turned round and forgot all about her prayers. It was then that Imelda recognized her. She moved up to the child. "Why, what is the matter?" she asked, her eyes big with anxiety. A child in distress was a very terrible thing to the lady, late of the chair.

Then she, too, recognized Imelda. "Why," she said, "you are the little girl who smiled back at me last time. You weren't in the procession to-day. I looked out for you."

Imelda forgot, as the other had evidently forgotten, that it is not right to talk in church. "I was there," she said. "With my sisters, among the big ones." "Ah," the lady said, "I saw them, but can you tell me who the little boy was who was walking between them—a darling little boy in a white tunic, with thick golden hair. He smiled at me, just as you did last time, and he turned round and still smiled after he had passed."

"I never saw him," Imelda said, "but I had promised Our Lady not to look up, and I didn't—not once, but"—and there and then she came out with the whole story, how she had been desperately interested in the chair because of its occupant being carried about like Our Lord, and how she had looked up, and how Theresa had said that the little Christ could see without looking up, and how she had prayed to be exactly like Him when she passed the chair. She poured out the whole story, snuggled against the lady's side. God had indeed given her a comforter.

When she came to the part where she had suddenly stood still and Theresa had given her a push she felt the arm which had stolen round her tremble, and the lady gave a little gasp. As a matter of fact she was recalling the little boy whom she had seen. He had stood still suddenly as He smiled at her, and then He had gone forward quickly.

"You were praying then," she said, "when you passed me?"

"Yes," Imelda answered. "I was praying to be 'xactly like little Jesus, so (with admirable candour) I might see you without looking up."

The lady loved the human touch. She laughed, there in church! the soft Sanctus-bell laugh, but she was very, very serious.

"Do you know," she told Imelda, "that a wonderful, wonderful thing has happened. I have walked here from my chair, and I haven't walked for eighteen months! The doctors said that I should never walk again. I had told my nurse to fetch me in an hour's time, but I think I shall walk home."

"Oh," Imelda cried, looking at the radiant face, "Our Lady must have cured you! Or—perhaps"—the inspiration came to her—"the little boy that you saw was Our Lord, only (crestfallenly) he wouldn't have looked about, or smiled back."

"I don't know about that," the lady said, "but we will talk about it when you come to see me."

And that was how Imelda found her way into the little Kingdom of Heaven.

Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But oh, eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise!

The Stars and the Flowers

BY THE RT. REV. A. MACDONALD, D.D., BISHOP OF VICTORIA.

“A thing of beauty is a joy forever
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness.”

So sings Keats, in the opening lines of *Endymion*. Of all the lovely things in the material universe, I fancy the loveliest are the stars and the flowers. In loveliness at least they are close akin. So Longfellow intertwines them in a braided metaphor that for tenderness and splendour is not easily surpassed:

“Then silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.”

The two are again brought together in this exquisite stanza of an otherwise rather commonplace poem by G. K. Chesterton:

“The Christ-Child stood at Mary’s knee,
His hair was like a crown,
And all the flowers looked up at Him,
And all the stars looked down.”

While musing on the third line, the following rhymes suggested themselves to me:

THE FLOWERS.

Tinted with rainbow hues,
Fed by the sunbeams and showers,
Flashing in morning dews,
How lovely are the flowers!
Emblems of all that is sweet,
Pointing to Heaven the way,
Nestling at God’s own feet,
Like little ones gathered to pray.
Children of light are they,
Cradled in vernal bowers;
Swaddled in raiment gay,
Nurslings of God are the flowers.

The Odes of Francis Thompson

BY THOMAS O'HAGAN, M.A., PH.D, LITT.D.

I HAVE often thought in reading the great odes that enrich English literature that the ode, of all forms of poetry, represents best the poet as an inspired prophet. For truly there is something not only full of the fire and fury of true inspiration in all our great odes, but there is, too, in their headlong passion and sweep, not to speak of their uplift, a something akin to the inspired utterance of the prophet and seer who looks into the seeds of time, and builds upon eternal verities.

It is, too, worth noting that all great ode writers in both the ancient and modern world have been poets of a high order—poets of power. Indeed, the ode is a test of true poetic inspiration. It represents, too, the energy and freedom of poetic genius.

I can find nothing to liken the movement of an ode to, save the majestic flight of an eagle as it moves from eyrie to eyrie.

In the composition of an ode the poet is largely a law unto himself. He is borne on the waves of irregularity, flouts rhyme, scorns symmetry, observing only what obtains between movement and style on the one hand and emotion on the other.

Francis Thompson is certainly the greatest name in English poetry since the passing of Tennyson, who wore so worthily the laureate crown. The world willingly listened to the songs of Thompson and Yeats during the closing years of the last century. Theirs were strong, original and gifted voices.

Francis Thompson was a disciple and follower of Crashaw and Shelley. He has the lofty spiritual passion and flight of Crashaw and the disembodied passion of Shelley. Thompson has the faults, too, of the seventeenth century English poets—their conceits excessive and false imagery and fondness for new-coined words.

Lionel Johnson wrote of Thompson in 1895:

"Magnificently faulty at times magnificently perfect at others. The ardours of poetry taking you triumphantly by storm; a surging sea of verse rising and falling and irresistibly advancing. Drunk with his inspiration, sometimes helplessly so; more often he is fired and quickened and remains master of himself. He has done more to harm the English language than the worst American newspapers: '*Corruptio optimi pessima*.' He has the opulent prodigal manner of the seventeenth century; a profusion of imagery sometimes excessive and false: and another profusion and opulence that of Shelley in his lyrical choruses."

It is with Francis Thompson as a writer of odes I wish to deal in this paper. I do not know of another English poet who has given such a series of splendid odes as Thompson. We have "Alexander's Feast," by Dryden; "Ode on the Nativity," by Milton; "Intimations of Mortality," by Wordsworth, and "Ode to the Duke of Wellington," by Tennyson. All these have merit—much merit, but it is a merit distributed or divided among four great English poets.

To my mind Thompson's ode "The Hound of Heaven" has never been surpassed—nay, equalled by the greatest among our poets. I agree with the distinguished Jesuit author, Rev. J. F. X. O'Connor, that this poem is "the sweetest, deepest, strongest song ever written in the English tongue." As a critic has said, "It is the return of the nineteenth century to Thomas à Kempis."

Wonderful in its conception this poem is no less marvellous in its mystical insight into the soul in its relation to God. I know of no other poem so wide in its range of thought. It is at once deep, subtle and full of spiritual insight and vision. It is said that when Wordsworth wrote his "Ode to Immortality" that Nature took the pen out of his hand and wrote. Surely when Thompson penned his glorious ode, the soul in all its passion of penitence gave form and mould and chrism to this marvellous conception.

But we sometimes forget that this unique ode of Thomp-

son's is but one of several great odes written by the same author. I regard his "Ode to the Setting Sun" as second only to "The Hound of Heaven." It is a poem of ten stanzas well sustained and marked by a depth and height and sweep and reach of truth that give it incomparable value.

Here is the last stanza. Every line in it is full of the very splendour of true poetic inspiration :

"If with exultant tread,
 Thou foot the Eastern Sea,
 Or like a golden bee
 Sting the West to angry red,
 Thou dost image, thou dost follow
 That King-Maker of Creation,
 Who, ere Hellas hailed Apollo,
 Gave thee, angel-god, thy station;
 Thou art of Him a type memorial.
 Like Him thou hang'st in dreadful pomp of blood
 Upon thy Western rood;
 And His stained brow did veil like thine to-night
 Yet lift once more Its light,
 And risen, again departed from our ball.
 But when It set on earth arose in Heaven.
 Thus hath He unto death His beauty given:
 And so of all which form inheriteth
 The fall doth pass the rise in worth;
 For birth hath in itself the germ of death,
 But death hath in itself the germ of birth,
 It is the falling acorn buds the tree,
 The falling rain that bears the greenery,
 The fern-plants moulder when the ferns arise.
 For there is nothing lives but something dies,
 And there is nothing dies but something lives.
 Till skies be fugitives,
 Till Time, the hidden root of change, updries,
 And Birth and Death inseparable on earth;
 For they are twain yet one, and Death is Birth."

For the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria in 1897, Thompson wrote a strong and noble ode. His characterization of the poets who returned—visiting “the pale glimpses of the moon” to join in the Jubilee celebration is very fine:

“A Strength beside this Beauty, Browning went,
With shrewd looks and intent,
And meditating still some gnarlèd theme.
Then came, somewhat apart,
In a fastidious dream,
Arnold, with a half-discontented calm,
Binding up wounds, but pouring in no balm.
The fervent breathing of Elizabeth
Broke on Christina’s gentle-taken breath.”

Of all Thompson’s odes his “Orient Ode” is perhaps the best known, and the opening stanza of this poem, so full of beautiful and delicate imagery, has received the tribute of quotation far beyond anything else that Thompson has written. Let me here place it before the reader:

“LO, in the sanctuaried East,
Day, a dedicated priest
In all his robes pontifical exprest,
Lifteth slowly, lifteth sweetly,
From out its Orient tabernacle drawn,
Yon orbèd sacrament confest
Which sprinkles benediction through the dawn;
And when the grave procession’s ceased,
The earth with due illustrious rite
Blessed,—ere the frail fingers featly
Of twilight, violet-cassocked acolyte,
His sacerdotal stoles unvest—
Sets, for high close of the mysterious feast,
The sun in august exposition meetly
Within the flaming monstrance of the West.”

I think I do not claim too much for Francis Thompson as

a writer of odes when I say that in this department of poetic composition he is without a rival among English poets, and has bequeathed in these great lyrics to mankind truly a rich legacy of song.



Queen of the May

BY TERESA

Purple and gold the haze of the sunlight is sending
Glittering shafts through the odorous blossoms of May,
While in a paean of joy to the wide gate of Heaven ascending
Sing the birds to their beauteous Queen at her innocent play.

Softly around her the fragrant May blossoms are drifting,
Eager to lay themselves under her delicate feet;
High from the greensward the lilies their fair blooms are lifting,
Silently standing the Lily of Israel to greet.

Thou art fair, O, our Queen; thou art fair, and no spot is there
in thee.

Thou art bright as the day star, and whiter than lilies are
white.

Thus saith the Lord, Who left Heaven and glory to win thee,
And cleft with thy brightness the blackness and gloom of
our night.

The freshness of spring, and the song of the summer's awaking;
The glory of noon, and the pearls of the newly-born day;
The myriads of stars in the heavens their vast circles making,
Are thine by the word of the Lord, O, thou Queen of the
fragrance of May.

God, The Holy Ghost

BY THE REV. J. MCSORLEY, C.S.P.

ALTHOUGH devotion to God the Holy Ghost is not something that can be called "a special devotion," still we are thoroughly in harmony with the spirit of the Church when we single out a particular season for the special cultivation of this devotion. Indeed the present season is set apart both by the liturgy and by the recent directions of the Holy See for exactly this purpose,—and pastors are now supposed to exhort the people and the people are supposed to respond to their pastors in an attempt to sanctify the days before Pentecost with much thought and prayer in preparation for the reception of a more abundant outpouring of the gifts of the Holy Spirit. These days, of course, correspond to those spoken of in the first chapter of the Acts when the Apostles were awaiting the coming of the Holy Ghost, "persevering with one mind in prayer, with the women, and Mary the mother of Jesus, and with his brethren."

It will not fall within the power of all of us to make a real retreat at this season—although that would be a most acceptable thing to do—but it will be possible for most of us to do some thinking, and studying and reading and praying, over and above our ordinary custom, for the purpose of getting a better hold upon the wonderful teaching of the Church with regard to the Holy Ghost and thus becoming better prepared for those gifts which He has ready to bestow upon us the moment we are fit and ready to receive them.

Many of us will be quick to admit that we do not think enough about the spirit of Pentecost and that we do not set aside any time or make any effort to fit ourselves for the gifts which are to be offered to those who are well prepared. What a serious kind of blunder this seems to be. And how curiously our indifferent attitude resembles that of the Ephesians who

met St. Paul when he went to their city in the course of his second missionary journey. These persons were known as disciples, and yet they said to Saint Paul, "We have not so much as heard whether there be a Holy Ghost." So at the present time, but without the same excuse, some of us really act as if we had never heard that there was a Holy Ghost, or at least as if we had never heard of any such thing as devotion to the Holy Ghost. These are the days to attempt an improvement. A little thought, a little reading, a little prayer—and perhaps we shall experience on Pentecost an awakening such as we have long desired; and during all our lives we shall be more mindful of the divine presence and hence devoted to the divine will in a way that will bring many and many a blessing down upon us.

The Catechism tells us in plain words that God is a simple Being, but that He is at the same time, a threefold Person. Those acts of God which have to do with creatures are attributed now to one and now to another of the three Divine Persons, although of course in reality all of the Three Persons are acting together. An act of God is attributed to one of the Three, however, because it seems to be in peculiar accord with the characteristic which distinguishes that Person from the other Two. Thus the act of creation, for instance, is attributed to the First Person, the Father.

Now it is the teaching of faith that the human soul receives the life of grace by means of the indwelling presence of God Who comes and abides in the soul as in a home. Hence, as Pope Leo says "There arise those bonds of love whereby the soul is more closely united to God than a friend to his dearest friend." This indwelling of God in the Christian soul is assigned or "appropriated," to the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity, for the reason that He is really the flowing forth of Divine Love from Father to Son.

This indwelling of God in the soul has occurred in the case of all the holy men and women who have ever been lifted up into the life of grace, in the Old Testament, as well as in the New. But on the Feast of Pentecost, the Holy Ghost came to

penetrate more deeply into human souls, to pour Himself forth with greater abundance, to perfect the loving union which He had begun long before. As Pope Leo says, "This gift, this sending of the Holy Ghost, after the glorification of Christ, was to be such as had never been before; not that it had never been given before, but that it had never been given to the same degree."

Think of what this indwelling implies. As a lover in the arms of the beloved, so is God in the soul. Personally and literally, the Divine Substance is here present; God is within His creature as truly as He is in the tabernacle which contains the Sacred Host. It is the supreme privilege of the Christian which surpasses every other.

What does all this suggest? Does it not imply that we are culpably negligent if we make no endeavour to recall this Divine Presence to our minds over and over again, many times in the course of each day? Saints may attend to the ever-present God every moment; but, of course, most of us cannot do as much as that. We can, however, do something in the way of attending to the Divine Presence. We can make frequent attempts to call to mind that, like Mary, after the visit of the Angel Gabriel, we, too, bear within us the Spirit of the Most High. If by thought and prayer we get the habit of recalling this fact to our minds, what a safeguard it will necessarily be against the deliberate commission of sins. It is just as if, while imagining ourselves to be alone, we were suddenly to become conscious of a face in the dark, and after our momentary fright, were to perceive that this face is as dear and loving as that of the mother who used to bend over us in our baby days. Then we begin to understand that as we are in the state of grace we ought always to have something of the same reverence in our souls as at the moment when we leave the altar-rail after having received Holy Communion.

Many years ago a great theologian predicted that the spread of the devotion to the Sacred Heart of our Divine Lord would surely be followed by growth of the devotion to the Holy Ghost. In some measure this prediction has already been ful-

filled. Yet there is much that still remains to be wished for and attempted. It would be a happy inspiration in this present year, on the Feast of Pentecost, were we to consecrate ourselves to promote devotion to the Holy Spirit both in our own lives and in the lives of all others who come under our influence. It would mean a glorious furthering of the work for which our Saviour came into the world; and it would mean an immeasurable increase of happiness for ourselves on the day when we shall at last enter into the presence of God in Heaven. How glad we shall then be not to have lived here upon earth as those who "have not even heard whether there be a Holy Ghost."

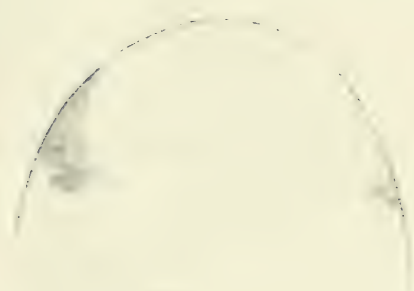
Pentecost

Wed flint to steel; and from their icy hearts,
If chance be kind, to eager being darts
A spark of fire—through blackened chaos flies
An instant's space—it lives, and living, dies.

Wed man to maid; if kindred natures free,
Blest with a spotless inborn purity,
Each spirit favored with its likeness blends,
Into the other's depth each soul descends,
Perchance to hear the echo of its pain
Or tale of lonesome battles fought in vain—
But wakes a flame of love that mocks at tears,
At toil, rebuke, and grim reproach of years.

Yet higher mount, beyond the stars above,
Where God sees God and Love unites with Love.
Forth bursts a Fire that will not be confined
Within the heavens; but like a mighty wind,
That on Celestial hill-tops has its birth,
Envelops space and in broad space our earth,
Our little earth, alive with souls of men—

Behold the Pentecost.





REV. BRO. POTAMIAN

Rev. Bro. Potamian, F.S.C.

(Sketch of the Life and Work of a Noted American Religious, Educator, and Scientist.)

BY THE REV. BRO. SIMON, F.S.C.

AMERICA lost one of its leading educationalists, the Christian Brothers one of their most distinguished members, and the Catholic Church a faithful and devoted son, when Rev. Brother Potamian passed away at St. Lawrence's Hospital, New York, on Saturday, January 20th, in the seventieth year of his age. The deceased was the head of the Physics Department of Manhattan College, and the dean of the Faculty, and a noted scientist of international reputation.

During the three days that his body lay in state at Manhattan College, there was a constant stream of visitors through the College parlours. Friends, old pupils, patrons of the college, and hundreds of strangers called to pay their last tribute of respect to the remains of the distinguished educator. The funeral, which was held from the Church of the Annunciation, was attended by a large concourse of clergy and laity. The Solemn Requiem Mass was sung by the Right Rev. Monsignor Penny, assisted by Rev. Bernard F. Brady and Rev. Daniel Dougherty. Rev. F. P. Moore, Brother Potamian's friend for many years, pronounced the funeral oration, and his discourse was a splendid tribute to the life, virtues, and noble character of the deceased.

EARLY YEARS AND TRAINING.

Brother Potamian, whose family name was Michael F. O'Reilly, was born in the County Cavan, Ireland, September 29, 1847, and, while still young, came with his parents to America. The family settled in New York and young O'Reilly was sent to St. Brigid's School when it was opened by the Christian Brothers in 1858. His natural aptitude for study, his brilliancy of parts, his inclination to piety, and his quiet and

grave demeanour, marked him as one specially destined by God for a religious or sacerdotal career. His predilection for the teaching profession led him, however, to the Institute of St. John Baptist De La Salle, and in the fall of 1859 he entered the Christian Brothers' Novitiate in Montreal, then the only Novitiate of the Order in America.

After the usual period of study and training, Brother Potamian began his teaching apostolate in Canada, first at Montreal, and then at Quebec, where he came under the skilful direction of the late Brother Anthony, and laid the foundation of that wonderful career which marked him as an eminent scholar, a born teacher, and a fervent religious. His notes of those days show how ardently he had at heart the religious formation of his pupils and his own advancement in the science of the saints. These were the matters that most frequently occupied his mind and engaged his attention. At the same time he laboured with all his might and main to advance himself in secular knowledge that he might be the better fitted to do God's work. Physics, chemistry, geology, the higher mathematics, French, German, and Spanish were the branches that he mastered as the years rolled by. His superiors encouraged his efforts and gave him every opportunity to gratify his scholastic ambitions. Being avaricious of time, he was never known to waste a moment. Such is the testimony of one who lived with him in Quebec in the 60's.

AT THE ENGLISH CAPITAL.

In 1870 Brother Potamian was transferred to St. Joseph's College, London, England, and here for the next twenty-six years he laboured with untiring zeal for the upbuilding of the College, the welfare of the Church, and the diffusion of Catholic education. During this time he took out his degrees at the London University as Bachelor, Master, and Doctor of Science, and these honours, taken in course and in quick succession, soon marked him as a leader in educational and scientific circles. Whether as professor of science, vice-president,

or finally president of the College, he was the prop and stay of every notable endeavour making for the betterment of Catholic education in the British metropolis.

His scholarly activities brought him into close relation with some of the leading men of England. Among his friends and familiars of those days were counted such prominent churchmen as Cardinals Manning and Newman, and such distinguished scholars as Huxley, Tyndall, Lord Kelvin and his brother, James Tompson, St. George Mivart, and a hundred equally notable prelates and public men.

In 1880 he erected a new college building at a cost of \$500,000, and furnished it throughout with the most modern school furniture and appliances. His pupils went up year after year for the Oxford and Cambridge examinations, and the records show that they were unusually successful. Many of the leading Catholic business and professional men in London to-day are proud to proclaim themselves graduates of St. Joseph's College when Brother Potamian was at the helm.

On four occasions Brother Potamian was deputed by the British Government as one of its representatives at international expositions. In this capacity he was present at Vienna in 1873, at Philadelphia in 1876, at Paris in 1889, and at Chicago in 1893. On the last occasion he was one of the members of the Jury of Awards. His reports to the Government and his articles in "Engineering" were models of clear-cut English and served to raise the young American professor high in the estimation of the English authorities.

IN AN AMERICAN COLLEGE.

In 1896 Brother Potamian was recalled to America, where he was placed in charge of the Science Department at Manhattan College, New York. No doubt he found it hard to sever all connections with his friends and old pupils in England and Ireland, but, like a true soldier of the cross, he obeyed on the spot and embarked without demur for his new field of labour.

In the prime of life and with his mental and physical powers unimpaired, he became a tower of strength to Manhat-

tan, and the splendid traits of his noble and generous character were brought out in bold relief. He threw himself into the work with his usual self-devotion, and the scientific and engineering course that exists at Manhattan to-day, and which has put the College on a par with any similar institution in the land, owes its momentum and steady growth to the zeal, energy, and ripe scholarship of Brother Potamian. He was also deeply interested in the other courses whose rapid development has made of Manhattan a modern College in the truest sense of the word.

THE TEACHER AND THE RELIGIOUS.

As a teacher, Brother Potamian was without a peer. He was loved and respected by his pupils; they esteemed and venerated him. From the moment he entered the class till the lesson was over, there was no lack of interest and attention. So great was his influence and enthusiasm that no student who seemed to have no other object in life than to while away time could long remain in his class.

As a religious, he was ever true to his sublime calling. Having once put his hand to the plough there was with him no looking back—no regrets for the what-might-have-been. He was a strict observer of rule and a stickler for duty in all its varied forms. No novice in the community was more modest, more humble, or more retiring than this great scholar whose name was on the lips of admiring thousands. His notes make frequent mention of well-made retreats, painstaking self-examinations, and generous and whole-souled resolutions.

As a superior, he was a model for his inferiors. He knew how to encourage them and lead them by easy steps to the heights of virtue. Their mental and physical development, too, received the most assiduous training at his hands. With him it was always "Come," not "Go." In all his fifty-six years as a religious, he never forsook the teacher's rostrum, so deeply was he in love with his vocation, and so thoroughly did he realize the immense influence of the Christian educator at the present day.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC WORK.

Besides his work as a teacher, Brother Potamian found time both in England and in America, to do a considerable amount of literary work. He was a frequent contributor to "Engineering," of London, and to the "Electrical World" of New York. Several contributions from his pen appeared in the "Catholic World" of late years. The "Manhattan News Letter," which he edited monthly for the past fifteen years, is an enduring monument to his painstaking zeal and great anxiety for the welfare of the College. His published works are: "Theory of Electrical Measurements," "The Makers of Electricity," in collaboration with Dr. James J. Walsh, and the "Bibliography of the Latimer Clark Collection of Books and Pamphlets Relating to Electricity and Magnetism."

This last work called forth from the American Institute of Electrical Engineers the following splendid tribute: "It is difficult to find terms in which to express adequately the debt of gratitude that the members of the Institute owe to Brother Potamian for his devoted labour in their behalf as represented by the descriptive and critical notes accompanying the title entries of the catalogue. The work involved in the task extended over seven years and was performed in a spirit akin to that which animated the scholarly writers of early periods—the monks of the Middle Ages—who are so largely represented in the library, and who had no other incentive to their sustained labours than innate love of learning and the desire to share knowledge gained with others. Works of the ages when Latin was the language of learning have become sealed books to the modern scientific man, and Brother Potamian, in pointing out in detail the contributions of other writers to the body of electrical and magnetical knowledge, has not only done justice to the memory of men who were forces in their generation, but in so doing has also enabled the reader to appreciate as real personalities what otherwise might have been to him mere names of the past, devoid of present human interest.

"But delving into famous old tomes and delectable exam-

ination of the rarities of electrical literature were but incidents in the course of the work accomplished by Brother Potamian. Months and years passed in the painstaking search for hidden gems, for matter of notable interest in every book in the collection, however slight might be the promise of reward for the labour bestowed. Naturally, the result of a search of this kind, if reckoned in terms of volume, can be but slight in proportion to the time spent in carrying out the work. That, in the present case, a rich harvest of results has been garnered in, will appear from the brilliant introduction of Brother Potamian which is in itself a contribution of the highest order to electrical literature, and one also that will cause revision of judgments on priority in various lines of electrical discovery."

Besides the degree of Doctor of Science from the London University, Brother Potamian was honoured with a similar degree from the Universities of Fordham and Villanova. It was he, who, on April 13, 1896, made an X-ray photograph of a needle in a woman's hand, the second photograph of the kind to be made and the first ever taken in England and one which caused widespread interest, especially among physicians.

In the summer of 1897, when the British Association for the Advancement of Science under the presidency of the late Lord Kelvin, held its Annual Meeting in Toronto, Brother Potamian attended as representative of a leading English scientific journal and renewed his acquaintance with the great British scientists. On this occasion, the good Brother expressed himself as highly impressed by the admirable educational advantages enjoyed in the Queen City.

Brother Potamian was a frequent lecturer at the Catholic Summer School at Plattsburg, and at the summer schools conducted by the Brothers in New York, Philadelphia, and Montreal. What Brother Azarias, his friends and co-labourer, was to the Brothers in literature, Brother Potamian was to them in science and mathematics.

Something of the high regard in which the deceased Brother was held may be gathered from the following editorial reference of the "Catholic News" of New York:

“Brother Potamian was regarded as a leader in educational and scientific circles throughout the entire world. Everywhere that scholars and scientists gathered the fame of Brother Potamian was recognized. For twenty-six years he was connected with St. Joseph’s College, London, during which time he took degrees at the London University as Bachelor, Master, and Doctor of Science. It is said he was the first Catholic in three hundred years to present himself for such honours at this English seat of learning. Brother Potamian, humble Christian Brother though he was, stood out as one of the most conspicuous figures in the American educational and scientific world.”

The Winds of Lebanon

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

The winds blow out of Lebanon adown the slopes and valleys,
The golden winds of Lebanon, the blue day long;
And over olden Lebanon above the cedar alleys
The mighty sun goes marching to the echo of their song!

The winds blow out of Lebanon from vine and myrtle closes,
The silver winds of Lebanon, the blue night long;
They bear the scent of cinnamon, they bear the scent of roses,
And the host of stars goes marching to the echo of their song!

The winds blow out of Lebanon with ne’er a sound of chiding,
The wooing winds of Lebanon, the whole year long;
The winds blow out of Lebanon, where love has its abiding,
And my heart is ever marching to the echo of their song!

O Canada

By S. M. M.

It is not saying too much that, after the "Marsellaise," there is no more soul-stirring national anthem than "O Canada." When our Canadian boys at Ypres, for five days stood off ten times their number of the enemy, how sweet to the ears of those of them that survived must have been the music of this anthem, played by the band of the battalion that marched in to their relief! That was one of the finest feats of arms which history records. "It will live," as said the editor of "The Literary Digest" at the time, "while deeds of death find entrance to the hall of fame."

The words and the sentiment of Judge Routhier's noble hymn are French-Canadian; the music, by Lavalée, rises above racial differences, and awakens a kindred chord in every breast. We have several sets of English words to the same music, but all of them depart too widely from the original. Here is an attempt so to render the first two stanzas as to keep the idea, while broadening the sentiment out along true national lines:

O CANADA!

O Canada, our fathers' country thou,
Fairest of flowers adorn thy noble brow;
Thine arm is strong the sword to wield,
The cross on high to bear;
Emblazoned on thy stainless shield
Thy record shineth fair;
Thy loyal faith, thy valour's might,
E'er will protect our home and guard our right (bis).
Immortal love of altar and of throne,
Thy regal sway within our hearts we own;
As brethren 'neath one sheltering flag
In joy and peace we'll dwell,
While it waves aloft on mountain crag,
O'er plain, by ocean's swell;
Then, with our sires, loud let us sing
The victor's valiant song, 'For Christ and the King.' (bis.)

The Passing of the Gauls

BY THE REV. E. J. KISSANE, S.S.L.

THE world is the grave of nations as well as of individuals. Some have left behind them mighty monuments, literary and material, to perpetuate their memory, and history has written their epitaph; their deeds are told in song and story, their kings have their place among the great ones of the earth. Some sleep in unhonoured graves, and have left behind them no record of the greatness which once was theirs; their very names would have perished, had not kind fate enshrined them in the annals of the stranger, where they stand as the names of captives who have followed the triumphal car of the conqueror. Who would have known the greatness of Carthage if it had not been for the Roman historians who triumphantly record its downfall? How would posterity have paid tribute to the culture of the Aztec empire if it had not been preserved from oblivion by the records of its Spanish conquerors?

Sometimes the nation is altogether annihilated; more frequently, the body remains but the soul is gone, that subtle something which we call nationality is lost, the nation's past is forgotten, its language is dead, its laws and its customs, its traditions and its songs have given place to those of the conquering nation, and what remains is no more a nation than that which tenants the grave is a man.

To this latter category belongs ancient Gaul. Of its internal history in the days of its glory we know practically nothing; we possess merely the story of its destruction, and that from the unsympathetic hand of the enemy who brought about its ruin. Yet, though Caesar merely lifts the veil with which it is shrouded in oblivion, such a fleeting glimpse is sufficient to reveal to us the energy which once animated those dry bones; it tells us of an enterprise that conquered the Alps and the Apennines, of a valour which spread terror from the Rhine to the Euxine.

Hecataeus, Herodotus, Aristotle, Livy, and a host of others bear testimony to the power and extent of the great Celtic empire—the “*Imperium Gallorum*” as it is called—which overshadowed Europe when Rome was yet unborn, and continued to flourish down to the third century before the Christian Era. The ancient writers knew this people under the names of Celts, Hyperboreans, Galatians and Gauls, and their early history, like that of other nations, is involved in obscurity. The curious fact that the earliest Greek writers sometimes confound the Celts with the Germans, is taken as evidence that the two races lived side by side, and that the Germans were the conquered race, occupying the status of serfs to their Celtic overlords. Though at first their territory was probably confined to the country east of the Rhine, when they appear in the full light of history, the Celts have crossed the Rhine and extended their sway as far as the Atlantic Ocean and the Pyrenees, they have overcome the barrier of the Alps and poured their hordes on the fertile plains of Italy, while on the East they have followed the course of the Danube almost to its mouth.

About the year 500 B.C., under the leadership of Ambicatus, who occupied somewhat the same position among the Gauls as the Ard-ri among the Celts of Ireland, several tribes crossed the Alps, and settled in the northern part of Italy. The Etruscans, who formerly occupied this territory, were gradually driven southward, and at length appealed for assistance to their great rival, Rome. The Gauls were then laying siege to Clusium, and three Roman ambassadors appeared on the scene warning the Gauls to desist. They received the following characteristic reply: “Although we are hearing the name of Romans for the first time, we believe, nevertheless, that you are brave men, since the Clusines are imploring your assistance in their time of danger. Since you prefer to protect your allies against us by negotiation than by armed force, we, on our side, do not reject the peace you offer, on condition that the Clusines yield to us Gauls, who are in need of land, a portion of that territory which they possess to a greater extent than they can cultivate. On any other conditions peace cannot be granted.

We wish to receive their reply in your presence, and if territory is refused, we shall fight, whilst you are still here, that you may report to those at home how far the Gauls surpass all other men in courage."

How the ambassadors, in violation of the sacred rights of international law, took up arms against the besiegers, how the Gauls in revenge, under Brenn or Brennus, advanced on Rome, sacked and burnt the city, and were finally bought off by a ransom of a thousand pounds of gold, is graphically described in the pages of the Roman historian. To complete their humiliation, Brenn threw his own sword into the scale, exclaiming: "Vae victis," woe to the vanquished!

This was the first meeting of the Gauls with their future masters, and for about a century they successfully challenged the supremacy of the latter. But, year by year, the mighty fabric of the Roman republic grew in strength, and finally, about the year 225 B.C. the Gauls south of the Alps became subjects of Rome.

The Roman power soon turned its eyes towards Trans-alpine Gaul, and in 150 B.C. a number of the southern tribes were conquered and formed into a Roman province. In 58-50 B.C. Julius Caesar, in a series of campaigns, conquered the remaining tribes of Gaul, and thus the destruction of the Empire of the Gauls was complete.

On the East, the Gauls advanced along the Danube and occupied Illyria, thus incidentally strengthening the hands of the rising power of Macedon, and preparing the way for the victories of Alexander. They not only established themselves as far as the Black Sea, but crossed the Hellespont and about the middle of the third century, B.C., founded the Kingdom of Galatia in the very heart of Asia Minor. Here, as elsewhere, they left the primitive population undisturbed, contenting themselves with the imposition of tribute, and, though in course of time they too had to submit to the Roman legions, their name survived in the Province of Galatia, and, in the time of St. Jerome, the inhabitants of this district spoke a dialect akin to the language spoken at Treves in Gaul.

These Eastern Celts were uniformly friendly to the Greeks, and, according to one of the Greek poets, the two peoples had the same manners and customs. Alexander the Great held them in such respect that he thought it prudent to enter into an alliance with them before setting out on his career of conquest. In this connection there is an interesting incident recorded by the Greek historian, which took place at the banquet which Alexander had prepared for the Celtic ambassadors. While the latter were drinking, the king asked them what was the thing they most feared, thinking that they would say himself; but, as in the somewhat similar story of Alexander and Diogenes, their reply was different from that which he had anticipated: "We fear nothing," they said, "there is only one thing that we fear, which is that the heavens may fall upon us; but the friendship of such a man as you we value more than everything."

Such is the sum and substance of all that history has to tell us of the oldest race in Europe, and one of the greatest monarchies of the ancient world. Apart from these stray allusions in the Greek and Roman writers, faint traces of the once powerful kingdom may be discovered in the place-names of Europe. As in the case of many other nations which once played a prominent part on the stage of the world's history, mountain and river and city still murmur the voices of departed races; Frank and Goth and Teuton may have so modified the original name that its Celtic origin is all but obliterated, but, fortunately, in scores of instances, the successive changes can be traced back to the time when the whole Celtic empire adopted the Roman civilization.

It is, at first sight, difficult to see a trace of the Celtic "dun," a castle, or fortress, in the modern Lyons or Leyden or Glogau; but the Latin name, which in all three cases is the same, viz., Lugdunum or Lugidunum, the fortress of Lugh, at once betrays their Celtic origin. The root "amhainn," a river, which as Avon is familiar in the river-names of the British Isles, appears likewise in the primitive forms of many names on the Continent. Marne (Matrona), Aisne (Axona), Seine (Sequana), and Lahn (Lohana) may be mentioned as examples.

An eminent German critic has stated that nearly every river-name in Germany is Celtic. The Alps derive their name from the Celtic "alp," a hill or crag, a root which gives us Alban, the modern Irish name for Scotland, i.e., mountainous country, as well as Albion, a poetical name for England. Similarly, the Celtic "magh," a plain, "carraig," a rock, and many others are found embedded in place-names from the North Sea to the Hellespont and even in the heart of Asia Minor, where they are almost the sole relics of the once powerful kingdom of Galatia.

It is a far more difficult problem to determine how far the ancient Celtic races are represented in the population of modern Europe. The northwestern promontory of France, now Brittany, never came under more than nominal sway of the Romans; and, moreover, the Celts of this district were reinforced by the immigration of Celts from the British Isles, who were driven from their original home by the Anglo-Saxon invaders; so that it may be taken for granted that the inhabitants of this district are predominantly Celtic. According to the best modern scholars, the proportion of Celtic blood in the rest of France is exceedingly small. The Franks and Visigoths, as well as the Romans, contribute a small portion, while the great bulk of the population is derived from the pre-Celtic inhabitants of Gaul; the tall, large-limbed, florid-complexioned Gauls are but a memory of the past.

In Northern Italy, on the other hand, we frequently meet, at the present day, the same physical type described by Caesar; and, in recent years, British war-writers have made the astounding discovery that they and their Italian allies might claim kinship with each other by reason of their common Celtic origin. The reason of this seeming anomaly is to be sought in the fact that, whereas in Gaul the Celts did not dispossess the native population, in Italy they found the country thinly populated, and, being restricted within narrow limits by the Romans and Etruscans, the physical type remained even after they had lost their independence. It is therefore quite probable that there is in the inhabitants of this district, a considerable proportion of Celtic blood, and the contention of some scholars that

Virgil and Dante owe their exuberance of thought and imagery to their partly Celtic origin cannot be dismissed as mere fancy.

The cause of the rapid decline of the power of the Gauls and the disappearance of the physical type from the greater part of the territory once occupied by them, is not far to seek. The very extent of their empire was its ruin. Central government was impossible, especially when part of it was cut off by the almost impassable barrier of the Alps. Each part in turn became independent of the mother-country, and then easily fell a victim to the conqueror; and since, in most cases, the Gauls were merely the overlords, when they lost their supremacy, they were rapidly absorbed by the far more numerous native population. At the same time the Germanic tribes east of the Rhine, once the serfs, began to recognize the weakness of their masters, threw off the yoke, and, finally, drove the Celts from Central Europe.

The Gauls have been rescued from oblivion by the Greek and Roman historians; the people themselves have left no monument, either on stone or parchment, to remind us of their former greatness. Unlike her sister Erin, Gaul had no Four Masters to perpetuate her memory, no bardic schools to sing the exploits of Brenn and Ambicatus, and so she who is described by her conqueror as "excelling all other nations in valour," has gone to join the limbo of departed nations, leaving behind her nothing but the name.

There are marks on the fate of each clime,

There are turns in the fortunes of men,

But the changes of realms or the chances of time

Can never restore thee again.

In the nations thy name is made void

Thou art lost in the list of the free

Even realms by the plague and the earthquake destroyed.

May revive, but no hope is for thee.

To the Heart of Jesus

BY M. S. PINE

O Pleading Heart of Jesus!

Thy wound is opened wide again;
The nations, see! are piercing Thee
As flows the blood of slaughtered men.
The primal passions loose are set;
Fierce spirits stalk around our earth
Plunged in such woe as never yet
She mourned, since her exultant birth.

Sweet Christ! unto the Father
Still raise for us Thy wounded hands;
Alas! we know in our deep woe
We have not heeded His commands.
Thy Heart was broken on the Cross;
And loud and strong Thy bitter cry,
Foreseeing sin and pain and loss
To souls bought dear on Calvary.

O Pleading Heart, love-wounded,
The sad world kneels in hope to Thee;
In our distress lean down to bless,
Uplift us from our misery.
Forget the thorny crown we gave;
Invest us with Thy burning rays;
And love shall conquer, Thou shalt save,
And Peace shall glorify our days!

O Glorious Heart of Jesus!
Amid the burning Seraphim,
Thy Heaven of rest the Father's breast,
Pledge Thou our lives and loves to Him.
"Thy Kingdom come" in hearts of men;
Thy Standard float the nations o'er;
Thy Peace triumphant reign again
As at Thy Birth forevermore!

From My Note Book

BY THE REV. A. COUGHLAN, C.S.S.R.

A SHORT time after I had been stationed in a crowded tenement district of the great metropolis of the United States, New York, a mission was held in our church. During this time of grace I had occasion to hear the confession of a man who had been caught in an odd way in the mission net.

He had no idea of a mission, much less of attending one, until a short time before one of the Fathers had called at his house and invited him so earnestly to come to the mission that he felt constrained to do so. This Father told me later that he had called at Mr. Sykes (which is not his real name) through a mistake, or rather, perhaps, through the intervention of Providence. He was making the rounds of the district, inviting the wayward to attend the coming mission. His list of parishioners bore a wrong house number and thus he happened to visit the abode of My Sykes. When Mr. Sykes opened the door for the priest, the latter began: "I understand you are a Catholic and a member of our parish." Mr. Sykes threw up his hands in astonishment and said: "Who told you that I am a Catholic? Nobody in this neighbourhood knows about my being a Catholic." The priest saw at once he had made an error, but concealed this fact from Mr. Sykes. After some questioning the latter confessed that he was indeed a Catholic, but a neglectful one. The Father urged him to attend the mission, with the result I have above mentioned.

One night about a week after the mission, the Fathers living in the front of our rectory were awakened by a man shouting my name from the sidewalk: "Father Coughlan, Father Coughlan." Why he neglected to ring the door-bell I cannot understand, except that it is quite customary for an inmate of a tenement house, when he returns home late at night and finds the front door locked, to cry out until one of his family hears him calling and comes down to open the door. I hastened down-

stairs and at once recognized my new friend, Mr. Sykes. "Father," said he, "there is a Protestant, old Mr. Bergen, dying in our house." He requested us to bring a minister or a priest to him before he should die. "Old man," said I, "you'll get no minister; I'll go now and call a priest, he's the only one that can do you any good."

When we arrived at the top floor of the house (we used to think all the sick Catholics of that district lived on the top floor) I found the customary crowd of sympathizers, curiosity seekers, gossips, etc., who, I must say, greeted me with their usual respect for a priest. I went to the bedroom in which the sick man lay and announced to him that I was a priest. His face brightened, and he begged me to prepare his soul to meet its Maker. He was fully conscious and followed with intelligence my explanation of the Catholic Church and her teachings. At its conclusion he wished me to baptize him and receive him into the Church. "I always felt that I would like to be a Catholic," he said, "but I did not know how to become one." Before baptizing him I repaired to the other room (which was kitchen, dining-room, parlour, and I presume, bedroom for the children), and called for Mrs. Bergen. "Are you a Catholic?" I asked. She blushed deeply and stammered out: "Yes, Father, I will tell you all to-morrow." Exclamations of surprise escaped from the lips of those present. "I do declare," "who would have thought it," "she always claimed to be an Episcopalian," "why, she gets soup from the Bethany people," were among the sundry remarks exchanged.

On account of his precarious condition I baptized Mr. Bergen that night and imparted to him the customary Holy Sacraments of the Church. Mr. Sykes escorted me home, and how proud he was of his part in the conversion of Mr. Bergen!

When I visited my aged convert the next morning he expressed his gratitude to me over and over again for the comfort and peace I had brought to him through receiving him into the true Church. Mrs. Bergen tearfully acknowledged to me that she had been baptized and brought up a Catholic, but had entirely neglected her faith since her marriage, even going to the

length of attending services in the Episcopalian Church, though her main reason for doing this last was to secure assistance of money and food for her family.

Mr. Bergen rallied slowly from his illness; I took advantage of his convalescence to instruct him further in the doctrines of the Catholic Church; Mrs. Bergen brought the children to our Church for baptism. Soon the family moved to another part of the parish. Many of these tenement dwellers seem to possess the gypsy instinct of changing their habitation; indeed, in the case of some of them, the number of the moving van might be appropriately termed their address. After this departure of the Bergens from our parish I lost sight of them.

Mr. Sykes kept his resolutions heroically for a time. He shunned the saloon and attended industriously to his trade. I used to see him in the first pew every Sunday at the High Mass. In fact his notions about Christian conduct grew quite severe. At that time we were preaching a course of Sunday sermons on the Seven Sacraments. One day he confided to me: "I know a number of people in this neighbourhood to whom a straight-from-the-shoulder talk about hell and eternal damnation would do more good than this preaching about the sacraments." He constituted himself a religious detective for the district, and would warn me about this or that Catholic woman who was sending her children to the Protestant soup school or about this or that "bunch of boozers," as he elegantly styled them.

Mrs. Arnold, a wealthy woman who had consecrated her life to the temporal and eternal salvation of the poor, confided to the care of Mr. and Mrs. Sykes a sick infant whose mother had died shortly before. Tender nurses they were indeed, but the child was too weak to profit by their nursing and soon died. Before its death Mr. Sykes, zealous as ever, called at the rectory to ask me to administer the last sacraments to the dying baby!

What is the matter with my pen? Scratching and halting, grappling with the paper, angrily emitting splotches of ink. Ah, I understand. Having proudly chronicled the rise of Mr. Sykes, it is quite loth to narrate his fall. I will get me a more

obedient servant. This fresh pen will be tractable. Now my Clio can walk unhindered, truth will prevail.

For some time Mr. Sykes had failed to visit us; no reports were coming to headquarters concerning the fighting abilities of big Mrs. So and So, or the irreligious traits of "that N—gang next door," or the carousing of "that mixed ale crowd opposite." As a calm in the atmosphere often presages a storm, I feared that Mr. Sykes' absence portended some disaster. My presentment was correct.

One day Mrs. Sykes called at the rectory to see me. I could tell by her woebegone face that some calamity had befallen her. "Father," she said, "Bill has again taken to the drink. He has lost his position, and I know not what to do." "Is he at home now?" I asked, intending to go and see him. "No, Father, he will not stay in the house." I made an arrangement with her, whereby she was to send one of her children to me as soon as "Bill" should return home.

Later on in the day Mrs. Sykes sent for me, and when I arrived at the house I found Mr. Sykes, but oh, "fallen, fallen from his high estate." Despite my wrath I could hardly refrain from smiling at his odd appearance. His sunken frame seemed to be lost in the huge rocker wherein he was seated. A big lump of ice was resting on his head, another lump of ice was in his mouth, and some more ice was in a bowl beside him. His hands were clutching his head, which he declared to me was "splitting."

Intemperance, like all illicit pleasures, seems to its votaries a downy couch at first, but in the end it proves a veritable rack of torture.

When I entered the room Mr. Sykes gave a look of intense dismay at me and then a look of severe reproach at his wife for summoning me. I read him a very earnest lecture, and every time I paused for breath he would interject: "You're right, Father, it's terrible." The upshot of our meeting was a solemn resolution on his part to abstain from intoxicating drink and to attend at once to his work. However, Othello's assumed occupation of detective and informer was gone; he

never more had the courage to allude to the backslidings of others.

Not to prolong my tale, Mr. Sykes relapsed three or four times, each occasion bringing additional misery upon his wife and children. I suppose the history of his life will be a series of relapses and recoveries, until death overtakes him in one of his periods of sobriety or intemperance—I know not which—more likely the latter.

Mrs. Sykes was a Protestant, or rather, as far as I could see, adhered to no religion at all; as for her children, I doubt whether they were even baptized. Before her husband's first relapse I had hopes of the conversion of Mrs. Sykes and her children, for the latter would not make any move without the mother. One day I asked her why she failed to come to the rectory for instructions in the Catholic faith. She replied that she had been deterred in a measure by the scandalous talk of some neighbours. It seems that these women had formed a dislike to Mrs. Sykes, in all likelihood because she would not join in their bibulous and gossipy gatherings. Accordingly, they seemed to resent the idea of a priest interesting himself in her or in her family. She told me that she would often hear them confabbing together about herself, and in a tone of voice raised for her benefit they would exchange such compliments about her as the following: "It's a pity the poor priest bothers himself concerning the likes of that thing; little he knows what a fraud she is. Sure, it's only to get money from the Church that she's running to the rectory. No doubt she's working the soup school people and the priest for help at the same time. Why doesn't she try to make a man of her husband? She'd never make a decent Catholic, etc." It was no easy task to remove from her mind the scandal that had been caused by these few bad women who were Catholics only in name and who were a disgrace to the Church. My strongest argument was the great number of exemplary Catholic wives and mothers living in the neighbourhood, some of whom were her best friends.

One day I visited her house, and before leaving I went upstairs and called together the women who had been annoying

Mrs. Sykes, saying that I had something of importance to communicate to them. How they curtsied and smiled with pride at the honour they were receiving from the priest! But the curtsies ceased and the smiles vanished as soon as I began to speak. Indignation lent eloquence to my words, and I cannot remember ever giving such a severe scolding as I delivered on that occasion. They never again troubled Mrs. Sykes.

In spite of this scandal I feel sure that Mrs. Sykes and her children would have embraced the Catholic faith, if she had not been so discouraged and disedified by the bad example of her husband; his frequent relapses and the distress they entailed seemed to make her lose all interest in religion. I believe that her virtues and the conviction she feels that the Catholic is the only true religion, will some day effect, with God's grace, her conversion as well as that of her children; but it will only happen after her husband is leading a truly Catholic life or perhaps after he is dead.

One more incident and my history of the Sykes' will be terminated. One day Mr. Sykes called to tell me that his mother-in-law was dying and desired very much to see me. I was surprised that she should ask for me, as I knew her to be an ardent Protestant. I repaired to the house and found her indeed very low. When I approached her bed, she put out her hand to welcome me, and exclaimed: "Oh, Father I am so glad to see you. I used to behold you visiting the poor and I could not help noticing the comfort your presence brought to them, especially to the dying. I then resolved that when I should be dying, I would ask you to come to me. Will you not pray with me and help me to die a good death?" Was not this a strange affair? The old lady had been in early life a superintendent of a Protestant Sunday School. In her ignorance she had no desire to enter the Catholic Church; she declared that she wished to die in the same belief in which she had lived—and yet she had no thought of anyone else assisting her in her last moments save a Catholic priest! But for her feeble condition of mind I am sure an explanation of the teaching and divine institution of the Catholic Church would have wrought her conversion to

the true faith of Christ. Her illness was unexpectedly prolonged, and at her earnest entreaty I paid her a number of visits, striving as best I could to help her prepare for death. Tears would come to her eyes whenever she endeavoured to express her gratitude to me. During her illness I was transferred by my superiors to a distant field of labour, and on that account I was unable to attend her to the last.

Be diligent and accurate in all the affairs of which you have charge; but, if possible, do not let them cause you anxiety and vexation—that is, do not manage them with disquiet, solicitude, and eagerness. Do not worry in attending to them; for worry disturbs the reason, and hinders us from doing well even what does not trouble us. But great affairs do not disturb us so much as a large number of little ones; therefore, manage these also with calmness, and try to attend to them in order, one after another, without perturbation. Thus you will gain great merit by them; for the time that is spent peacefully is doubtless most usefully employed.—St. Francis de Sales.

The rose when shaken fragrance sheds around
The bell when struck pours forth melodious sound;
The heart of Mary, moved by earnest prayer,
Will scatter grace and sweetness everywhere.

—Father Bridgett, C.SS.R.

Alma Mater and Other Poems

In this, the month of "Annual Commencements," or for those who prefer the old-time title "Closing Exercises," convent schools are often hard put to find suitable dialogues for presentation upon their platforms. In her charming book "Alma Mater and Other Poems," containing eight dramas eminently suitable for convent girls, M. S. Pine helps to solve the difficulty experienced by Religious teachers. These plays are one and all exquisitely written, both blank verse and lyrics reaching a high standard of excellence, and the exigencies of dramatic presentation are never lost sight of. The religious tone running through them only enhances their dominating romantic spirit. They show how true life is when inspired by bright and spiritual ideas. (Price \$1.15 postpaid, Georgetown Visitation Convent, Washington, D.C.)

LIFE OF THE VENERABLE DON BOSCO.

From the same versatile pen comes the "Life of The Venerable Don Bosco," beautifully written. This is the biography of the greatest apostle of youth of the nineteenth century—the Wonderworker of Turin, whose miraculous achievements point to a power more than human, a power which guided John Bosco from the days when still a child in the fields of Becchi, began the series of celestial visions that foreshadowed in clear detail the future labours and trials and victories of his holy Apostolate. The Christ-like, soul-saving processes his great heart and supernatural genius initiated and carried out, brought temporal and eternal salvation to hundreds of thousands of boys, the most tenderly sought-after being always the orphans and destitute waifs of society. The Venerable Don Bosco founded the Salesian Fathers, now forty-five hundred in number, and the Salesian Sisters. His schools and refuges spread rapidly over the Continent and thence to England and America. At Don Bosco's death in 1888—two hundred and fifty schools had been founded, in which one hundred and thirty thousand children were being cared for and educated. (Price 75 cents. The Salesian Press, Don Bosco Institute, Philadelphia, Pa.)

American Catholic Journalism

BY JOHN B. KENNEDY

A YOUNG man with a family dependent upon him must be very bold to write under the above caption, for there is grave danger, should he speak with utter frankness, that toes quite capable of reciprocity will be trodden upon.

We know that there is a great service for Catholic journalism to perform; that the world is full of lies which the vast conglomeration of secular journalism does more to propagate than suppress. And if suppression were the desired end that might be accomplished better by a conspiracy of silence regarding the origin and degree of lies than by publication of the truth. But what we require is more than suppression of lies, more than an antidote against them: moral prophylaxis is our need, and the Catholic press, properly organized and managed, can supply it.

So far as organization goes, the Catholic press of America is fortunate. No diocese of size is without its official organ. It is true that few Catholic papers are in a financially flourishing condition, and just at present they are all suffering from the scandalous inflation of paper prices; but the organization is there: the papers are strategically distributed for uniform defence of the faith, wherever it may be impugned.

And this defence is under the generalship of good men and true, for nobody can seriously question the claim that American Catholic editors are well educated and capable. The qualifications necessary for successful occupation of the Catholic editorial chair are many, and important. The Catholic editor must not only be well-informed on religious, social, economic and political doctrines and distinctions, problems and personalities: he must also think clearly and write clearly, and have as large and lively a sense of humour as it is possible to preserve amidst the trials of his calling. He must be prepared

to follow the usual course of those called upon to exercise spiritual bravery and accept slender material rewards.

One would think that in the United States the profession of Catholic journalism would be well paid. The principal reason why it is not well paid is, of course, that it is not well supported. And I think it would be rather riskful for any young journalist to point out the principal reason why the Catholic press is not well supported. The answer would provoke the general ire.

It was not so long ago that a member of the staff of a prosperous and powerful New York newspaper lectured an assemblage of Catholic editors regarding their technical needs. In substance he advised them to drop the true-blue of conservatism and trim their sails with a little gay yellow of sensationalism. His advice may not have been inspirational, but picking up two Catholic papers at random I find the arresting headline on one front page to be: "Thoughts at a Funeral," and of the other, "Anti-Catholics of Denver Start New Political Scheme." The journalistic moral is quite clear. The thoughts at a funeral were pious and sedative, but they were hardly pertinent to the front page of a newspaper, whereas the political scheme of the Denver bigots made an instant appeal to the interest of Catholic readers.

These two headlines, selected at random, indicate how Catholic journals may be properly edited and how they should be properly edited. *Memento mori* is always appropriate, even on front pages, but bigotry crushed or scotched will always be a more pleasing sight.

The Catholic editor does not get much in the line of wares to purvey. That is, his news can never be as fresh and stimulating as that furnished by the daily press. But here a warning must be issued. It is not only unfair, it is absurd to institute a comparison between Catholic and secular papers, for their fields are specifically different. It was once urged that an English Catholic daily be operated in one of the large American cities, and I confess that one of the potential backers of the project gave me a temporary enthusiasm while he discussed it.

But an article by Simon A. Baldus, Managing Editor of "Extension Magazine," dispelled all illusions. An English Catholic daily would, in the long run, practically defeat its own purpose; but it is doubtful if the run would be long enough for this result to become established.

The Catholic press can never hope to compete with the secular press, and it is unwise to attempt to do so. It can, and does, correct the gross blunders of the secular press in matters religious, for there is nobody more ready to rush in where angels fear to tread than the average hustling editor of a prosperous daily. But, as an assistant editor on a well-known religious weekly I had ample occasion to note that a valiant and able Catholic editor could deliver no more than one blow a week in any controversy, while his secular opponent had six to bestow. This preponderance almost eliminates hope of a fair fight.

The safe policy, therefore, for the Catholic press to pursue, is to print the truth, the vigorous, and undiluted truth; to present it in what, for want of more expressive words, one must term a snappy manner. On his editorial page the Catholic editor can advocate piety, patriotism and all virtues; but I think his news columns can best be devoted to short, stabbing items of truth, featuring the facts and philosophy of the Church Militant rather than devoting columns and pages to routine events.

I am quite aware that the caption of this outburst is "American Catholic Journalism," and that I have more or less side-stepped the issue up to this. The fact is that a feint seemed desirable until the time when a straight blow could be best delivered. But it is hard to level a volley of criticism at worthy men, whose chief fault is that they allow themselves to overwork. Instead, a word or two on the exemplary Catholic publications should enable the reader who is curious or interested to hunt and capture the correct conclusion.

Of the many Catholic papers that come to my hand during the week there is one that I eagerly watch for, and that is "America." It is a noble review edited with better brains than

any other weekly in the country. Its staff of Jesuit writers is unexcelled, and the paper has a wide retinue of contributors. I have heard "America" criticized as conservative, when it is simply careful. I have read it for several years, and I have yet to find the sixth typographical error and the first editorial apology.

And I think the outstanding virtue of "America" is that it prints topical and educational matter in short, terse articles, that lack nothing in scholarship. At the time of the charity bureau scandal in New York, Father Richard H. Tierney, the editor of "America," had matter that could have filled his paper. Instead, he presented the most cogent indictment of the mal-workers in a double-page spread of some 2,000 words that gave the whole case clearly, succinctly, and with a mordant talent that can split heads as well as hairs. It is known, too, that Father Tierney's vigilant prosecution of pitiless publicity in the Mexican turmoil had its effect at Washington.

Of monthlies, "The Catholic World" and "Extension Magazine" lead all others in the American Catholic field. "The Magnificat" and "The Queen's Work" are capital publications, the former stressing its fiction, and the latter doing good work in a precise and definite way, as befitting the personality of its editor, Father Garesché.

"The Catholic World" is a monthly education. An occasional issue may be disappointing, but in eleven numbers out of every twelve will be found an armoury of scientific truth, presented in relishable literary style.

In "Extension Magazine" the Catholics of the United States have a publication that can well take its place on the news-stands. It is admirably made-up, for Monsignor Francis C. Kelley, the Editor-in-Chief, has progress for his middle name, and the Managing Editor, Simon A. Baldus, has wide vision and a technical art that is probably unique in the field. If there is anybody in Catholic journalism who could step into the secular field to-morrow and handle any editorial job it could offer, Simon A. Baldus is the man. Perhaps the best fruit of his collaboration with his chief is the Mexican number of "Ex-

tension Magazine," published in April. Any corner-stones being laid for Catholic edifices should not fail to insert a copy of "Extension's" Mexican number in the posterity box. It is Catholic journalism at its best and Catholic journalism doing its most useful work—concentrating the fire of truth on a mass of lies and liars.

Of necessity the subject of Catholic journalism in America dovetails with that of Catholic journalists in America, and it is unnecessary to state that the journalists can be treated far more interestingly than the journalism. In a future issue of "The Lilies" I hope to present a few vest-pocket portraits of some American Catholic journalists.

A good book is a lasting companion. Truths, which have taken years to glean, are therein at once freely, carefully communicated. We enjoy communion with the mind, though not with the person of the writer. Thus the humblest man may surround himself by the wisest and best spirits of past and present ages. No one can be solitary who possesses a book; he owns a friend, that will instruct him in moments of leisure, or of necessity. It is only necessary to turn open the leaves, and the fountain at once gives forth its streams. You may seek most costly furniture for your homes, fanciful ornaments for your mantel-pieces, and rich carpets for your floors; but, after the absolute necessities for a home, give me books as at once the cheapest and certainly the most useful and abiding embellishment.

OFFICERS

OF THE

**St. Joseph's College Alumnae
Association.**

1916-17.

Honorary Patron—The Very Rev. W. R. Harris, D.D.,
LL.D.

Spiritual Director—The Rev. E. Murray, C.S.B.

Honorary President—The Reverend Mother Superior of
the Community of St. Joseph.

President—Mrs. J. D. Warde.

Vice-Presidents—Mrs. A. J. McDonagh, Mrs. Wm. Walsh,
Mrs. G. R. Griffin, Mrs. Gurnett, Mrs. M. Healy.

Counsellors—Mrs. Wm. Petley, Mrs. F. P. Brazil, Miss
McBride, Mrs. T. M. Gibson.

Treasurer—Mrs. W. D. Barron.

Recording Secretary—Mrs. J. A. Thompson.

City Recording Secretary—Miss Lois Gibson.

Out-of-Town Secretary—Miss Olga Wallace.

Press Corresponding Secretary—Miss M. O'Brien.

Historians—Mrs. J. E. Day and Mrs. Fred O'Connor.

The May Alumnae Meeting

In the afternoon of May 11th the College Alumnae members held their first general post-Lenten meeting. Mrs. J. D. Warde, the President, received the guests. In the brief interval of time elapsing since the last general meeting, momentous changes have occurred in the political status of Ontario women. Their sphere has been enlarged. They have become, so to speak, citizens, responsible sharers in the democracy of Canada with the right to share in the country's government.

His Grace the Archbishop honoured the May meeting with his presence, and spoke to the assembled ladies on their newly-acquired right to vote—emphasizing the fact that no matter what their previous attitude on the question had been—the right to vote was now theirs, and it carried with it the duty of using it. His Grace advised his listeners not to bind themselves to any party, merely for the sake of the party, but to study the questions of the day and to make the measures that stand for the welfare of the country—namely, its religious, moral, social and educational interests—the things that shall influence their use of the franchise.

The Archbishop's words were listened to with closest attention, and there is no doubt but that St. Joseph's Alumnae members will use their new privilege with commendable judgment. They will adapt new conditions to old doctrines, and it is for them to show the world that new privileges can be used without detriment to the old virtues.

After the address the Alumnae enjoyed a delightful social hour, during which tea was served in one of the College reception rooms.

Kind Words for the Lilies

FROM THE "CATHOLIC REGISTER AND CANADIAN EXTENSION," TORONTO.

The March number of "St. Joseph Lilies," the quarterly published by St. Joseph's College, Toronto, is one of the strongest we have yet seen, and one that could stand unabashed in the company of any periodical in the language. We reproduce elsewhere the introductory portion of the beautiful and luminous article, by His Lordship the Bishop of Victoria, on "Grace the Life of God in Us." Bishop MacDonald also contributes a little poem, "Hills of My Native Land." Dr. Dollard has a splendid commentary on Thompson's "Hound of Heaven," incorporating the ode itself; and Mr. Henry Somerville's "Oxford in Peace and War," is charming. Other contributors, all well known to readers of the "Lilies," sustain their well-deserved reputations.

* * *

FROM THE "CANADIAN FREEMAN," KINGSTON.

It may sound like the language of exaggeration to say that the "Lilies" is always improving, but the March issue is "the best yet." S. M. E. (who has been privileged to receive a set of the revised proof sheets) gives us some fascinating peeps into "French Windows," Monsignor Bickerstaffe-Drew's (John Ayseough), forthcoming collection of war sketches. There is the Rev. Dr. Dollard's learned commentary on Francis Thompson's "Hound of Heaven"; an appreciation of Charles O'Malley's poetry by Dr. Wm. J. Fischer; "Manzoni," by the Rev. Dr. Ryan; "Grace the Life of God in Us," by Rt. Rev. Bishop MacDonald; "The Shadow of the Cross," by the Rev. Dr. O'Leary; "The Pre-eminent Faith of the Irish," by the Rev. Dr. Treacy, and other splendid contributions by Caroline D. Swan, Eleanor C. Donnelly, Henry Somerville, F. B. Fenton, etc. Every thinking Catholic should read "Saint Joseph Lilies," which is an honour to the producers and to the Catholics of the Dominion. (St. Joseph's College, Toronto, \$1.00 a year.)

FROM THE "CATHOLIC UNION AND TIMES," BUFFALO.

"Excelsior." Saint Joseph Lilies is giving its readers articles of such delicate charm and general excellence that one wonders if it be quite wise, if it can continue to keep the high pace set. The March number is truly amazing, worth crowds so upon worth! And despite its distinctly erudite character, it is delightfully entertaining. This comes, partly, from the true journalistic taste of the editor, who appreciates the value of variety, and so combines sunshine and shadow, smiles and tears, wit and wisdom in the attractive blue and gold college organ. One of the contributors is the scholarly Bishop of Vancouver, whose published works have an honoured place in Boston's Public Library, Rt. Rev. Alexander MacDonald, D.D. He has two contributions, an analytical article, "Grace, the Life of God in us," and a dainty poem, "Hills of My Native Land." "In Memoriam" is an affectionate tribute to the late Sister Mary Bathilde Quigley, whose friendship the writer of the "Grail" prized as a cherished blessing in her life. The tribute well says: "She early learned the lesson that there is nothing beautiful in the life that is lived for self alone."

* * *

FROM "THE XAVERIAN," ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S COLLEGE, ANTIGONISH, N.S.

One finds a real treat in reading through Saint Joseph Lilies. In the arrangement and the quality of its matter, the magazine is superior to most issues. We appreciate very much the story entitled "An Easter Revelation." Caroline Swan shows a true understanding of some notable traits in human nature. And, too, the authoress appreciates to a great extent all that is beautiful in life. Uniting her possibilities, she uses them effectively in working out a good plot. It is a pleasure to read such well written articles of critical appreciation as "A Great Catholic Ode," by Rev. Dr. Dollard and "Charles J. O'Malley," by Dr. Wm. J. Fischer. The descriptive essay on "Oxford in Peace and War" awakens in us an added interest

in the great University. Of the poems, "The Vision" and "In My Garden" are the best. The language is simple, but choice.

* * *

FROM "ST. DUNSTAN'S RED AND WHITE," CHAR-
LOTTETOWN, P.E.I.

We have already had occasion to comment upon the excellence of this fine Review, and we are pleased to note that in the March number is maintained that high literary standard which has characterized its previous issues. The scholarly exposition of Thompson's "Hound of Heaven," by the Rev. Dr. Dollard, and of Charles O'Malley's poems by Dr. Fischer, evinces a keen taste for the sublime and beautiful. "An Easter Revelation," by Caroline D. Swan, is a well developed short story showing the power of prayer. The "tout ensemble" is permeated with a breath of Catholic spirit which cannot fail to communicate its soothing influence to all the readers of the "Saint Joseph Lilies."

* * *

FROM THE "ST. ANGELA'S ECHO," URSULINE ACAD-
EMY, DALLAS, TEXAS.

Saint Joseph Lilies is always replete with interesting articles. The interest that St. Joseph's girls seem to be taking in Church, and in their country's activities, argues well for the training given at St. Joseph's. We'd love to meet you, St. Joseph's girls, and wish you were not so far away.

* * *

FROM THE "NIAGARA RAINBOW," LORETTO ABBEY,
TORONTO.

The last issue of the Saint Joseph Lilies abounds with articles of distinction and literary worth. We naturally turn first to Reverend Dr. Ryan's contribution. His article on "Goethe" in the former number shows that he can write on a German topic as impartially as if rumours of war never entered "the quiet and still air of his delightful studies." His article on "Manzoni" will be read with interest by all who are acquainted with "The Betrothed," either in the original or in its

English translation. The verses by His Lordship Bishop MacDonald, to his "Native Hills," and his article on "Divine Grace," are worthy of his high scholastic reputation. Reverend Dr. Treacy's contribution on the "Faith of the Irish" is noble and high-souled. Reverend Dr. Dollard's commentary on Francis Thompson's great ode, is such as only a poet could write on a poet. Reverend Dr. O'Leary's article on the "Shadow of the Cross," is full of learning and logic, and shows that peculiar touch which comes from personal acquaintance with the sights which it treats. We enjoyed also the very interesting article on "Oxford in Peace and War," by Mr. Henry Somerville, Editor of the Political Economy Department in the Register. But it is hard to discriminate where all is so good.

* * *

FROM "THE VINCENTIAN," ST. VINCENT'S ACADEMY,
NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

Once more our worthy friend Saint Joseph Lilies, from Toronto, Canada, has come. Like its former issues, the March number is but a repetition of its predecessors; every article in it is worthy of commendation. It has a wealth of poetry which in itself renders the magazine most pleasing. The other articles, especially "The Pre-eminent Faith of the Irish," by Rev. Dr. Treacy, and the story, "An Easter Revelation," by Caroline D. Swan, are excellent.

* * *

FROM THE "ABBEY STUDENT," ST. BENEDICT'S COL-
LEGE, ATCHISON, KANSAS.

We have received a copy of the Saint Joseph Lilies. The articles contained in this magazine are worthy of praise. In the December issue "Catholic Journalism in Schools and Colleges," by the Rev. Dr. O'Malley; "Goethe," by the Rev. Dr. Ryan, and "The Short Way and the Long Way to the Convent," by C. C. K., are splendid and interesting essays. Several poems, but in particular, "The Coming of Lugh," by the Rev. Dr. Dollard, contain very noble thoughts and ought to leave a pleasing impression on the reader.—B. B.

A FEW EXTRACTS FROM FRIENDLY LETTERS.

From an Eastern College Editor:—"It is considered that of the eighty-five Exchanges we have 'Saint Joseph Lilies' is the best. Keep it up."

* * *

From an author of international fame:—"I am very thankful to you for the copy of your capital magazine, 'Saint Joseph Lilies.' I was very deeply interested in Dr. Fischer's article on my valued friend, the late Charles O'Malley. It was a pleasant surprise to me to discover that you are turning out such an exceptionally fine magazine. Good luck and God's blessing."

* * *

"Please accept my grateful thanks for your kind gift of the March number of Saint Joseph Lilies. It is certainly quite equal to its predecessor, and I am much indebted to you for the privilege of perusing your own interesting presentation of Mgr. Bickerstaffe-Drew's "French Windows." These windows of the soul, and of the nation, are most illuminating and unutterably sad! Yet, to Paradise, each death may bring fresh joy. But oh the shattered, maimed, blasted lives! Such lives are the true victims, the wreckage of war. I am hoping to read your Review more carefully through, than I yet have had leisure to do, and know I shall enjoy it all."

* * *

"Thanks for the copies of the Easter 'Lilies.' I am pleased to be in such distinguished company. There is so much to praise in this number, and so many fine things, I hardly know where to begin. Altogether there is a glorious feast in store for me."

* * *

"I like the 'Lilies.' It is a place wherein to meet old friends, and its very aroma spells Toronto to me. Certainly it can and will develop into a standard Catholic magazine, if the paper barons grow in mercy."

"Let me assure you I feel highly honoured by your request for an article. Your March issue puts you in the class of National Magazines for Catholic readers."

* * *

"Many thanks for the fine copy of Saint Joseph Lilies for March. I feel greatly honoured to see my article in it, and I am also greatly pleased to read one by Rev. Dean O'Malley. Reading the 'Lilies' is like being at an intellectual banquet."

* * *

"Not only I have enjoyed the 'Lilies,' but my friends to whom I have loaned the copies have derived a great deal of pleasure from the really fine articles contained in the three issues received."

* * *

"The copies of the magazine are delightful. I am happy to join the subscribers of Saint Joseph Lilies."

* * *

"I congratulate you on your achievement. It is wonderful how you rake three continents to secure the best blooms for your garden. Your magazine is becoming a Review in weight and seriousness."

* * *

"Enclosed you will find cheque for three dollars. I am sorry that my subscription has been overdue for so long, and trust that it will not happen again. I enjoy the 'Lilies' very much, and always look forward eagerly for the next number."

* * *

"Enclosed please find cheque for two dollars—subscription fee for the 'Lilies' for two years. I am very sorry that I have neglected sending it before. With best wishes for the success of the 'Lilies.'"

Real and Ideal

(A Painting by Prud'hon.)

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

THE citizens of Boston, Mass., seem to be really in the way of accumulating art treasures. Thanks to a buyer abroad and the war pressure everywhere in Europe, which necessitate the sale of many paintings and much sculpture usually unattainable, they are rapidly improving their Museum of Fine Arts. A noteworthy purchase, made some four or five years ago at the sale of the Henri Rouart collection of paintings in Paris, was that of a picture by Prud'hon, the celebrated French artist. It is called "L'Abundance," and represents a beautiful woman, splendid and strong, yet with a delicate face, pouring out her horn of plenty into the lap of a young girl equally lovely in her own way. One rarely sees two such noble figures, so naturally grouped.

It is, in some ways, reminiscent of a delightful Titian, wherein a gracious lady of rank and extreme beauty with a compassionate face is proffering money and food to a dark-eyed contadina—a peasant woman—whose distress is evident. Back of these, from the deep shadow emerges the form of a Venetian noble, a man of great dignity, apparently the lady's husband, bringing something in his outstretched hand toward the feast of charity. The motif of both pictures is the same; it is "Abundance" ministering to the needy; yet we are told that Prud'hon's favourite among the old masters was not Titian, but Correggio.

The costumes in the Prud'hon composition are wonderfully arranged. That of the girl has a maidenly grace which is charming; its effect being enhanced by two tufts of ribbon, used as shoulder-knots, that suggest folded wings. The rounded, matronly figure of the full-blossomed beauty holding the horn—which is immense and of rich overflow—is clad in mauve, décolleté, and she stands easily, smiling as she leans over towards the girl, who remains seated with clasped hands and sweet, upturned face.

The painter of this charming creation, Pierre Prud'hon, seems to have had the usual lengthy struggle with poverty and neglect before he "arrived," as the Parisians put it. At last, however, his genius was recognized, and the Horn of Plenty opened for him freely. He went to Rome, where he studied the works of Raffaele, Correggio and Leonardo. During this stay he made the acquaintance of Canova, the sculptor, who had won the admiration of the First Napoleon. The two artists were not long in becoming fast friends.

On his return to Paris Prud'hon obtained public commissions for several large undertakings. At the Louvre he painted a ceiling "Diana Imploring Jupiter," and also, his famous "Divine Justice Pursuing Crime" for the Palais de Justice. For this latter work, exhibited in 1808, he received the Legion of Honour and in 1816 was elected a member of the Institute.

The critics say that Prud'hon is seen at his best in his smaller paintings, one called "The Zephyr" being a little masterpiece.

The Boston specimen is small, thirty-six inches by thirty-four wide, yet cost almost six thousand dollars. But being beautiful, it is worth it.

Just at this point a charming maiden arrived, breaking in upon these cogitations, like a lovely vision. On her soft, rich, brown furs, curled a cluster of golden chrysanthemums. She was a study of Autumn.

"We were writing up some Art matters, when you appeared,"—this in reply to her laughing query as to our occupation.

"Oh! but let me tell you something!" she exclaimed. "It is about Millet. He was talking to a young artist. 'You can paint,' he declared, 'but—have you anything to say?'"

"He can say only what is given him to utter. The power which placed beauty in real existence before his eyes, and, along with beauty, its divine truth, is the power which enables him to grasp and interpret it."

"That applies also to the musician, does it not? And to the poet?"

"Surely. Now, again, what is it?" For one felt the gleam of mischief in her eyes.

"Someone says, 'Beauty is like new wine. It intoxicates the holder and the beholder.'"

"It must intoxicate some of our Impressionists, to judge by their performances. It is not well for the poet, or the artist, either, to lose grasp on reality. Raffaello and Michael Angelo were both Realists. Only the wings on their cherubs and angels are ideal."

"In landscape, atmosphere and aerial effects are what give the ideal, I take it."

"Yes, but Nature's realities themselves touch the ideal. A tree, for example, is alive; breathes and palpitates beneath God's sunlight; its sap is ever rising or falling; its leafage budding, shining or fading; its every vicissitude ideal as the shimmer of moonlight on its glossy green. How strange that our artists can not see it! Well, the Impressionists and Cubists and Poster Boys act according to their lights. Just now, theatrical scene-painting is a hobby among them. Their strivings after originality are like the writhings of a contortionist."

"And some of the poets are just as bad," cried our visitor. "They invent and invert words till one would think the English language had brain fever!" Who could help laughing? Our young friend had wit, when she chose to use it.

"One of the papers had a good thing a while ago," she went on, her eyes flashing with fun. "A clever person, who attended an Art Exhibition lately, has drawn up a set of rules to enable a novice to know what sort of picture he is looking at. He says that if a painter paints the sky gray and the grass brown, he belongs to the Old School. If he paints the sky blue and the grass green, he belongs to the Old Realistic School. If he paints the sky green and the grass blue, he belongs to the Impressionist School. If he paints the sky yellow and the grass purple, he is a colorist. If he paints the sky black and the grass red, he is a decorative artist of great talent and may make posters, if he perseveres."

"That 'skit' is very amusing! But all that, how far from the true dignity of Art! The Greek ideals are, in one sense,

the loftiest this poor world has ever seen; yet so realistic as to give us, to-day, our most perfect visions of the human face and form. The pure dignity of Hellenic Art, its exquisite self-restraint, its close clinging to the perfect curve, is a rebuke to our faithless generation, as if Aphrodite had herself appeared and spoken. Go in among the Elgin marbles and their atmosphere of clear, white pureness is such that you tremble before it! It is the splendour of the great gods, the calm wherein they abide, the presence of the eternities past and to come."

"The Greek ideal," said our young visitor, gravely, "also caught the tender teachings of Nature. It adapted to architecture her everyday forms, did it not? The wild honeysuckle and the curves of the sea-shell? But what have you here, in this dish? How beautiful!"

"That is a bit from our own woods, moss and partridge-berry vines with a pitcher-plant in the centre."

Her eyes shone with delight, as she bent over to examine it. "See how each leaf uplifts its little curved cup—and asks the dew to fill it!"

"Yes. That was worth putting into verse. Would you like to hear it? It falls in harmony with our talk about the artist-world—its faith and its faithlessness. Yes? Then, here it is":

Deep in the silent hollows of the wood

A wondrous plant grew subtly, all unseen;

Its leaves, entwisted curves of red and green,

A Greek acanthus type. An emerald brood

Of pallid new ones close together stood

About its heart. And bright in dewy sheen

Each lifted up its urn in faith serene

That silver rains would fill it full of good.

Will highest Heaven fail to meet their trust?

Nay, nay, Sir Doubter? Every cup is filled

With purest nectar. Yet soul-needs come first—

The soft, damp mosses beg, as mosses must,

In utter lowliness and earth is thrilled

With sweet bedewing. Why art thou athirst.

Ab Insidiis Diaboli

By S. M. H.

"Restrain him, O God, and do thou, O Prince of the heavenly host, drive back into hell Satan and the other wicked spirits who prowl around the world seeking the ruin of souls."

I HAD been reading *Paradise Lost* late in the evening, and had gone to sleep in terror, and had awakened in the morning with the thought of that awful scene where the traitor-Angel, the adversary of God and man, Satan, passes through the gates of "adamantine rock impenetrable," to reach the "puny inhabitants of earth," and when after Mass the priest uttered the words "restrain him, O God," I realized as I had never done before what the prayer meant, and how terrible was the evil being against whom we beg for help from the Most High.

That great poem *Paradise Lost*, which, to quote Dryden's well-known criticism, is "one of the greatest, most noble, and most sublime poems which either this age or nation has produced," gives one a picture of that rebel of rebels, making one realize most vividly that our struggle is with Dominations, with Principalities and with Powers, beings matchless but with the Omnipotent, powers fallen indeed, but still, to poor weak man unassisted by grace, beings most terrible.

Milton, who had studied every branch of knowledge that existed at his time, and was incomparably the most learned man of his age, shows in his poetic account of the fall of the Apostate angel, leader of the "embattled seraphim," that he had read everything that had been written of those who had "joined in dubious battle on the plains of Heaven." His profound knowledge of Hebrew and Rabbinical literature, and his deep classical studies made him acquainted with all that the inspired writers, and the ancient pagan poets had said of the powers of darkness, "confounded though immortal;" those to

whom Lucifer could say, "To do aught good never will be our task;" those who had naught left but the unconquered will, the desire of revenge, and an immortal hate; those who had sworn to wage on the new created race of Man, "by force or guile, eternal war."

The poet in Book I. gives a survey of the domain of these awful powers, as it were from a geographical standpoint, going from land to land, showing each nation with its tutelary deity, its own special evil genius, those who "roaming to seek their prey on earth durst fix their seats next the seat of God; their altars by His altar."

Moloch "besmeared with blood of human sacrifice" was worshipped in Rabba by the Ammonites. Moses, in the Book of Leviticus speaks of the idols of Moloch and warns the Jews not to intermarry with those who offered their children to this grim, horrid king, and David in Psalm cv., speaking of the wanton rites of those in Basan, says they "sacrificed their sons and their daughters to devils." It was for the worship of such a deity that Solomon built a temple right against the temple of God in that "opprobrious hill, and made his grave in the pleasant valley of Hinnon, Tophet thence and black Gehenna called."

The Dead Sea, the Asphaltic pool of Milton, had its tutelary deity Baal-Peor; in Mount Nebo was adored Chemas, the dread of Moab's sons; by the Euphrates the god Baalim; the Phoenicians had their goddess Astarte with the crescent horns to whose image Sidonian virgins nightly paid their vows and songs. So the list goes on. In Palestine, from Gath to Ascalon, Dagon, "sea-monster, upward man and downward fish," is the national god of the Philistines; in fair Damascus by which flow Abana and Pharpar, those rivers that Naaman the leper claimed were "better than all the waters of Israel," was worshipped by the god Rimmon.

"Nor did Israel 'scape the infection, when their borrowed gold composed the calf in Oreb," for these the race of Judah oft forsook their Living Strength, and unfrequented left His righteous altar, bowing lowly down to bestial gods."

Nor did the Northern lands, the home of our Celtic forebears, escape the pollution of idolatry, for other beings—"gods, yet confest later than Heaven and Earth," were worshipped there and "Saturn old fled to the Hesperian fields" and roamed over the utmost islands of the Celts.

When in Sunday-school days we studied Bible lore, and read of Dagon lying prone in the temple of the Philistines, the thought was only of God's power in causing an image to be shattered. No thought of Dagon as a living being, an immortal spirit; no thought that the honor given to the statue was honor given to the living demon, one of those who, with their dread commander, had "made war in Heaven."

Would we realize that in worshipping with those who are "not of the household of the Faith" we were giving honor to the enemy of God's Church? Would we fear as Naaman, the leper, did, to ever enter again the temple of Remmon, though it was no longer as an adorer, but only to accompany one in a higher military command, "the master who leaneth upon my hand" whom the converted Syrian general begs to be pardoned for bowing down with, in the house of idols?

Except, perhaps when reciting the invocation after Mass, how seldom do we think of the spiritual evils that surround us; how seldom do we hear the voice of our guardian angel say:

Principalities and powers
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thy unguarded hours;
Watch and pray.

Gird thy heavenly armour on
Wear it ever night and day;
Ambushed lies the evil one;
Watch and pray.

Every defection from the path of duty, every violation of the law of God is accounted for by heredity, environment, physical temperament, family, racial or national temperament; it is so much more agreeable to us to lay the fault to the charge

of our progenitors, our education, our natural proclivities than to acknowledge we listened to a tempter, we deliberately followed the suggestions of God's arch-enemy. But the teaching of the Church is that the fallen angels do "roam about the world seeking the ruin of souls." These terrible spirits, Moloch tempting nations to war, Remmon, Dagon, those who in what shape they choose "dilated or condensed, bright or obscure, "go about to execute their purpose. That purpose we know is by falsities and deceits to corrupt mankind. Led by Mammon, whom Milton has personified as the "least erected spirit that fell," one who even in heaven looked at the pavement golden rather than enjoy the Beatific Vision, a numerous brigade had built a gorgeous palace. "Let none admire," the poet says "that riches grew in Hell; that soil may best deserve the precious bane." This same Mammon has taught and still teaches man to rifle mother earth for "treasures better hid."

"Vaunting aloud but racked with deep despair," as umpire at the dread debate, "High on a throne of royal state Satan exalted sat" and to the Powers and Dominations there assembled by his order said "who can advise may speak."

Moloch, the fire-god, the tutelary deity of the Ammonites, is the first to speak, and urges War, War, War without ceasing, come what may. Next Belial rose to speak "in act more graceful and humane." "A fairer lost not Heaven;" but his thoughts were low. He counselled ease and peaceful sloth not peace lest they should bring on themselves worse woe.

Then Mammon advised "seek our own good from ourselves, and from our own live to ourselves." "This desert wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold; nor want we skill and art, from whence to raise magnificence: and what can Heaven show more?"

Then Beelzebub, long after known in Palestine as sovereign over all spirits of evil, "than whom Satan except, none higher sat" majestic though in ruin, arose, and urged that all the strength and power and skill should be directed to one purpose—the destruction of "the new race called Man about this time to be created." The happy seat of this new race may be

exposed, left to their defence who hold it. Here perhaps some advantageous act may be achieved by sudden onset. The puny beings can be driven out or won over to the party of the foes of God. Then the omnipotent with repenting hand may abolish his own works. This would be revenge indeed.

This plan devised by the author of all ill, and approved by that "synod of Gods" the empyreal Thrones, is to be carried out by the dread leader.

The Stygian Council dissolved, the umpire of the late debate takes upon himself the task of finding an outlet from the nether world, and in solitude pursues his "uncouth way" on towards the thrice threefold gates of iron, brass and adamant rock, guarded by Sin and Death.

The portress of the door "that none might pass," which by command of Heaven she is forbidden to unlock, "the snake sorceress that sat fast by the ninefold gates and kept the fatal key" learning the purpose her fierce sire has in passing onward into the realms of Chaos and of sable-vested Night, draw up the huge portcullis and with ease unfastened every bolt and bar of massey iron and of solid rock.

Sin could open, but to close those gates excelled her power. The gate wide open stood and Satan, like a pyramid of fire, sprang forward, Sin and Death, following in his tracks, paved after him a broad and beaten way over the dark gulf: a bridge of wondrous length from gloomy Erebus to this frail world: "by which the spirits perverse with easy intercourse pass to and fro, to tempt or punish mortals except whom God and good angels guard by special grace."

Such is the meditation on the fallen angels which our great epic poet has left us, much of it drawn from his own powerful imagination, but some from the Apocalypse and other portions of Holy Writ. Great as Milton may be as a poet, the theology of the Puritan—of the Arian, perhaps, is of course entirely unreliable. Still his picture of those "wandering o'er the earth through God's high sufferance for the trial of man" is to be preferred to the Devil of the Interludes of the Miracle Plays, a comic character not at all in keeping with beings once ethe-

real virtues, still strong and terrible in their hatred of man, those who if not restrained "with easy intercourse pass to and fro."

Well may we, remembering this easy intercourse, cry earnestly: "Restrain him, O God, and do thou O Michael, prince of the heavenly hosts, champion of right, leader of those myriads who night and day raise the Trisagion before the throne of the Lamb, help us in our struggle against those 'who prowl about the world for the ruin of souls.'"

Gladly do we turn to the picture of the Angel-warrior Michael, his standard raised aloft, the words "Who is like God" emblazoned in gold upon it, and humbly in the words of the prayer "Christe Sanctorum" do we beg God to send us aid by His unfallen Powers and Principalities.

"Angel all peaceful, to our dwelling send us
Michael, from heaven coming to befriend us
Breathing serenest peace may he attend us,
Grim war dispelling.

"May the fair Mother of the Light be o'er us
Virgin of peace, with all the Angel chorus,
And may the heav'nly army go before us
Guiding and guarding."

Yes, when we remember that our Mother is the Queen of Angels, that "the Woman clothed with the Sun and the Moon under her feet" has crushed the serpent's head, why should we fear?

Our Elder Brother too, has taken our human nature to the clouds to God's right hand; and will send us help out of Sion.

He who on the Cross did suffer
He who from the grave arose,
He has conquered Sin and Satan
He by death has spoiled His foes.

The hymns of the Church for the Feast of the Archangel Michael, and those for the "Custodes hominum," breathe a

spirit of confidence in the power of our angelic defenders; Gabriel and Michael expelling ancient foes, Raphael the Physician, curing all ills and giving counsel in doubt and danger, the watchful Guardian, with wings outspread hastening to the soul committed to his care. A breviary hymn, "Tibi Christe Splendor Patris," translated by Rev. E. Caswall, beautifully expresses the thought, "He has given His Angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways."

Thy thousand, thousand hosts are spread
Embattled o'er the azure sky;
But Michael bears Thy standard dread,
And lifts the mighty Cross on high.

He, in that sign, the rebel powers
Did, with their Dragon Prince expel;
And hurled them from the Heavens' high towers,
Down, like a thunderbolt, to Hell.

Grant us, with Michael still, O Lord,
Against the Prince of Pride to fight;
So many a crown be our reward,
Before the Lamb's pure throne of light.

Gentleness and meekness, says Surin, were the graces our Lord most desired that we should copy in Himself; and certainly whether we look at the edification of others or the sanctification of ourselves or at the glory our lives may give to God, we shall perceive that nothing can rank in importance before gentleness of manner and sweetness of demeanour when with others.

The Silver Anvils

BY THE REV. J. B. DOLLARD, LITT. D.

There was a rath I used to love, in Ireland long ago,
An ancient dun in which they dwelt—the Fairy Folk, you
know.

All belted round with hawthorn was this Rath of Closharink
And one could hear, when straying near, their silver anvils
clink!

O clink, clank, clink—hear the fairy hammers go;
Clink, clank, clink, in their caves of gold below!
What were they a-forging in the dun of Closharink
Upon their silver anvils tapping—clink, clank, clink?

When all the thorn was blossomed white, and yellow was the
furze

You'd hear them in the noonday hush when ne'er a linnet stirs;
You'd hear them in the evening when the sun began to sink
And purple glory flushed the hills that smiled on Closharink.

O, clink, clank, clink, hear the fairy hammers sound—
Clink, clank, clink, in their forges underground;
What were they a-patterning, the Sidhe of Closharink
With all their silver anvils sounding—clink, clank, clink?

What were they a-fashioning—a crown for great Queen Mave;
A helmet for Cuchulain, or a shield for Lugh the Brave;—
A scabbard for the Sword of Light that flames on danger's
brink,

A jewelled torque for Angus who is king at Closharink?

Clink, clank, clink, like a harp note, sweet and low,
Clink, clank, clink, and a big moon climbing slow!
Though youth is far from me to-night, and far is Closharink,
My senses thrill to hear it still, that clink, clank, clink!

Editor's Note:—Of the above exquisite poem, Mr. Joyce Kilmer writes in the *Literary Digest*: "Here is some genuine Celtic magic—a beautiful blend of melody and fancy. It should be set to music—the words almost carry a tune with them—and sung by John McCormack."

Religion and the War

BY F. B. FENTON

WAR through the ages has never failed to disclose noble and humane qualities in men and women. This is necessarily so because it has served to awaken those impulses which quicken and give tone to the moral fibre and arouse from lethargy certain capabilities of both mind and body.

We do not need to philosophize deeply to prove the accuracy of this statement. There is quite sufficient evidence to show that the present war does not lack the chivalry of olden times though it remains for history to aptly portray its best characters, those actuated by the purest and most unselfish motives.

Even in the quiet walks of life which might be considered to be altogether outside war's influence, and where, to the casual but unobservant eye, it may seem as though it were treated with apathetic indifference, there remains in a great many cases, subject to the ability, the genuine desire to do what is possible—to do "one's bit" as the age has sagely termed it. The net result is that by small and unobserved means victory is even now being wrought woof by woof, thread by thread, along intent unostentatious paths, as well as in the arena of observed action and politics.

We may safely conclude that from the humble but devout village priest daily offering up Mass in his little Church, to the chaplain with full scope to aid and befriend his flock in the trenches, it can be said of them that each fills a niche in the temple of inspired national and Godly duty.

Likewise with regard to all of us, we have, each one, our part to do, in helping our country. Naturally the same scope, the same chances and forms of aid do not come to each and all alike; our cases are obviously different, but we may safely ask ourselves if we are doing what our consciences and hearts propose might be done.

The daily newspaper need not be our only source of guidance in the matter. How many are there that, do not, yet could, daily offer up a few prayers before the Blessed Sacrament? And what efficacy there is in prayer "more than this world dreams of" rightly says the poet.

To make the point clear, the conception of the idea distinct, it is necessary to bring home to our minds in all matters that God is all in all, that without our faith in Him which is the victory that overcometh the world, we can do nothing. Hence without religion we become as a stagnant pool of water, having no life, no sweetness, and no power. Death must, here, remain supreme.

Religion, then, must be a deciding factor not only in matters closely related to our actual obligations in the fulfilment of duties directly concerned with Holy Church, but also in connection with the many other matters pressing and calling to us on all sides.

Perhaps there is no other word harped and spoken of so much, nowadays in the secular press and elsewhere as "Efficiency." Efficiency in business, efficiency in politics, efficiency in governments. We have all to become efficient.

The good, sound, commonplace arguments for this whole-souled and wholesome word are worthy of our very best attention; yet, how many are there, while striving for efficiency in worldly affairs, forget to strive, as far as is humanly possible, for spiritual efficiency? It is moral, not worldly efficiency that is being sadly neglected; even the latter cannot be absolute without the former, since it can have no staying power. Never more so than to-day was there need for the vigorous, erect body, the honest and clean word, the word of reverence and respect for religious matters, the total overthrow of rotten, despicable conversation which has mustered armies under its devastating standard. Against such we have to raise an army, to rush in recruits, by all laudable means, to voluntarily vanquish Satan—to impede the steady, stealthy march of his hordes ere the world be in his control. Let our slogan here, also, be: "Who will fall in?" "Who is ready to join and fight?" God calls us. Our

country calls us to "do our bit," to strike with the impassioned vigour of our youth, in her sacred cause as well as in that of Holy Church, to help save the souls of others as well as our own.

By our prayers, example and personal aid we can do much for our soldiers. Religion in the training camp means religion in the trenches, and religion in the trenches may often mean a happy death. Therefore, what an important part is assigned to priests alone in war. The morale of an army is its most worthy and inspiring feature. It is the force that sends it forward, the power behind the gun without which the man is of little use; and this morale means religion as well as love of country. The stronger the religion the greater the morale. It is the soul of an army. History furnishes us with illustrations of it. Nelson at Trafalgar giving his last glorious signal was no less inspired by a serious sense of duty than Wolfe before Quebec, who would rather have written certain lines in Gray's *Elegy* than take the city, yet knowing wherein his path of duty lay, and, which we know, led to the grave. The soul of the patriot was imbued with the love of the picturesque and beautiful as portrayed with so much charm in the graceful elegy. He had been early trained to respect what was pure and good. How many, too, like him, full of the tender love of their country and all that it means to them, have found the path, that, for her honour, have led them to the grave?

Yet must we not sorrow, for our religion is still our consolation, and Christ, our All in All, has, by overcoming Death itself, conquered also the grave.

Death of a Noted Contributor

The readers of Saint Joseph Lilies are earnestly requested to pray for the repose of the soul of Eleanor C. Donnelly, who died May Eve at Villa Maria Convent, Westchester, Pa. It was fitting that so devoted a client of our Blessed Lady should be called Home in the month of Mary, the Queen in whose honour the gifted poet (at the early age of nine years) composed her first poem: "A Little Girl's Hymn to the Blessed Virgin." Miss Donnelly was born in 1838, in Philadelphia, her parents being Dr. Philip and Catherine (Gavin) Donnelly. She was educated by her mother. More than fifty volumes of her works have been published. Some thirty volumes of her poetry and prose were given a place in the British Museum Library a few years ago. She was a constant contributor to leading Catholic magazines, and gave many readings from her poems, notably before the Catholic Historical Society and in the Library of Congress at Washington. She received the apostolic benediction of Pope Leo XIII. and Pope Pius X. Miss Donnelly was selected to prepare the Jubilee Ode for Pope Leo, and the Ode for the recent Centenary of the establishment of the Diocese of Philadelphia. She has been known as the "Adelaide Proctor of America." In a beautiful "Appreciation" (that appeared in the 1915 September number of Saint Joseph Lilies) called "A Singer and Her Songs," Dr. Wm. J. Fischer writes as follows: "From the day on which Eleanor Donnelly first took up her pen to write seriously, she felt within her own heart that she had a message to deliver. One day she remarked to the writer of this sketch: "'The extension of Christ's Kingdom on earth' has been my watchword—my 'tessera,' for I can never understand otherwise than that God's gifts have been bestowed upon us for the furtherance of His glory and the good of souls; but we of the household of the Faith are called to higher and holier things—to that instructing others unto justice, the reward of which

shall be 'to shine as stars for all eternity.' " For the past two years our magazine has been privileged to receive Miss Donnelly's exquisite verses. In its last issue appeared "The Martyr's Vigil." In the letter accompanying the treasured verses, the author wrote: "I have been very, very ill since last September when I was prepared for death. I am suffering from that painful disease Angina Pectoris. My dear and only sister, too, has been very low and was anointed Monday last. She is so sweet and patient. I am sending you a little poem. Pardon penmanship. My hand is weak." And ten days later the sweet singer again wrote "Your sweet letter was a great consolation to me. And indeed, I need consolation at present. My sole surviving sister is lying at the point of death. She has been an invalid some three years, but is now slowly dying. She is the last link with our once large and happy household. I fear to face the future without her. But God's Will must be done, and It is always the best. The promised Masses shall be accepted with a heart full of love and gratitude." Alas, alas, that we shall receive no more such touching messages from the gifted writer. But our loss is her Eternal gain. She has entered that beautiful "City of Everlasting Peace" of which two short years ago she wrote so entrancingly in our Lilies:

O peaceful Home! how deep, how strong,

Our yearning for thy mansions cool!

How long, O fever'd hearts! how long

Must strife and discord rule?

How long ere warfare, parting, pain,

Jerusalem, in thee shall cease?

Hasten the foretaste of thy reign,

Vision of endless Peace!

R.I.P.

A Russian Sister of St. Joseph

(A page from our Chambéry Annals.)

TRANSLATED BY M. M. A., MOUNT ST. JOSEPH, PETERBORO.

ANTOINETTE DE PANKRATIEFF was born on the 26th of June, 1847, at Cherson, in the centre of Russia, where her father, Theophile de Pankratieff, was Governor. She was baptized in the Greek schismatic religion, the Russian law rigorously exacting that the children, born of unions wherein one of the parents professed the schismatic religion, were to be inscribed in the Annals of the Orthodox Church. With the full consent of her husband, who moreover venerated the Catholic religion, Mme. de Pankratieff, a woman very intelligent and deeply pious, brought up her five children in the principles of that faith which was hers and that of her forefathers. Antoinette passed her childhood partly at Cherson and partly at Odessa, where M. Antoinette de Fenton, her maternal grandfather, resided. Lively, gay and ingenuous, she was called the heart of the family in allusion to the rank she occupied as the third of five daughters. In 1857, her mother was obliged to seek in Italy a climate less rigorous than that of Russia. Her three youngest daughters, accompanied by their German governess, joined her several months later. Antoinette would not consent to leave until her father promised that he would also go to Italy. He arrived at the beginning of the year 1859. Alas! his sojourn at Pisa was short. M. de Pankratieff died at Cherson on the 4th of April, 1859.

The preceding year, Antoinette had the happiness of making her First Communion at the Visitation Convent of Pisa. The memory of our Lord's first visit to her soul was always precious to her; she celebrated the anniversary with tender joy. Many years after, having become Superior of the Community of the Sisters of St. Joseph at Pisa, she delighted to go to pray in this chapel of the Visitation. On the 25th of August, 1859,

Mme. de Pankratieff died holily at Viareggio, near Pisa, confiding to her sister, Mme. Blanche Colla, who was with her at the time of her death, her five daughters. Mary, the eldest, was twenty years of age, and Julia, the youngest, was nine. Antoinette's good and sensitive soul cruelly felt the loss of her mother whom she venerated and tenderly loved. Without knowing that she imitated Saint Theresa, she filially threw herself into the arms of the Blessed Virgin, asking her to be doubly her mother. Our Blessed Lady heard her prayer. M. le Comte Auguste Poniatowski, the most devoted friend of the family was named guardian. It was decided that the four sisters should be placed in the boarding school of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart at Bluementhal, in Holland. They entered on the 2nd of February, 1860, the Feast of the Purification. The devotedness of her pious teachers impressed the naturally elevated soul of Antoinette. She became a model pupil, distinguishing herself for her piety and application to study. She excelled in music, her soul expressing itself in her perfect playing. She acquired a knowledge of English, German, French and Italian, writing and expressing herself correctly in these various languages. Her teachers rewarded her at the termination of her studies with the prize for distinction. It was not without regret that they saw her depart at the close of the academic course of 1866. She ever retained the most tender associations with her dear boarding school of the Sacred Heart and for a long time corresponded with several of the nuns.

Her aunt, Mme. Blanche Colla, having died in 1864, Antoinette, on leaving the convent lived with her sisters, the eldest of whom was married, residing now at Venice, now at Trieste, now at Vienna, making short trips during the summer to Galicia, in Austria. In May, 1871, M. and Mme. Alexandre de Minciaky, Antoinette's uncle and aunt, invited her to come and live with them at Copenhagen, in Denmark, where M. de Minciaky occupied the post of Russian General Consul. Antoinette accepted the invitation and it was here that later she heard the voice of God calling her to embrace the evangelical counsels. At this time no one suspected it, she least of all, perhaps. M.

de Minciaky's position obliged him and his wife to go much into society, and their niece went with them. Antoinette's distinguished air, her bright intelligence, her noble heart, made her soon remarked and appreciated. If she went from one entertainment to another, she also went from one success to another; but she never departed from the rules of the solid and true piety which she had imbibed at the Sacred Heart Convent. Her rare understanding of her faith and her practice of it in all circumstances, excited admiration and created around her an atmosphere of respect. At Copenhagen she became acquainted with the Sisters of St. Joseph of Chambéry, who had been established there in 1856. Mgr. Gruder, Apostolic Prefect of Denmark, was her confessor and spiritual director. He encouraged her to interest herself in the poor and to assist them by visiting their homes.

From Copenhagen Mlle. de Pankratieff made several long voyages with her sister, Mme. Elizabeth de Kowalska; she spent several months in Italy and in Austria. In 1872, in company with her aunt and uncle de Minciaky, she visited Greece, Italy and France. It was on the return from one of these voyages in 1874 that a pronounced change took place in her soul. God attracted her invincibly, inclining her to solitude and works of charity. To their great regret, her numerous friends and acquaintances saw her absent herself from places of amusement and the pleasures of the world which she had hitherto so greatly enjoyed. Her communications with Mgr. Gruder became more frequent. She explained to him her desire of embracing the religious life with the Mesdames of the Sacred Heart where she had been educated, and of whom she retained such fond remembrances. Mgr. Gruder, who knew her thoroughly, did not disapprove of her pious project; but he earnestly advised her to become better acquainted with the Sisters of St. Joseph, foreseeing that the manner of life of these Religious would be more suitable to her character. She followed this advice and became acquainted with one of the Sisters who was then greatly occupied with the construction of a hospital. Mlle. de Pankratieff contributed to this work by her personal

offerings as well as by those she obtained from her relatives and friends. She visited the homes of the sick whom she generously assisted. All that she had formerly given to the world and her toilette she now bestowed on the poor. After two months of study and mature reflection she decided to enter the Congregation of St. Joseph at Chambéry. Her resolution once taken she did not change. Nothing could reattach her to the world which she wished to sacrifice in order to follow our Divine Lord; neither the journey which she made to Schwalbach, in Austria, in company with her aunt Mme. de Minciaky, nor the proposition of another trip to the Orient. The East tempted her and spoke to her enthusiastic imagination. But she knew how to make the sacrifice.

The following year, 1875, by a providential concurrence of circumstances, Mlle. de Pankratieff's family was almost entirely reunited in Russia. Antoinette's pious project was known, and they did everything in their power to prevent its accomplishment. Her uncle de Minciaky alone supported her in her vocation. Accompanied by her sister, Mme. de Jurystowska, she went on a pilgrimage to Lourdes and to Paray-le-Monial, praying with all her heart, and having prayers said to obtain the divine benedictions on the new life which she was about to commence. On the 16th of July, 1875, the Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, Mlle. de Pankratieff tore herself from the embraces of her beloved sister and entered the novitiate of Bellecombette as postulant. She immediately applied herself to the study of the religious life and of the duties which it imposes. In requesting Reverend Mother Félicité* for a little place in our Congregation, she humbly wrote: "I am good at carrying baskets of linen, at sweeping, at doing any kind of this work; what I wish is to be a Religious and to devote myself to Jesus Christ." This was, in reality, what she found in the

*Mother Félicité was sister to the poet Veyrat, who, in his immortal Ode, "A ma Soeur," in his most celebrated work, "La Coupe de l'Exil," expresses his sentiments at her entrance into religion. To her exertions he was indebted for his recall from exile by the king, and for the still greater grace of restoration to the arms of his Mother the Church, in whose service he employed the later years of his brief life.

Novitiate during her postulate, and her first canonical year. We easily imagine how much her new life differed from her former one; to be shut up in the narrow valley of Bellecombette after all her travels was like death to her; but she came to die, and there was so much life in her! On the 8th of December, 1875, she was clothed with the Holy Habit and received the name of Sister Mary Xavier of the Sacred Heart, a name which her devotion to the Divine Heart of Jesus, the Blessed Virgin and the Apostle of the Indies had caused her to ardently desire. In learning to carry her cross during her novitiate she later arrived at the mountain of sacrifice where she was to immolate herself with her Divine Spouse. On the 8th of December, 1877, she offered herself to God by the taking of her annual vows, and the following year, on the same date, she consummated her sacrifice by holy profession.

If humility and obedience had cost her much, the same must be said of religious poverty for which her life in the world had not prepared her. She was heard to exclaim one day during her novitiate: "Oh! I now understand: to be poor is to use little of everything." It still remained for her to understand that to be poor is to deprive one's self of many things, to retain possession of nothing. It was for this she was striving. Her first employment at Chambéry, on coming from Bellecombette, was to assist the Sister charged with visiting the sick poor. Soon obedience demanded of her a new sacrifice by placing her in the boarding school. From her first arrival among the pupils she gained their hearts and confidence by her graciousness. She was especially charged with instructions in instrumental music, in which art she excelled. But her principal occupation was to endeavour to elevate to God the souls of the children by lessons of piety. In these lessons, charity was always mentioned. She accustomed the children to devote themselves to the poor and to work for them.

Several years later Sister Xavier of the Sacred Heart was appointed principal Mistress of the boarding school. Her delicate conscience was alarmed at the thought of such responsibilities placed on her; but confiding herself to the Immaculate

Virgin, she besought her to direct the school herself, and she laid at Our Lady's feet the keys of the establishment. Mentally embracing the vast field which opened before her, Sister Xavier, after the example of her holy patron, could say: "Yes, my God, all that You wish in order to save souls." *Saver of souls*—these were the words which her heart loved to repeat in the course of her conferences to her assistants as well as to the young professed Sisters of whom she had the direction. She would also say: "Be Jesus to souls, speak to them of the good God. It is for this that we must lose sight of self." And another time she said: "Rely on our Lord, rely on Mary; say to them: 'We three,' and fear nothing; you will thus know how to do and suffer all that God requires of you." It was particularly over the older pupils that her maternal goodness exercised a salutary effect. Her noble ambition was to make them women of character, strong, virtuous, ready for all the sacrifices of life. It was for this that she prepared them in her never-to-be-forgotten lectures of piety when she held the pupils spellbound by her words and the warmth of her piety. It was often necessary to remind her that the hour was over. The Children of Mary always had the greatest part of her affection and solicitude. Exact as to the days of reunion, she loved to see them each year at the retreat in the Convent. They came joyously to the home of their childhood, where they found their good Mother happy to see them renew their souls in the supernatural life. Many young girls from the Scandinavian countries frequented the Convent, several of whom abjured Protestantism and rejoiced their teachers by entering the bosom of Holy Church. One of Sister Xavier's joys was to see many of the young girls enter the Novitiate. Our Lord often gave her this satisfaction: the number of vocations coming from the boarding school being relatively considerable.

But where did she obtain this strength of soul, this unalterable devotedness, in spite of her already failing health? The source was in the Blessed Eucharist, her daily Viaticum; the Holy Mass which she heard with so much faith and piety, and of which she spoke with such sweetness; meditation on the

holy Gospels which she loved above all. During her rare moments of leisure she fed her soul with these holy writings. "We cannot give to others except of our superabundance," she would say. *ALWAYS HIGHER*: this was the aspiration of this generous soul. Seeking perfection by renouncing herself and uniting herself to her Divine Saviour, in one word, to lose sight of herself in order to see God alone, was the great work of her religious life. Mother Xavier loved the feasts of Holy Church; she found in them a lever for her heart and a subject of encouragement for those around her. "Are you really risen my dear daughters? Have you entered into all the joys of the Alleluia? We must practise singing the Alleluia in this world in order not to get out of tune with the Angels in Heaven. The best exercise is to sing the *Fiat* to the air of the Alleluia! Alas! how often our *Fiat* resembles the *Dies Irae*!"

Mother Xavier's vigorous health commenced to decline, and under the influence of grace, her natural activity also tended to diminish. She had expended much energy; she had given herself without reserve to her employments, to the pupils, and to all those who surrounded her. The time had come, when recollecting herself before God, her soul was to repose in a great peace, in a more intimate union with the Heart of Jesus. She wished also to have the souls of those with whom God placed her in contact profit by what she herself experienced. She wrote to one of the Sisters: "Keep yourself in peace and recollection; it is the secret of seeing clearly and of being strong. Let us often enter into the *Casa mia* or rather into the *Casa Nostra*, that of Jesus and mine." Accordingly, as Mother Xavier advanced towards Eternity, she understood more fully the price of the Cross lovingly accepted and carried with an entire abandonment. "The work of God," she wrote to a Sister, "must be stamped with the seal of the Cross; without this it would be forgery. From day to day the good pleasure of God! Oh! how necessary it is for us to learn to allow ourselves to fall softly into the arms of God, for everything, always." At the commencement of a new year she wrote: "I consecrate my year to Jesus, Friend and Host in the Blessed

Sacrament. I choose the afflicted and Immaculate Heart of Mary as a refuge, and the Souls in Purgatory as the great concern of my year. I endeavour to send them to Heaven to join Jesus, Mary and Joseph and all my dear friends, the Saints." Everywhere we feel that the great thoughts of Faith are predominant in the life of this fervent Mother. She never loses sight of them; it is to this centre she always returns. "Time is given us to love and not to agitate ourselves; and when we reflect that in Heaven we shall receive the same welcome as we gave to the Will of God, we must be anxious to do always the will of our Father Who is in Heaven." Yes, her life crucified more and more will be a near preparation for the joys of Heaven. In 1898, Mother Xavier was to leave the Mother House of Chambéry to carry her zeal into Italy. She was named Superior of the House at Pisa. To leave the Mother House where her heart had taken such deep root; the boarding school where she had accomplished so much good; the Savoy which she found so beautiful, was infinitely painful to her. She remained attached to Chambéry with all the fibres of her heart. Everything which came to her from there was precious, and became sacred to her. Her greatest desire was to spread around her the spirit and customs of the Mother House, and this she did with a sort of worship. Several days after her arrival at Pisa, under date of October 17th, 1898, she wrote to a young professed Sister: "God has asked much from our hearts; but He has much more to give us. Let Him do and take what He wills. It is hard on nature, but all this passes with time, and in Heaven, how we shall bless the year 1898."

Mother Xavier remained but fourteen months Superior at Pisa. On the 5th of December, 1899, she was nominated Provincial and went to Rome. But each year she returned to Pisa and spent several weeks there. "It was then a period of true revival for us all," write our Sisters of Pisa, "our good Mother endeavoured above all to make us esteem and love our Holy Rule; she herself read a portion of it each day; 'Read, meditate on the Holy Rule; in each of its chapters you will find an instruction for the interior life.' " The *interior life*, such was in-

deed the life of this great soul; she knew all its secrets and desired to communicate them to others. It was these instructions which produced so much fervour, the fruit of which is still treasured in our hearts. She often repeated: "Let us offer ourselves to our Lord hidden under the appearance of the Blessed Sacrament. Jesus intercede for me." She would say: "Everything is easy to two, particularly when Jesus makes *one* of the *two*. We will pray because it is from prayer that we obtain everything." She counselled us to ask ourselves, before undertaking any enterprise, "Have I prayed enough?" and to say after a failure in the spiritual life: "I did not pray enough." What faith in the power of prayer! What confidence in the Blessed Virgin had our dear Mother! "Mary will look after it," she would say before a difficult undertaking. She also addressed herself to the Guardian Angel of the persons with whom she had to treat, and found that this Celestial Messenger obtained many favours for her. Her motto was the words of the Apostle: "While we have time let us work good to all." On her arrival at Rome, the 5th of December, 1899, the Roman Province was composed of nine Houses: two in Rome, one in Albano, one in Veroli, two in Ceprano, one in San-Giuliano, one in Pisa and one in Piombino. At her death in 1908 the number of Houses in the Roman Province amounted to Fifteen. In 1901 she had the pleasure of sending a little colony of her daughters to Foligno for a new foundation in the beautiful and poetical province of Umbria, celebrated for its protector, the seraphic Saint Francis of Assissi. His Eminence Cardinal Vives, protector of our Congregation, had very much encouraged Mother Xavier to accept this foundation. But as all of God's works must be stamped with the seal of tribulation it was only after experiencing great difficulties and contradictions for two years that she at last obtained the satisfaction of possessing the premises on which the Sisters were already installed. The house is now one of the first boarding schools of the Province.

In 1903 a new foundation was offered to our Mother Provincial. It was that of San-Benedetto-del-Trento, in the

Marches, not far from the Holy House of Loretto. The neighbourhood of a place so holy gave her new courage to face the troubles and fatigues which are encountered in new foundations. Having assured herself of God's assistance by her supplication to Him, she opened a boarding school and a day school. In 1905 she had our Holy Constitutions translated into Italian and had them printed for use in the Province. On October 6th, 1906, Mother Xavier was for a third time nominated Provincial Superior for three years. That love for regular observance, that power of the supernatural life, life in union with our Lord, life of love, life of generous and heroic sacrifices, the venerable Mother drew from her spirit of prayer. She would often repeat these beautiful words of Blessed Mother Barat: "Prayer is the strength of man to conquer the power of God." If we have no virtue, if we make no progress, it is because we do not pray. It is necessary to have prayerful souls united to Jesus in order to accomplish great things for the glory of God and for the salvation of souls. All is possible to him who prays and meditates. The great aspiration of this beautiful soul was to love her Divine Master, to work without ceasing to extend His Kingdom. Her great love of God increased in her the love of her neighbour. She was ingenious in finding means of giving pleasure to each one, consoling the afflicted, coming to the assistance of those who were in need of her help, scrupulously delicate in everything which touched the reputation of her neighbour. Her frank and open character disdained dissimulation and evasion; in conversation she knew how to cut off with one word a discourse in which the delicacy of charity might be wounded. At Christmas she loved to see around her these dear little *chosen friends* (orphans), and to have them participate in the joy of the feast. She spared no pains in preparing the music for the Masses, selecting, with her exquisite taste, the most suitable hymns and rendering them in such a manner as to raise the soul to God. On the reform of the Gregorian Chant, she wished that Gregorian music be used, thus giving a proof of her profound and filial attachment to the Holy See.

There were dreary days now and then in the life of the Mother Provincial; there were hours of weariness which made her feel the necessity of throwing herself on the bosom of God the source of all confidence and love. "I do not know why I feel so discouraged to-day," she wrote, "I feel as though I were going to make everything go to ruin here—I must go before the Blessed Sacrament." As she advanced towards the termination of her life she advanced in simplicity, that characteristic virtue of great Saints.

Notwithstanding the fact that her daughters did not perceive it, the hour of the great sacrifice was approaching. The good Mother's energy overcame her sufferings, and no one could believe that she was so near her end. The week preceding her death she was occupied with the affairs of the Community. Sunday, the 25th of October, 1908, she assisted at Mass in spite of her great weakness and sufferings. From this day she was confined to bed and did not wish to see anyone as she was too weak to speak. Wednesday, the 28th, a Carmelite Father was called in to administer the Last Sacraments: "To live or to die is the same thing to me," she murmured. The Reverend Father said that he had never heard a sick person make so perfect an act of love. An hour later the end came. The revered Mother had just received a stroke of paralysis of the heart, and raising herself in her bed she threw herself into her armchair, and from there, with the aid of the infirmarians, knelt down, where a few moments after she breathed her last sigh. God allowed her to die on her knees in the attitude of prayer. Monsignor Rivelli the next day said Mass in the same room in which our venerated Mother lay, clothed in her holy habit and surrounded by lilies. This Mass was followed by that of Reverend Father Sylvestre, Capuchin. On Friday morning another Mass was celebrated, and the remains were placed in the tomb.

From the many tributes to her holy memory we select only one, that of Professor Joseph Toniolo, of the University of Pisa, a man greatly esteemed by the Holy Father, who wrote us: "I knew Mother Xavier at Pisa, and every time I visited her there

or at Rome, I was deeply impressed. She was to me as a flash of lightning which exposed the vast horizon, and my soul experienced a sensation of sweetness and consolation. These are the mysterious rays of light which souls of God shed around them, and by which they transmit the joys of heaven to us, as it were, by anticipation. They are the rays of an universal science enlaced with the harmonies of an eternal love. This pious woman, this holy Religious, consecrated all her energies, talents, nobility of birth, and tenderness of heart to the children who loved her and the parents who esteemed and venerated her."

Let us recall these words which she loved to repeat: "It is no affliction that this is a world of shadows, for the denser the clouds here below the greater the brightness of heaven." Heaven has revealed itself to our beloved Mother who worked with such perseverance to make our Lord known and loved. The earth disappeared for her at the moment when, closing her eyes on the dim light of time she opened them on light Eternal. We have the sweet confidence that He to Whom she gave herself with so generous a love now gives Himself to her without measure.



"Amongst the lilies Thou dost feed
With Virgin choirs accompanied
With glory decked the spotless brides
Whose bridal gifts Thy love provides.

"They, wheresoe'er Thy footsteps bend
With hymns and praises still attend;
In blessed troops they follow Thee
With dance and song and melody."

Before Communion

(From "A Companion for Daily Communion.")

'Tis not because my heart is glad,
Nor light, nor gay,
Nor yet because my soul is sad,
To grief a prey,
That I invite Thee, Lord, to come
To me, to-day.
'Tis not because I long to ask
Why it should be
Thou didst assign some heavy task
And hard, to me,
That I invite Thee, Lord, to come,
Aye, plead with Thee.
'Tis not that I some secret sweet
With Thee may share,
Nor yet to sit at Thy pierced Feet,
And tell my care,
That I invite Thee, Lord—and yet
I want Thee there.
“ 'Tis My delight to dwell with men,”
Thou once didst say.
And just for Thy sweet pleasure then
I ask to-day
That Thou wouldst come, O loving Lord,
And with me stay.

Note.—The above poem is from a dainty booklet of which the New York "Catholic World" writes as follows:

* * *

A COMPANION FOR DAILY COMMUNION.

Not only should encouragement be given to the faithful to receive Holy Communion frequently, and even daily, but also means should be offered that will safeguard them from

routine and fruitless familiarity. It is of the utmost importance that we strive to bring home to ourselves the graces of the Sacrament as often as we receive It. With a view to furnish such a means, the Sisters of St. Joseph, of Toronto, have published a small handy volume, entitled *A COMPANION FOR DAILY COMMUNION*. The volume is one that may be easily carried and is inconspicuous. It gives short readings that may readily be extended into meditations, on the Life of our Lord, with acts of thanksgiving and of reparation; and other readings that are particularly adapted to special needs and trials of the soul. We recommend it as a practical and useful help to all and particularly to Catholic schools and academies. Copies may be obtained from St. Joseph's College, Toronto, Ontario, Canada. Price 50 cents. Postage extra.

* * *

From the "CANADIAN FREEMAN," Kingston.

This handsome little book consists of thirty-one preparations and thanksgivings, one for each day of the month, an appended Method of Hearing Mass according to the Four Ends of Sacrifice, the Prayer before a Crucifix at the hour of death. The author essays "to vary constantly in the mind's eye the aspect under which our Divine Redeemer comes to us," and thus provide a remedy against the bane of spiritual routine and unholy familiarity with the august Sacrament of the Eucharist. She has succeeded admirably. The little volume reminds us not a little of the series of devotional books prepared by the late beloved Father Matt Russell, S.J., editor of the "Irish Monthly." It is a worthy offering at the feet of our Eucharistic King.

* * *

From the "CANADIAN MESSENGER," Montreal.

A handy little Manual written to help all who are in danger of falling into "spiritual routine and unholy familiarity with the august Sacrament of the Eucharist." The author develops the various scenes in our Lord's life in a familiar yet attractive way, urging communicants, on their part, to visualize

incidents and details that really must have taken place when our Lord was the chief actor in them. This intense use of the imagination brings the Heavenly Guest nearer to one and helps to excite the will to acts of love, humility, desire and adoration. These acts are furnished abundantly, all breathing the most refreshing piety. The constant use of this little volume cannot fail to augment personal piety and fervour in frequent communicants. This, we take it, has been the aim of the author.

* * *

From "THE MONTH."

"The risk of routine and consequent mechanical performance in constantly repeated actions affects, as we know to our sorrow, even our worship of God. Anything, therefore, like 'A Companion for Daily Communion,' which helps to free the supreme act of union with God from this danger is sure of a welcome."



The Holy Ghost

As a bright flame, and like unto the wind,
Come from the heights of heaven, O God the Holy Ghost!
Touch Thou my tongue with fire, guide Thou my feeble pen,
Make my heart strong, then when I need Thee most.
Help me to write of Thee, teach me to speak of Thee,
Let me lead souls to Thee, O God the Holy Ghost!

History of the Great Indulgence

MORE highly would we prize indulgenced prayers if we knew their history and what difficulties often had to be surmounted to obtain them from the Church. One of the most precious of plenary indulgences is the Indulgence for the hour of death. By a decree of the Congregation of Indulgences of March 9, 1904, the Holy Father, Pius X., granted to all the faithful a plenary indulgence for the hour of death, if but once in their lifetime, on any day of choice, after having received the Sacraments of Penance and the Holy Eucharist, they recite devoutly and with the true love of God, the following prayer:

“My Lord and my God, even now I most willingly and cheerfully accept whatever form of death Thou will be pleased to send me, with all its anguish, sorrow and pain.”

This prayer is not new. It was composed in the middle of the last century by an Italian priest, Joseph Cafasso. Father Cafasso was rector of the Consolata, one of the most distinguished churches of Turin, and of the college connected with this church. Aside from this, his duty was to assist in their last hour criminals who had been sentenced to death. He performed this difficult task in fulfilment of a magnanimous vow. God rewarded his zeal by giving him the consolation to see none of these unfortunates die without having first become reconciled to God. This pious priest often brought about in the hardened hearts of the criminals, such lively sorrow for their sins and so firm a confidence in the divine mercy, that they almost rejoiced to mount the gallows. He would explain to them that by accepting death with submission to the will of God, they could perform one of the greatest and most meritorious acts of our religion. Even though the world would look upon them as un-

fortunate criminals, nevertheless, before God they would be the most fortunate of mankind, provided they had these sentiments of perfect resignation to the will of God; for God looks not at the exterior but at the heart.

He was so thoroughly convinced of the truth of this thought that he often returned from the place of execution full of gratitude towards Divine Providence. Sometimes he would exclaim joyfully: "Now there is one more soul in heaven who is already praying for us; such convicts are no longer in need of purgatory." He would then add: "Why should the rest of us be obliged to go to purgatory?" and he kept thinking and studying in what manner he might save ordinary Christians from its purifying flame.

At last he found the way. He knew the writings of St. Alphonsus in which he gives instructions to directors of souls, that the most acceptable penance, and the greatest and most perfect sacrifice in the eyes of God is, in order to fulfil the will of God, to accept death willingly in atonement for the sins one has committed. After due consideration he, therefore, resolved to petition the Holy Father to grant a plenary indulgence for the hour of death in favour of all the faithful who made the above mentioned act which he had taught to his prisoners. The venerable servant of God, Don Bosco, undertook to present this petition to the Pope on April 9, 1858. Pius IX. granted the desired request, but only for a limited number of persons. Among these were designated the priests of the College of St. Francis at Turin.

On the 19th of that month, Cafasso imparted the joyful news to his prisoners, and explained to them the advantages of this indulgence. He remarked that some theologians had not been in favour of this indulgence being granted, but this need not trouble them. The favour had been granted by the Vicar of Christ who possessed unlimited power for granting it. He furthermore admonished them to prize this indulgence highly in order to have the happiness to gain it.

Later on the concession was somewhat extended, and ex-

tended to several other persons within the limits designated by the Holy Father. Finally at the death of the last of the privileged persons, the indulgence discontinued. Very likely it would have come to be forgotten entirely after Cafasso's death, had not another excellent priest of the diocese of Turin become interested in the matter. This good priest resolved to spare neither pains nor sacrifices until this most beneficial indulgence had become the common possession of all Christians. At first his efforts were very discouraging. For when he presented his petition to Rome, the reply was, he should not think of it any more. For the time being he had no choice but to remain silent, nevertheless, he hoped against hope for the future.

Forty years passed during which he several times took up his cherished plan anew. The matter was given into the hands of influential men, but once the papers were lost, another time individuals among them died at the very time when the matter was being deliberated upon. Besides, the petition composed by Father Cafasso could not be found any more. Finally, when the petition was brought before the Congregation of Indulgences it was rejected four times, or at least postponed for an indefinite time.

A man less zealous would by this time have lost courage and have abandoned himself to his fate. This priest, however, continued to pray and to hope, and asked others to pray. Meantime Pius X. ascended the Papal Throne. For the fifth time the priest presented his petition, and this last attempt, as we know, was crowned with success. In explanation of this indulgence we add the following:

1. In virtue of this indulgence, it has been made easy for all the faithful to secure for themselves already during the days of health, a plenary indulgence for the hour of death. Great difficulties are connected with the ordinary indulgences for the dying, at least at times, as the dying person is often so weak as scarcely to be able to pronounce the Holy Name. Moreover, no one knows whether or not he will be overtaken by a sudden death.

2. The conditions for gaining the indulgence can be complied with on any day of choice, but the indulgence itself cannot be gained until the moment of death. Should anyone have the misfortune of committing mortal sin after having fulfilled the required conditions, the indulgence is not lost, if at the moment of death he is in the state of grace.

3. It does not suffice to say this prayer only with the lips; one must strive to have the dispositions and sentiments of a humble and confident submission to the will of God. For this reason it is advisable often to renew this act, especially after Holy Communion or when by a sermon or spiritual reading one has often been forcibly impressed by the thought of death.—“Tabernacle and Purgatory.”

Note:—

For the benefit of our readers we have taken the pains to investigate the above, and we subjoin an exact translation of the Papal Decree granting the Indulgence.

Holy Mother Church never omits an opportunity when offered of consoling the faithful of Christ at the approach of death. To the abundant aids already existing another is now added. Many priests, and especially those who are actively engaged in the care of souls, have addressed petitions to His Holiness, Pius the Tenth, that for the spiritual benefit of the faithful, when in the supreme crisis of death, additional assistance be provided, and thus that the Holy Father should concede to dying persons a plenary indulgence, if during life they have made the following Act:

“My Lord and my God, even now I most willingly and cheerfully accept whatever form of death Thou wilt be pleased to send me, with all its anguish, sorrow and pain.”

These petitions were presented by the Cardinal Prefect of the Council of Indulgences and Sacred Relics, whose name is given below, in an audience held on the 9th day of March, 1904, and His Holiness aforesaid, receiving them most favour-

ably, generously granted that the faithful, who shall on any day they may choose make this Act with an affection of love for God, after having been purified in sacramental Confession and nourished in Holy Communion, can gain a Plenary Indulgence for the time of death. And this shall be in perpetuity. All things to the contrary notwithstanding.

Given at Rome from the Secretaryship of the same Sacred Congregation, on the 9th March, 1904.

A. CARD. TRIPEPI, Pref.

Pro Secret. Jos. M. Can. Coselli, Sub.



Good Company

BY KARIE WILSON BAKER

To-day I have grown taller from walking with the trees

The seven sister-poplars who go softly in a line;

And I think my heart is whiter for its parley with a star

That trembled out at nightfall and hung above the pine.

The call-note of a redbird from the cedars in the dusk

Woke his happy mate within me to an answer free and fine;

And a sudden angel beckoned from a column of blue smoke—

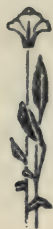
Lord, who am I that they should stoop—these holy folk of
Thine?

The Passing of an Old Friend

On March 29th, St. Joseph's Community lost its oldest friend in the person of Mr. Matthew O'Connor, J.P., who, after an exemplary Christian life of ninety-two years, was called to his eternal reward. In the 1914 March number of Saint Joseph Lilies, Mr. O'Connor contributed an article called "A Retrospective Glance," in which he gave many delightful and interesting reminiscences of early Toronto days. The last paragraph of same is characteristic:—"It is a pleasure in many ways for me to recall the past. There is also some gratification in discovering myself to be, so far as I know, the only person alive who stood in the lighthouse lanthorn as early as 1841; the sole survivor of my artillery company; in realizing that there is not a city fireman alive who was in the brigade when I became a member; in noticing that every magistrate of the County of York appointed previous to my own appointment has passed to the great beyond; in observing that not one lives of those who were my colleagues when I was elected to the Separate School Board; and in having it pointed out to me that in the Saint Vincent de Paul Society I am the person whose years of membership are the most numerous of any in Canada! But, through the mercy of Almighty God, I am still able to do my allotted tasks in the societies of which I am an active member." Mr. O'Connor was also one of the oldest members of the Directorate of the Toronto Savings Bank; and as its President he signed its transfer to the Home Savings and Loan Company, which merged afterward into what is known as the Home Bank of Canada. He was the President of the Father Matthew Total Abstinence Association, and an honoured member of the York Pioneers. Great was Mr. O'Connor's gratification in recalling his labours of by-gone days, greater still was it to recall the fact that he was one of the Toronto laymen who welcomed to the city the first Sisters of St. Joseph, when on that far-away day of October 7th, 1851, the four pioneers—Reverend Mother

Delphine, Mother Bernard, Sister Mary Martha and Sister Alphonsus commenced their humble foundation. He and the late Honourable Captain Elmsley became that day benefactors of the Community; and their staunch friendship and wholehearted devotion to the Sisters never wavered during the remainder of their lives. May we not piously hope that heavenly Annals record for their greater beatitude, the selfless services that both these worthy men rendered the Sisters of St. Joseph? —R. I. P.

O Mother! thy very face and form speak to us of the Eternal; not like earthly beauty—dangerous to look upon—but like the Morning Star, of which thou art the emblem, bright and musical, breathing purity, telling of heaven, infusing peace. O harbinger of the day! O guide of the pilgrim! Lead us as thou wast led in the dark night across the bleak wilderness! Guide us on to Jesus! Guide us home. Amen.—Cardinal Newman.





In the **St. Vincent College Journal** for May, the article entitled "Benedictine Journeys," is both interesting and instructive. Its purpose is to describe a series of journeys through those parts of Italy made sacred by the footsteps of the great St. Benedict. In the May number, peasant life in and around Genazzanno is portrayed in such a way as to show how devotion to Our Blessed Lady enters into and colours every detail in the simple lives of these religious and emotional people. Many of their festal customs seem to us peculiar, and the travellers' experiences among them, though sometimes amusing, are not always pleasant. We shall look forward to the continuation of the article in the June number.

There is much merit in the little poem, "Morn in May."

* * *

The **Anselmian** for April is a very good issue. A short account of the life and writings of Francis Thompson is well written, and the essay on "Secular Universities" sets before the reader some very cogent reasons why Catholics who wish to preserve their faith in the teachings of the Church should seek the higher education in institutions conducted under the shadow of religious influence, for in the words of the writer:

"The young man who expects to go through a secular university with faith unshaken and morals unimpaired, must possess the courage of a saint and the intellectual training of a Catholic doctor of philosophy. He has enemies within and without the lecture hall."

This number offers also a short but excellent biography of Francis Thompson.

* * *

The **Prospector** is a quarterly magazine published by the students of St. Charles College, Helena, Montana, and we know of no better school paper among those which have reached us thus far. Its editorial articles are sound and logical, its essays clear and forceful, and its short stories of a kind that will hold the reader's attention. In the last number, under the title "Motion Pictures," while decrying the use of all films that might prove harmful, the writer shows the great advantage which schools can derive from the judicious use of these pictures as an aid to education.

* * *

We congratulate the staff of the **Niagara Rainbow** on the excellent quality of their journal. The April number possesses many very fine features—scholarly articles that must be of interest to the thinking reader. There are several essays which are truly enjoyable. "Horseshoe Ranch" must have been an ideal spot in which to spend one's childhood; surely the impression it made must have been very vivid to enable the writer to make her description of it so charming and clear.

* * *

From among so much that is good in the **Laurel's** Easter issue, it would be difficult to choose the best. The subjects, "The Classical Drama," and "The Beginnings of Spanish Literature," are well handled, and indicate in the writers a knowledge gained by a carefully study. The editorial page displays a manliness and sincerity that reflects credit on the staff.

We have received the following exchanges:—"Alvernia," "Ariston," "The Abbey Student," "The Academia," "Ave Maria," "The Aquinas," "Belmont Review," "Catholic Bulletin," "Columbiad," "The Collegian," "St. Mary's Chimes," "St. Joseph's Collegian," "The Exponent," "Veritas," "The Magnificat," "The Villa World," "The Redwood," "The Champion," "The Martian," "The Lamp," "The Young Eagle," "Loyola University Magazine," "The Nazarene," "The Fordham Monthly," "The Pacific Star," "The Memorare," "St. Mary's Sentinel," "The College Spokesman," "The Gonzaga," "The Mountaineer," "The Nardin Quarterly," "The Schoolman," "The Labarum," "The Loretine," "The Red and White," "Trinity College Record," "The Extension Magazine," "St. Peter's College Journal," "Mount Loretto Messenger," "Niagara Index," "Notre Dame Quarterly," "The Xaverian," "The Lumina," "The Villa Marian," "The Blue and Gold," "Villa Sancta Scholastica," "The Ignatian," "Mount St. Mary Record," "The Vincentian," "St. Mary's Messenger," "The St. Francis," "The North West Review," "Canadian Freeman," "The Canisius Monthly."



St. Joseph's College Department

EDITORIAL STAFF.

Editor-in-Chief—Miss Eileen Dowdall.

Assistant Editors—The Misses Quigley, Muriel Gendron, Madeline Murphy.

Local Editors—The Misses Helen Barry, Rita Ivory, Frances O'Gorman, Elizabeth Bourke.

Music Editors—The Misses Mercedes Powell-Gomez, Yvonne Lavery, Mary Tremblay, Albertine Martin.

Art Editors—The Misses Clothilde Prunty, Anna McKerron, Marion Graves.

The Very Best

I may not paint a perfect masterpiece,
Nor carve a statue by the world confessed
A miracle of art yet will not cease
And do my best.

My name is not upon the rolls of fame,
'Tis on the page of common life impressed,
But I'll keep marking, marking just the same,
And do my best.

And if I see some fellow-traveller rise
Far, far above me, still with quiet breath
I'll keep on climbing, climbing toward the skies.
And do my very best.

It may not be the beautiful and grand,
But I must try to be so careful lest
It fail to be what's put into my hand—
My very best.

University Graduates, 1917

On Thursday, May 17th, the closing event of the College year took place. A reception and banquet was given for the Graduates in Arts who were to receive their degrees at the University of Toronto on the following day. The young ladies who were entitled to the degree of Bachelor of Arts in the General Course were Miss Eileen Dowdall, Almonte; Misses Muriel Gendron and Emily Quigley, Penetanguishene, and Miss Florence Quinlan, Barrie, who received an Honour Degree in Mathematics and Physics. After solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament and the beautiful May Devotions in the chapel were ended, the undergraduates and graduates gathered in the reception room, where all were presented to His Lordship Bishop MacDonald, of Victoria, B.C. The good Bishop expressed his satisfaction at the progress which these young women had made along the paths of higher education, congratulated them on the good fortune which was theirs in possessing such advantages as were afforded in St. Joseph's, and reminded them of the trust imparted to them, that on them rested to a great extent the honour of their Alma Mater; he also remarked on the influence of educated Catholic women in the world of to-day, and impressed upon the graduates the importance of their future work in life.

At the banquet which followed, the Bishop presided, and his genial, affable manner and easy flow of interesting conversation added much to the enjoyment of the festive board, which, with glittering service, fresh spring flowers and the circle of young, happy faces under the soft glow of amber lights, was a very charming picture to behold. Those who laboured to make the event a success had reason that night to feel satisfaction at the result attained.



GRADUATES, 1917 (Left to Right):—FLORENCE QUINTAN, B.A.; EMILY QUIGLEY, B.A.; MURIEL GENDRON, B.A.; EILEEN DOWDALL, B.A.

About eight o'clock, an audience being gathered in the auditorium, Miss Albertine Martin, with her usual taste and skill at the piano, rendered some favourite selections as prelude to the programme which opened with the Academic Choir singing the patronal invocation to St. Joseph, followed by a patriotic chorus. The graduates were then presented, and the honours which had been obtained by the students at the College were announced, viz., the St. Joseph College Scholarship, the gift of the Community of St. Joseph, for First-class Honours in Third Year Modern Languages, was obtained by Miss Madeline Murphy, Carleton Place, Ont., and The Edward Blake Scholarship, the award of the Council of University College for First-class Honours in First Year Modern Languages, was obtained by Miss Ruth M. Agnew, Toronto. The Class List follows:

Fourth Year, General Course—Eileen Dowdall, Muriel Gendron, Emily Quigley; Mathematics and Physics—Florence Quinlan.

Third Year, General Course—Mary Hodgins, Geraldine Kormann (Eng.), Edna Madden, Kathleen Gilmour (Eng. Chem.); Modern Languages, First-class Honours—Miss Madeline Murphy.

Second Year, General Course—Marion Allan, Helen Duggan, Emily Foy (Eng., Chem.), Lois Gibson (Fr., Chem.), Teresa Murphy (Chem.), Geraldine O'Connor (Chem.), Frances Whelan, Matilde Ziehr (Chem.); Classics—I. F. O'Malley, Second-class Honours.

First Year, General Course—Naomi Gibson (Alg. and Geom.), Anna MacKerrow (Lat., Phy.), Kathleen O'Brien (Lat., Chem.), Margaret O'Donnell (Lat., Phy.), Clare Nangle (Alg. and Geom.); Modern Languages—Ruth Agnew, First-class Honours.

The address of the evening to Graduates and friends was eloquently delivered by the Rev. R. McBrady, C.S.B., Professor in Classics, and Chaplain of the College. The address was in part as follows:

ADDRESS TO GRADUATES.

When a mother, timidly, nervously, comes for the first time through the Convent door, leading her child by the hand, I fancy she finds the Sisters rather slow to enter into her feelings and share her emotions. It is certain that the Sisters know better than she how promptly the tears of the child's first day at school are dried and how short a time it takes to transform the child into a joyous school girl, proud of her new costume—the College uniform—and of her new title of pupil of St. Joseph's Convent. What the Sisters know from long experience, even a mother's heart cannot divine at once. She sees before her child a future, the prospect of which alarms her heart. She asks herself whether the Sisters will love her child and for what hour and what day they reserve anxiety of thought and anxiety of heart. I am going to answer that question out of hand, for it is ever before the Sisters' eyes, though probably they rarely discuss it with anyone from the outside. I am going to say that in their efforts to train and form the children under their care, there are days to come—a year and a day—which fill them with concern and anxiety, and they never look forward to that day and that year without a sense of fear and alarm. That day and that year is the day of departure, the day on which their pupil leaves them for good. At that moment, when so many joyous arms and loving hearts are opening wide to welcome the graduate, she seems to them to be such as Dante once seemed to himself,—she seems to be standing in that dark forest of mid-life when choice must be made between two roads, both unknown, both equally untrodden. And knowing, as the Sisters do, that in whatever direction their graduate goes, there will be pitfalls on the way, they ask themselves: “What will be the future of this young lady who was our pupil and our child? What will she do with that soul which she carries in her hands? What will she retain and what will she forget of all that we have taught her?”

These questions might be looked at from any point of view ; I might try to discuss with you the causes which would justify the Sisters' greatest alarm, but I prefer to approach it from another side, and consider with you how true is the wisdom of the child's parents. The Catholic graduate leaving college is much like a plant fresh from the gardener's hands. The future of it depends on the character of the soil in which it will be transplanted to begin its real life. The soil into which the school graduate is to be transferred is her father's house and her mother's. And here I may say, for it has been brought home to the Sisters by repeated experience, I may say that on every occasion when one of their school girls has been faithful to the principles and practices of our Catholic education, the glory and honour of it belongs in the first place to the family to which she is returning to become a daughter of the house. What does the family do for the school graduate ? It manifests to the newcomer, I will not say a degree of respect, but it does manifest a measure of attention and consideration. Mothers and wives know that the graduate, though she were a Bachelor of Arts twice over, is still far from being a complete and a perfect woman, that in many ways she would still deserve to be treated as a child,—but she is a wise mother, and she takes into account all the weaknesses and all the energies to be found in the heart of a girl of eighteen or twenty. She knows the incalculable value of them all, and therefore she refrains from those reprimands and rebukes which provoke and irritate and never do any good ; and, seeing that her daughter deems herself already a full-fledged woman, she treats her as such, and she does well. For we must get a good hold on what that word “woman” means to the Catholic student in the Catholic college. To be a woman, in her mind, means to have something of the classical days, something of the high-born Catholic days of the Middle Ages. To be a woman means to respect herself and to command the respect of others,—to be able to give her word and keep it, to have a purpose in life and pursue that purpose to life's close. Like the bell of some old, European Cathedral, that word “woman” starts vibrating in the heart of the graduate, fresh

from college, a world of glorious echoes—dignity, respect, truth, justice, honour, foresight,—all ring out together as the music of that word “woman” breaks upon her heart. Day in, day out, that word brings its message.

The mother, I said, is wise and, day in, day out, partly by precept and mostly by example, she brings the lesson home, until at last all that is vague and indefinite in her daughter’s ideas of womanhood is removed, and there upsprings an ideal womanhood that comes to her and says,—“Follow thou me.” Whether the occasion calls for respect or for proper pride, for silence or outspokenness, whether it calls for resistance or opposition, the well-bred girl, the girl trained by a wise mother, will ever make due response when that word sounds in her ears,—“Be a woman.” In the history of God’s own people, when He would send the deliverers to rescue them, He counselled them by just one word. He chose them from out the throng and spoke one word, “Be thou a man.” Had it been in a day when woman’s rights were to the fore, perhaps He would have said to the young ladies of that day—to such young ladies as our graduates are to-night—He would have said to each of them, “Be thou a woman.” Be a valiant woman and do thy duty; be a good citizen to thy country. And while the mother, as thoughtful as she is loving, completes in this way the education of her daughter, rounding her out into perfect womanhood, the other members of the family contribute a part in their own special way. They have their own way of welcoming the graduate home, of bringing home to her heart and to her mind the thousands of facts which go to make home the most blessed spot on earth, and home life the dearest and happiest of all.

You understand I cannot go into details on this point, and at any rate I am not so presumptuous as to hope to say everything and to think everything. I am free to admit that over and above the things I have mentioned, there are countless other ways, and better known to fathers and mothers and sisters and brothers, countless things that will be at the service of the young lady graduate to help her over the difficulties that will

crop up in her way, But I was bound to mention these things, first, because I know all good Catholic folk are deserving to understand them, and secondly, because I know that this method works.

At this point the speaker, turning to the graduates, who, with the undergraduates in their college robes were grouped upon the stage, said :

And now, young lady graduates, I have something to say to you. The Sisters, by whose side you have worked all those years, know pretty well the thoughts of your mind. They are convinced, I am sure, that you are determined to be in the future such as you are to-day, and to be even better. They know that you are afraid perhaps of your own weakness as much as you are delighted at the prospect of deliverance from the bonds of college, when you ask yourselves how you are going to be faithful to the Christ Who redeemed you. You will permit me to answer out loudly the question you put to your own hearts. I will answer it simply and freely,—in the first place I say, find something to do. But, understand this aright. After the hard work of the last year at College, a few days' rest, even a few weeks' rest is the right of all and it is the plain duty of some. But when you are rested, don't waste weeks and months waiting for the hour of inspiration. And for the love you bear your own souls, let there not be between the work of to-day and the work of the future that dangerous season of leisure that bears so heavily on the human heart. Nay, I go further, don't be satisfied with a fanciful occupation, let it be something real; something that will tie you down; something that will be useful in the best sense of the word; something that will allow you, in these days of stress, to add your part without blushing; something that will help you to say, "I belong to the brotherhood, to the sisterhood of the toiler." When I was a boy in the country and a storm threatened, everybody, young and old, rich and poor, turned harvester, and I ask myself to-day of our young lady graduates, standing as they do between the

present war and the future that is full of alarm, what are they going to do? If at another time, a dignified and elegant idleness was a pride, under present circumstances I should say that it is a treason to the country and a treason to the country's future.

In the next place, keep all you can of Saint Joseph's life, as much of it as is compatible with the new requirements into which you will be thrown. Keep the regularity of the college, —even its comparatively early rising, its morning prayer, its simplicity of costume. This is only the frame in which to set your life, but the frame, here as elsewhere, does its double duty, it saves the picture and helps to embellish it. Again, retain your taste for study and your love of books. What you have done is practically nothing, even your graduate's costume is nothing more than an evidence that you are capable of knowing something. Choose your books as you choose your friends. Let them help you to defend yourselves against your own weaknesses, to lift yourselves high above the vulgar sense. And, now I might add this: remember that you are weak and that an anathema has been spoken against those who travel alone through life. (I hope none will misunderstand me.) Make yourselves strong by combining with one another, make yourselves strong and industrious. In the circle of your own homes go and rap at the doors of Catholic young ladies like yourselves, be with them a centre of truth, of helpfulness, of genuine charity. You will not be alone, you will not be among strangers, you will find your friends there, and, what is more, you will find in them the faith that moves mountains, and you will find an evident testimony of the truth of the Master's words when He said, "Where two or three are gathered together in My Name, there am I in the midst of them." And with these words of the Master, I will end my few words. You will have noticed that I have hardly mentioned His Name, though the thought uppermost in my mind is to safeguard His life and action in your souls. During the long years of your school life, the Sisters have repeated to you that the best way and the easiest way to be a good woman is to be a pious, faithful Christian. The day

that you are standing at the college door and ready to go, they repeat the same lesson, though they shift the words around ever so little. They say, "Be the good, brave women you promised God and your own hearts to be. Be women in the best sense of the word, women who know what duty is and what character is." And one word more I want to add, it is not my word, it is the word of one who was well versed in the things of God and man, you will find it in the fourth chapter of Saint Paul's epistle to the Phillipians,—“Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are modest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are holy, whatsoever things are amiable, whatsoever things are of good repute, if there be any virtue, if there be any praise of discipline, think on these things.”

His Lordship Bishop MacDonald then expressed his deep satisfaction at the excellent training imparted by the College, and his lively interest in its future advantages and success. He congratulated the graduates, and exhorted them to live up to the exalted ideals set for them by their teachers, so that the world might be the better for their presence in it. He dwelt on the necessity of parents giving their daughters the chance of obtaining a good education, and of keeping them under the religious influence as long as possible. It might mean a sacrifice, but the reward would be proportionate. He also added many practical suggestions as to future conduct and helpful endeavour.

Other speakers called upon in turn were the Hon. T. W. McGarry, Provincial Treasurer; R. J. Dwyer, M.B., M.R.C.S., M.R.C.P. (Lond.), and D. O'Connell, B.A., LL.B., K.C.

The College and Academic students then took up the National Anthem, and the last happy event of the scholastic year was brought to a close.

Keats' Ode On A Grecian Urn

BY KATHLEEN O'BRIEN

IF the poets who wrote during the early part of the nineteenth century, Keats was the last who began to write and was the first to die. The poetical career of Keats is dated from about the year 1813. The beauty of the poems which he wrote in the short space of eight years has ranked him among the world's greatest poets. Keats belongs to the Romantic period. The poets of this class wrote naturally. In Keats' verse, human nature and still nature are described simply for their beauty.

The particular form of poetry in which he describes the Grecian Urn is the Ode, a lyrical poem, and one from which we learn the poet's feelings. Keats' Odes are marked by a new element. They are written in a more direct style than the odes previous to his. They abound with simple expressions and show a nice use of words.

In the Ode on a Grecian Urn the poet contrasts imaginative creations with creations existing in real life. He says that what is beautiful when clothed with the glamour of our imagination is a disappointment when realized. The subject of Wordsworth's poems, "Yarrow Unvisited" and "Yarrow Visited," is somewhat similar to the idea contained in this poem. Pictures which seem exquisitely beautiful in our fancy lose much of their charm when seen with our sensual eyes.

A Grecian urn suggests this idea to the poet and to it he addresses a beautiful ode. The work of some sculptor of ancient Greece appears to-day the same as when it came fresh from the maker. In its muteness it pictures "Sylvan" scenes of Greece more vividly than they could be presented by the poet's pen. One side of the urn depicts, with the eloquence of Art, a Grecian Wedding Feast. Young men and maidens are assembled. The merry pipers are playing, and though we can-

not hear the music we can imagine the harmonic beauty of the tones. In this picture the poet contrasts the permanence of Art with the instability of human life. Had this same scene been enacted in real life the actors would now be "returned to dust." The "fair youth" singing beneath the ever green boughs of the trees, will always sing. The lover who is pursuing the maiden will never reach her. He will continue to love her and she will always be lovable.

By a few rhetorical questions the scene represented on the other side of the urn is brought vividly before our minds. It is a perfect picture of a sacrificial holiday. The priest is leading to the altar a gaily decked heifer "lowing at the skies." A very large number of people have joined in the procession. The poet suggests that a whole village or town has been emptied of its people, and not one person will ever return home. The idea is simple and very beautiful when we think that this urn, which excites admiration from those who now gaze on it, and which fills their minds with pleasing pictures, will continue to impress those who will see it in years to come.

The thought is somewhat like a meditation on Eternity and as the poet says, "teases" the mind. We can no more compass the feelings and ideas awakened by the urn than we can comprehend Eternity. "The yearning passion for the Beautiful" was the master passion of Keats. The beauty of this is as a friend to those who look at it. "When old age shall this generation waste" it will still exist. The urn is a manifestation of Keats' creed, "Beauty is truth, truth beauty."



“Redgauntlet”

BY NAOMI GIBSON

THE events described in “Redgauntlet” took place about twenty years after the Jacobite Rebellion of 1745. The story tells of the last dying struggles of the adherents to the Stuart cause, and the author portrays them in a most striking and realistic manner. The reality of the events is heightened by the minute description of the customs, beliefs and manners of the people of the time. Our interest is enlisted by the perfect word-pictures, such as the descriptions of the fisher-folk of the Solway and their surroundings, also of the smugglers, the local town of Dumfries, the bustle and life of the law courts in Edinburgh, and the amusements of the common people.

The characters themselves are true to the age, but they are more than this. There is a touch of nature in them which is universal and which makes them appeal to us now. Redgauntlet, the one faithful and enthusiastic adherent to the cause of Charles Edward is a noble example of unselfish devotion. This attachment to the dying cause is so great as to amount almost to fanaticism, but it is the determining force of all his actions. It blinds his judgment, betrays him into trickery and hardens his nature. He combines daring courage with energy and masterfulness, and when we compare this passionate nature with the lukewarm characters of Sir Richard Glendale, Meredith and Doctor Grumball, who though unwilling to show lack of enthusiasm for the cause which they profess, are yet quick to take advantage of drawing back, the contrast is indeed great.

Darsie Latimer and Alan Fairford, the principal characters, are endeared to our hearts by their great and noble friendship for each other, and it is by the letters that these two write to one another that the story is told—Darsie’s character is marked by a daring recklessness which leads him into difficul-

ties and trials which finally result in his happy reunion with his sister. The thoughtful and cautious Alan is also led into somewhat similar difficulties, but only through his devotion to his friend.

Christal Nixon, by whom the conspiracy is finally revealed, is a typical example of the spy and traitor of the time. Nanty Ewart is a notable contrast to Cristal Nixon. He is taken up with smuggling and is a drunkard. He succeeds, nevertheless, in winning our sympathy. This is a remarkable example of Scott's power of making human and pathetic a personality whose more apparent characteristics are repulsive. He is typical of the abandoned characters made use of by the Jacobites.

Crosby, of Dumfries, although a minor character, is described with consummate skill. He is cautious and does not want the slightest suspicion to alight upon him. His wife, Mrs. Crosby, is a Jacobite, a fourth cousin of Redgauntlet. Families were frequently divided over the Stuarts. We have examples of this in Crosby's household and in Redgauntlet's own.

The minor characters afford both amusement and pathos. Wandering Willie, who is blind, is a sort of degenerate minstrel and a native of the border country. The love of wandering is rooted in his nature. He has great pride in his craft, and though his skill could have won him a position in the home of a nobleman, he refused. He has a sentimental attachment to Redgauntlet's household. Mr. Peter Peebles has become a monomaniac on the subject of a law suit. His disappointment has taken all hope from him till he thinks only of drink. All this serves to make him human with a touch of pathos.

A prominent feature of Scott's novels is the harmony between scene and incident. We have an example of this in "Redgauntlet." The desolate secluded spot chosen by Redgauntlet for his place of abode during the time he is occupied in bringing his plans of insurrection to a head corresponds fittingly with his stern and gloomy character.

Scott's novels are full of kindly humanity, of close and accurate drawing of many types of character, and of wide and detailed historical knowledge.

“A multitude of causes have tended to divert and distract the public taste from these great books. It fluctuates sometimes farther from, sometimes nearer to them. Such works as Scott’s are immortal, and independent of human fluctuations they will, and do appeal to a multitude of readers learned or unlearned, whose mind and imagination are open to receive the gifts of genius apart from the trend of fashion.”



Mental Beauty

The shape alone let other prize,
The features of the fair,
I look for spirit in her eyes,
And meaning in her air.

A damask cheek, an ivory arm,
Shall ne’er my wishes win;
Give me an animated form,
That speaks a mind within.

A face where lawful honour shines,
Where sense and sweetness move,
And angel innocence refines
The tenderness of love.

These are the soul of Beauty’s frame,
Without whose vital aid,
Unfinish’d all her features seem,
And all her roses dead.

Our Holiday

BY ALBERTINE MARTIN

ASCENSION DAY of 1917 will long be remembered by the students of the College. Our Mistress announced the evening before that weather permitting the next afternoon would be spent out of Toronto, at St. Joseph's new Novitiate, which is east of St. Augustine's Seminary.

What anxiety was felt that evening as the sky darkened and drops of rain began to fall. However, by Thursday morning the clouds had disappeared and the bright sun was shining—it was an ideal day for a picnic.

At 12.30 the chartered car waiting for us at St. Alban Street corner was soon filled with happy school girls, and we started for the Bluffs.

After a pleasant hour's ride we reached our destination—Scarboro Bluffs.

Now the tramping began. Of course, the roads were not in the best condition for walking, but the soft, warm ground proved a pleasant relief to the hard city pavements. As we went along, the bracing country air brought roses to our cheeks; and it was indeed a pleasant scene that the pines, those tall sentinels guarding the Bluffs, witnessed as a bevy of gay young creatures came sauntering along in holiday attire.

As we approached the Bluffs, a scene of almost unsurpassed splendour unrolled itself before us. The blue waters of Lake Ontario! What a marvel of grandeur and beauty—such a perfect blending of mighty power and soothing calm! Only a dim line in the distance showed where heaven and earth embraced. The beautiful fascinating peacefulness of the scene was occasionally broken by flocks of snow-white sea-gulls winging their flight silently and gracefully across a sky of deep cerulean blue.

It does not take an experienced person to realize the great ravages wrought by nature along the steep coast where the

Bluffs measure nearly three hundred feet. One has to be very careful and prudent not to approach the edge, for the continual undermining of these mighty waters may at any minute cause the land to give way, and it is quite evident that the results would be fatal.

Having overcome our first emotions, we formed into groups. Some remained on the heights with the Sisters in charge, while others more venturesome, set out to explore the neighbouring glens, where they found many varieties of fragrant May flowers.

Soon all were called together for luncheon, and we responded quite promptly with appetites sharpened by the invigorating lake breeze and healthy exercise. We ate our sandwiches and other goodies with a relish that only a schoolgirl on a picnic can have. We might have been there yet, for we were very happy, and enjoyed ourselves very much, had not old Father Time been one of the party, too, alas! and only too soon we had to take our departure. It was out of the question, however, to leave without first going over to see the new Novitiate now under construction. The site is an ideal one commanding a splendid view of the lake and surrounding country.

Finally, as the sun had almost completed its daily journey across the heavens, a muffled little whistle reached our ears; it was the car to take us back to St. Joseph's, and we returned to our convent home tired, but happy after our eventful day.



THE TENNIS CLUB

College Notes

"Short but sweet," was the epithet applied by one and all to the Easter Vacation, for although it numbered but a few days, each one seemed to have enjoyed the relaxation thoroughly, returning with reinforced energy and renewed good will to prepare in earnest for the approaching midsummer examinations.

* * *

On March 9th a lecture of more than ordinary interest and of great erudition was delivered by Dr. Thos. O'Hagan before the Sisters and students of St. Joseph's College. The subject, "Dante and His Times," was treated in a masterly manner; the ripe scholarship of the speaker being apparent throughout. The lecturer sketched in a most interesting manner the times into which Dante had birth. He maintained that the two events in the life of Dante which made possible the "Divine Comedy" were Dante's meeting with Beatrice and the poet's exile. Dr. O'Hagan considered the "Divine Comedy" as the supreme Christian epic of the world. It should have a four-fold interpretation—literal, allegorical, moral, and mystical. Its three divisions represent the three states of man—sin, grace, and beatitude. According to his view, thirty-three cantos in each division, represent the thirty-three years of Our Saviour's life, and the triple rhyme represents the Trinity. The lecturer's knowledge of the age in which the great Florentine poet lived and his close acquaintance with its learning makes him understand and appreciate Dante as one could not do who has made but a slight study of that wonderful period of the world's history, namely, the thirteenth, the greatest of centuries. Much of the lecture was devoted to this century and to the men whose lives of undying fame still influence our world. The word-portrait of the author of *La Commedia Divina*, who had known in exile "the salt savour of others' bread and the hard passage descending and climbing by others' stairs," was sketched with a master's hand. The Very Rev. Dean Harris introduced Dr. O'Hagan in his usual felicitous manner. He paid a warm tri-

bute to the lecturer's contributions to Canadian, especially Catholic Canadian literature. An appropriate vote of thanks was tendered by the Rev. E. Pageau, of St. Michael's College.

* * *

An entertainment, which could not fail to satisfy the patriotism of the most enthusiastic daughter of the Emerald Isle, was given in the College Auditorium on the evening of March 17th, by some of the most promising young artists of the school. The choruses and solos were well rendered, while the daintily dressed juveniles executed intricate Irish steps with grace and ease. Special mention must be made of Miss Eileen Scanlon, who, by her recitation and dances, gave expression to the real spirit of her native land, in a manner which delighted her audience.

* * *

The weekly musical recitals continued throughout the year have proved very beneficial to the pupils and enjoyable to teachers and companions. A decided improvement is noticeable in Miss Monita McDonnell's technique and interpretation, and Miss Yvonne Lavery's vocal selections give evidence of faithful practice.

* * *

We are confident that it has fallen to the lot of the pupils of few colleges to have such a delightful course of lectures delivered to them on the topic of the present war, as has been our privilege to hear during the past few months, owing to the courtesy and kindly interest of Dr. R. J. Dwyer. Although Dr. Dwyer has almost constant demands upon every hour of his day, nevertheless managed to find time to come on several occasions to address us upon this topic of vital and world-wide interest. With wonderful clearness and precision the causes and events were laid open before our mind's eye, and so contagious was the enthusiasm of the Doctor, that we found ourselves wishing again and again that we were old enough to do more than merely knit and sew and make collections of money for our poor brave soldiers. We are deeply indebted to Dr. Dwyer for his kindness, and we trust that next term we shall have the pleasure of hearing again this very interesting and instructive lecturer.

Shortly after the Easter holidays the College study hall was the scene of a well-prepared and interesting debate given by the Matriculation Class. The subject was: "Resolved, that reading has more influence on character than companionship." The affirmative was upheld by Misses Frances O'Gorman and Clotilde Prunty; the negative by Misses May O'Brien and Cleo Coglán. The question was handled in an able manner by both sides, and many original arguments were brought forth. The decision of the judges was in favour of the negative by a slight percentage.

* * *

On the evening of March 19th, a number of the young ladies, chaperoned by Miss B. Clapp, attended a recital held in Massey Hall by the celebrated Belgian violinists, Eugene and Gabriel Ysaye.

"Elijah," given in aid of the Great War Veterans by the Oratorio Society of Toronto, was also enjoyed by some of the senior music classes.

* * *

On the evening of Friday, April 20th, Rev. Dr. Kissane, of St. Augustine's Seminary, delivered a delightful lecture on the Holy Land in the College Auditorium. Dr. Kissane, who spent some time in the Holy Land a few years ago, secured while there a large number of splendid and highly interesting photographs, which were reproduced for us on canvas. It is only when one sees in this way the beauties of that country, and is privileged to hear the explanations of one who has been there in person, that one realizes how truly wonderful "God's country and God's chosen people" were. Many passages of Scripture were also elucidated for us, which formerly seemed obscure, as, for instance, the shepherd leading his sheep, and the farmer with his measure of corn pressed down, shaken together and flowing over. We cannot sufficiently express our gratitude to Dr. Kissane for the very pleasurable and educative evening he afforded us.

* * *

A lecture on "Kindness to Animals" was delivered by Mr. Kelso in the Auditorium of the College. The pupils listened with interest as he spoke to them of the wonderful instinct of

the lower animals, and in future will better appreciate the attachment and fidelity which the dumb creatures display towards man.

* * *

His Grace Archbishop Neil McNeil administered confirmation in the College chapel on the Feast of the Apparition of St. Michael. The children showed by their answers to His Grace's questions their practical knowledge of the Catholic Faith.

* * *

We extend a vote of thanks to our devoted Chaplain for the interesting course of lectures he has given us this year. The good Father spoke to us both earnestly and eloquently, and the seed of God's holy word, planted so carefully in the hearts of St. Joseph's children cannot fail to bring forth fruit throughout the years to come.

* * *

The custom of holding daily devotions in May, in honour of the Blessed Virgin, was kept up as usual, at the College. Every evening Our Lady's praises were sung and marked fervour was shown especially by the members of the Sodality. In the Chapel Our Blessed Mother's shrine was a bower of flowers and the pretty altars in the classrooms, bedecked continually with fresh blossoms, spoke of many acts of self-denial on the part of Mary's children.

We feel sure that the flowers of virtue offered to our Mother outnumbered greatly the flowers of nature, and Mary, Queen of Heaven, must have smiled most graciously on the homage of her devoted children.

On the Feast of St. Bernadine of Sienna, May 20th, the beautiful and most touching ceremony of First Holy Communion took place in our College Chapel, when six little tots dressed in white, and crowned with flowers, walked up the centre aisle to the prie-dieu prepared for them.

It was a touching and impressive sight to see the gravity and fervour of these little ones. Rev. Father Kehoe, of St. Augustine's Seminary, addressed those present, taking for his text: "I am the living bread which came down from Heaven. If any man eat of this bread he shall live forever and the bread that I will give is My flesh for the life of the world."

In these terrible days of war almost every girl has a near and dear relation who has joined the colours, and judging from the number of khaki-clad visitors St. Joseph's girls are no exceptions.

Many brave soldiers visited our convent home, among them we noticed Captain Williams, whose little daughter Carl is one of the minims; Lieut. H. T. Noonan, of the 240th; Lieut. M. Devine, Lieut. M. Wallace, Lieut. Rudolph Brazill, and Mr. Walter Mogan, of the 208th. The last mentioned has left his legal practice to fight for his country.

We pray that God will guard these valiant men throughout the dangers of the battlefield and bring them safely home to their loved ones.

* * *

Quite a novel and practical subject was dealt with by Dr. Sinclair, in a lecture to the students of the College on "Gardening." Stereopticon views of the wonderful results which might be obtained from even a few feet of cultivated ground in a back yard called forth resolves on the part of many to utilize every inch of available ground in order to do "their bit" to help in the Great War.

We notice in the College grounds several plots carefully measured off and labelled, so the lecturer's efforts to encourage gardening were not in vain. We wish the amateur gardeners every success and hope that in the early summer they will reap the fruit of their labours.

* * *

To you our dear Graduates of '17, who so soon will pass from the classroom to the great arena of life, we extend our sincerest wishes for the future.

May the daily lessons taught you in your Alma Mater be practised by you in your wider sphere and keep you true to the principles learned within St. Joseph's peaceful halls! Then indeed you will be a guiding light in your social sphere and following the advice of the Divine Teacher will "your light shine before men" and "your Father in Heaven will be glorified."

ST. JOSEPH LILIES.



GENUINE SHEFFIELD CUTLERY IMPORTED DIRECT.



SHEFFIELD STEEL NICKEL-PLATED DESSERT AND DINNER KNIVES, WITH CELLULOID HANDLES, VERY KEEN EDGE, EASILY KEPT CLEAN. SHEFFIELD SILVER-PLATED KNIVES AND FLATWARE. ROGERS 1847 CUTLERY. WISS SHEARS AND SCISSORS.

Aikenhead Hardware Limited
17 TEMPERANCE STREET.

Try a Good Thing

Every bottle of Acme Dairy Milk is pure, clean, and wholesome. It is pasteurized to make it doubly safe. A high-class dairy with a high-class product, and it costs no more than ordinary milk.

Acme Dairy

R. W. DOCKERAY, Prop.

Telephone Hillcrest 1134.

THE

Rembrandt

STUDIO

318 Yonge Street, TORONTO

ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHY

FROM MINIATURE TO
LIFE SIZE PORTRAITS

A. E. WARNICA,
ARTIST

Phone Adel. 2893

PLEASE PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS.

College and Academy of St. Joseph

ST. ALBAN STREET, TORONTO.



RESIDENTIAL AND DAY SCHOOL

—FOR—

Young Ladies and Little Girls.

St. Joseph's College is Affiliated to the University of Toronto Through the Federated College of St. Michael.

St. Joseph's Curricula:

- 1—College Course of Four Years—Classical, Moderns, English, and History, and General Courses, leading to Degrees.
 - 2—The Collegiate Course (Upper, Middle, and Lower Schools), in which pupils are prepared for Honour and Pass Matriculation, for Entrance to Faculty of Education and Normal School.
 - 3—The Academic Course. In this course special attention is paid to Modern Languages, Music, Expression, Art, and Needlework. In this Department students are prepared for Music Examinations (Instrumental and Vocal) at the University of Toronto and the Toronto College of Music.
 - 4—The Commercial Course (Affiliated to the Dominion Business College) prepares students for Commercial Certificates and for Diplomas in Stenography and Typewriting.
 - 5—The Preparatory Course includes the usual Elementary Subjects, also French, Drawing, Plain Sewing, Physical Culture, and Singing.
- For Prospectus apply to

THE MOTHER SUPERIOR.

BRING YOUR CHILDREN TO
Edgeleys the Children's Shop
FOR THEIR CLOTHES

We want every child for a customer
We aim to please and give them every attention
Infants' Layettes a specialty
Gifts for the Baby

also a Misses' special order department under the personal supervision of
Mrs. Edgley Parker, late O'Briens, Limited

DOLLS

TOYS

Telephones } Adelaide 2933
 } Adelaide 93

117a King St. West

ENDORSED BY O'BRIENS, LIMITED.

ERNEST A. LEWIS

**Consulting
Optician.....**

**Oculists' Prescriptions Accurately
and Promptly Filled**

Lenses Duplicated on Shortest Notice

205 Yonge Street

Opposite Eatons Bank of Toronto Chambers

Phone Main 5031

Dr. R. J. McGahey

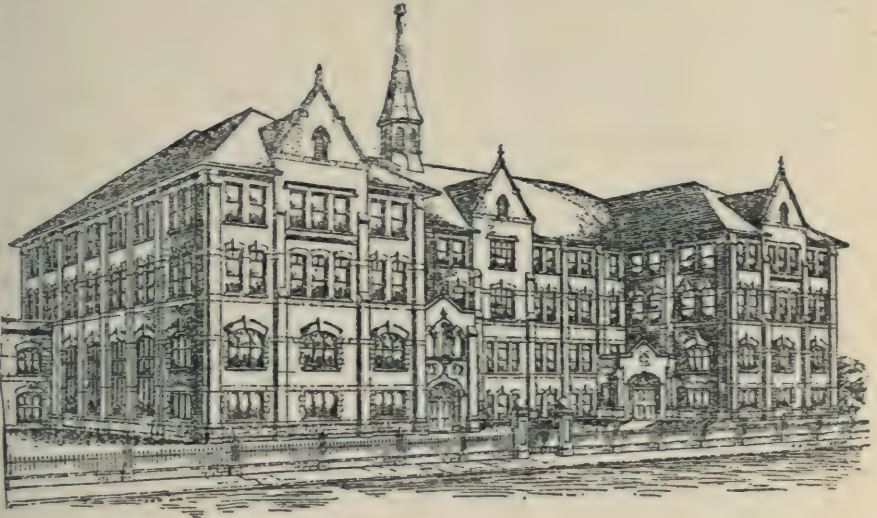
DENTIST

48 Bond Street

Main 309

ST. JOSEPH LILIES.

NEW ACADEMIC WING, SAINT JOSEPH'S COLLEGE



ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE AND ACADEMY

ST. ALBAN STREET, TORONTO

RESIDENTIAL AND DAY SCHOOL
FOR YOUNG LADIES

COLLEGE, ACADEMIC, COLLEGIATE, COMMERCIAL and
PREPARATORY COURSES

Under the Direction of teachers holding University degrees.

For Prospectus, apply to the MOTHER SUPERIOR

PLEASE PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS.

A Great Remedy

DR. HENDERSON'S Herb Treatment, in tablet form, will cure rheumatism, constipation, eczema, stomach trouble, kidney and liver trouble; three months' treatment with our certified guarantee, for one dollar, postpaid. Henderson Herb Co., 178 Spadina Avenue, Toronto; agents wanted.

Phone Main 824.

A DRUG STORE WITH A CONSCIENCE

BREEN'S PHARMACY

DISPENSING CHEMISTS

Cor. Queen and Sherbourne Sts.
TORONTO.

Phone Main 824.

HENNESSEY DRUG STORE

LIMITED.

117 YONGE ST.

DRUGS, TOILET ARTICLES,
FRESH CUT FLOWERS DAILY.

Telephone - - - Main 7215

Wm. Tolhurst

FLORIST

North 1970

508 Yonge Street

Main 7454

Private Branch Exchange Connecting
All Departments.

The F. T. James Co.

Limited

❖ ❖

WHOLESALE FISH AND OYSTERS

❖ ❖

CHURCH AND COLBORNE STREETS,
TORONTO.

Don Valley Brick Works

USE LIGHT SHADE BUFF BRICKS
FOR LINING YOUR CHURCHES AND
: : SUNDAY SCHOOLS : :

As Cheap as Plaster and much more
Beautiful.

Don Valley Brick Works

ROBT. DAVIES, JOHN M. BOWMAN,
Proprietor. Manager.

Head Office—36 TORONTO ST., TORONTO.

Telephone Main 1034

Funeral Chapel and
Private Mortuary

H. Rozar
Undertaker

180 Sherbourne Street
(Cor. Shuter Street)
Toronto

James E. Day

John M. Ferguson

James M. Adam

E. F. McDonald

J. P. Walsh

**Day, Ferguson &
McDonald**

—◆—
BARRISTERS
—◆—

26 Adelaide Street West,
TORONTO.

Phone North 1680

Chas. A. Connors

Funeral Director
and Embalmer

505 Yonge Street - Toronto, Ont.

Phone M. 2838

Phone Junc. 3618

McCabe & Co.

UNDERTAKERS

222 Queen St. East

268 St. Clarens Ave.

JAMES H. WICKETT, Pres. JOHN WICKETT, Vice-Pres. JOHN J. WICKETT, Sec.-Treas.
35 Deer Park Crescent
Phone Belmont 152

Wickett Bros., Limited

: : GENERAL : :
CONTRACTORS

ESTIMATES FURNISHED

35 Deer Park Crescent : : Toronto

**The Canadian Laundry
Machinery Co. Limited**
47-49 Sterling Rd., Toronto

**Modern
Laundry
Machinery and
Appliances**
for large and small
INSTITUTIONS

Catalogues, Plans, Estimates
cheerfully furnished

Day :
Telephone Main 5428, 5429, 5430
Night :
Telephone Main 2566

**The M. Boyle
Fish Co. Ltd.**

—
OYSTERS & FISH

26 West Market Street
Toronto

Sole Agents for A. Booth & Co.'s
Oval Brand Oysters.

ST. JOSEPH LILIES.

St. Michael's College

Toronto, - Ontario

FEDERATED WITH THE

University of Toronto

COURSES:

Arts, High School, Commercial

FOR INFORMATION APPLY TO THE SUPERIOR

The HEALING and EMOLIENT Properties of **"VERGINE"** brand Olive Oil

are recognized by physicians and skin specialists everywhere. Nothing is so soothing for skins that become chafed by exposure to sun or wind, as an occasional application of olive oil to the affected parts.

SOLD IN

Half-pint,
Pint, Quart,
Half-gallon, and
Gallon Tins.

MOREOVER, olive oil is not only good for outward application, but it is much more valuable as a food. Doctors recommend it for children and for young men and women during adolescence. It is wonderfully strengthening and enriches and purifies the blood.

But be sure to order "VERGINE" Brand Olive Oil when you want the best and the absolutely pure olive oil. If you cannot get it conveniently from your druggist or grocer, write to

THE CHARLES CICERI CO. LTD.

Toronto Naples, Italy Montreal

PLEASE PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS.

ST. JOSEPH LILIES.

Royal Assurance Co. Ltd.

OF ENGLAND

Largest Fire Insurance Co. in the World.

PERCY J. QUINN

Local Manager.

WM. A. LEE & SON

GENERAL AGENTS

26 VICTORIA STREET, - - TORONTO

Phone Main 592

Residence Phone Park 667

Western Assurance Co.

INCORPORATED 1851

Assets over \$ 3,000,000

Losses paid since organization over..... \$61,000,000

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO, ONT.

W. R. BROCK, *President.*

W. B. MEIKLE, *Vice-President and Managing Director.*

WM. A. LEE & SON

GENERAL AGENTS

26 VICTORIA STREET, - - TORONTO

Phone Main 592

Residence Phone Park 667

PLEASE PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS.



St. Michael's Hospital

BOND STREET

TORONTO

This fine Hospital is among the best of its kind in Canada. It was founded in 1892. Its excellent record in both medical and surgical lines has made it known throughout the Dominion and in many parts of the United States. Patients come from near and far to benefit by its medical staff, its nursing Sisters, and its skillful nurses. Its surgical wing is unsurpassed in equipment. On March 19, 1912, a magnificent Medical wing was opened to 150 patients, who took possession of the new wards and private suites. The Hospital is within a drive of ten minutes from the Union Station, and but a block away from St. Michael's Cathedral, some of whose priests act as chaplains to the Hospital. The Hospital has a pleasant outlook secured by the beautiful grounds and trees of churches in the vicinity. The institution is in charge of the Community of the Sisters of St. Joseph.

ST. JOSEPH LILIES.

Gunns

BUTTER AND EGGS

(PASTEURIZED)

(IN CARTONS)

ARE THE BEST

Treat Yourself Right—Use No Other on Your Table

**Buy an Efficient Gas Range
AND COOKING WILL BE A PLEASURE**



YES--A



of course, because you know they have been making stoves for seventy-five years, therefore their gas ranges are simply perfection.

OUR gas range line is complete. Everything from a little two-burner, one-oven cooker to the larger, compact cabinet, as illustrated.

You will be interested in our gas catalogue, and a copy is yours for the asking.

**THE GURNEY FOUNDRY CO.
LIMITED
TORONTO**

Also at MONTREAL WINNIPEG CALGARY VANCOUVER

PLEASE PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS.

HAMBLY BROS.

Printers

76-78 RICHMOND STREET
Phone Main 584 : TORONTO

A. RICHARD

**Painter and
Decorator**

**Church and Convent
Decorating
a Specialty**

PHONE COLLEGE 6856

403 Spadina Ave., Toronto

**LEMAITRE'S
PHARMACY**

NOTED FOR

**Genuine
Medicines,
Absolutely
Pure Drugs**

AND

**Reliable
Prescription Work**

**A FULL LINE OF
Sick Room Requisites and Toilet Goods**

Prompt Attention to Mail Orders

256 Queen St. West, Toronto

L. W. TRULL

**Undertaker
AND
Embalmer**

*Private Motor
Ambulance*

**751 Broadview Ave.
TORONTO**

A. A. MOSES

**HARDWARE
KITCHEN UTENSILS**

❖ ❖ ❖
AGENTS FOR

HAPPY THOUGHT RANGES

❖ ❖ ❖
**429 Yonge Street
TORONTO**

Phone North 3336

We handle Benjamin Moore & Co's
Paints.

New Things at the **Walk-Over Boot Shop**



This stylish Boot for Early Spring wear
in Black Kid, glossy finish.
Fitted only by Photograph, the only perfect
way of fitting shoes.

WALK-OVER BOOT SHOP
290 Yonge Street Toronto

All the latest Magazines and Newspapers

Paul Mulligan

Dealer in

**Stationery and Fancy Goods
Cigars, Cigarettes, Tobaccos**

Agent for Butterick Patterns

532 Yonge St. Toronto

"MECCA"

OINTMENT

For Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Bruises and all
Inflammations. Used with ordinary
household mustard in poultice
form, is marvelous for colds
on chest.

THE CATHOLIC ENCYCLOPEDIA

Is a preventative as well as an antidote
for the prejudice and bigotry that ex-
press themselves in such underhand
ways.

With the contents of the **ENCYCLOPEDIA**
familiar to every Catholic, accessible
to every man of intelligence, there will
be an end to this vile propaganda—
*the Knights of Columbus Edition will
affect this change.*

The Knights of Columbus, Catholic
Truth Committee, is represented in
Canada by

T. J. FORD

PUBLISHER,

303-305 CHURCH ST., - - - TORONTO

C. A. RISK

DENTIST

Yonge & Ann Sts.

**PAINLESS
EXTRACTING
A SPECIALTY**

Office Hours 8 to 5 Phone Main 49

**Accordion Pleating
Hemstitching
Scalloping
Braiding
Embroidery**

**ASK FOR OUR CATALOGUE
"TOUCHES OF STYLE"**

Toronto Pleating Co.

14 Broadalbane St. Phone N. 6400

**HOLD YOUR
PICNICS**

— AT —

HANLAN'S POINT

— OR —

ISLAND PARK

**SPECIAL
RATES**

**BOATS TO BOTH
PARKS EVERY
FEW MINUTES.
HANLAN'S POINT
IS THE CONEY
ISLAND OF CAN-
ADA.**

**FINEST BANDS
IN THE COUNTRY
GIVE DAILY CON-
CERTS—FREE.**



WE ENJOY THE DISTINCTION

of being the only shoe store in Canada specializing in shoes having a general shape like that of the human foot.

Flexible shanks; straight inside lines; room for the toes, and is now recognized by leading Orthopedic Surgeons as the best shoes in the world for both GOOD and BAD conditions of the feet.

Bunions, corns, callosities, hammer-toes, ingrowing nails, weak arches and flat foot, and many aches and pains in other parts of the body are speedily and rationally treated with these comfort-giving NATURAL TREADS.

Natural Treads are worn by all Nurses in Toronto General Hospital, and by nearly all in Wellesley and St. Michael's.

The better your feet are, the better Natural Treads will fit you. In the office of the Ministry of Munitions in London is this notice:

"If you are a nice girl you won't wear high-heeled shoes; remember your brain is measured in inverse ratio to the size of your boot heel."

Visit our store, try on a pair of perfect shoes and get our free books on the feet.

NATURAL TREAD SHOES LIMITED

156 BAY STREET, - - - TORONTO

Ask Your Stationer About Swansdown

Note Paper
Envelopes
Tablets
Papetries
Correspondence
Cards
Visiting Cards

MADE IN CANADA

The Copp Clark Co. Limited

"The House at Portland Square" TORONTO

Klim

"The Modern Milk"
IN POWDER FORM

PURE—
ECONOMICAL—
CONVENIENT

ASK YOUR GROCER
Canadian Milk Products
LIMITED
TORONTO

BRANCH OFFICE - MONTREAL

ELECTRIC WIRING AND FIXTURES

Installed in occupied Houses, Stores or Factories, concealing all wires without damage to walls or floors. Expert Workmen. Estimates Free. Prompt Service.

Large Assortment of Fixtures to Choose From

NITRO-DAY-LIGHT LAMP CO.

Phone Main 7689

48 QUEEN ST. E.

Main 1149

MISS J. A. McEACHREN

Chiroprapist and Manicure

8-10 Wellington St. E., Toronto.

Room 303

Dr. W. J. LaFlamme DENTIST

2 Bloor St. East TORONTO

Phone North 5444

DR. FRED J. McMAHON

DENTIST

Royal Bank Chambers, King and Spadina

Office Phone, Adelaide 1752

Residence Phone, Park. 2295

Office Phone: Park. 64
Residence Phone: Park. 1040.

JOHN MALONEY

357 Dufferin Street

❖ ❖ ❖

SHAW QUARRY CRUSHED
STONE OF ALL SIZES AND
RUBBLE STONE A SPECIALTY

❖ ❖ ❖

Lime, Sewer Pipe, Fire Brick

❖ ❖ ❖

HUMBER BAY BRICKYARD

E. P. MANN

Suits and Gowns

Telephone Adelaide 4256

113½ KING STREET WEST



"THE SPECIALTY SHOP."

We are displaying to-day Early Shipments of the modes in
**HIGH CLASS AND EXCLUSIVE
APPAREL FOR WOMEN**

The stocks represent the creations of the most noted of the world's
fashions, and we never offered greater values in

**Suits, Coats, Dresses, Blouses,
Hats, Gloves, Hosiery, Undermuslins**

FAIRWEATHERS LIMITED

Montreal

84-86 YONGE ST., TORONTO

Winnipeg

**THE VOICE TRAVELS 300 FEET
WHILE YOU ARE THINKING OF TAKING A STEP**

Whether there be one or two, fifteen or fifty departments,
with which you should be in touch each day, a Private Tele-
phone System will pay for itself in Time Saved, during the
first year. The expensive part of carrying a message across
a hundred foot floor is the "returning empty handed."

Write for Bulletin No. 7, showing a type for every purpose.

Canadian Independent Telephone Co., Limited

263 ADELAIDE ST. W., TORONTO

The Bank of Hamilton

is now in its forty-fifth year, and from a small beginning it now has a paid-up capital of Three Million Dollars, with a reserve fund and undivided profits of \$3,509,556.57, making a total of Six Million Five Hundred Thousand Dollars as security to its depositors. Its deposits are over Forty-five Million Dollars. During the past year its deposits from the public have increased over Seven Million Dollars, which is a striking evidence of the confidence it enjoys in the community.

Its directors are men noted for their integrity and business acumen, whose policy has been always to keep the resources of the Bank in such shape as to withstand all financial and business vicissitudes, while at the same time ready and willing to assist in a legitimate way the needs of its customers and the development of business enterprises.

It respectfully solicits your account and can promise you courteous attention and treatment.

Sir John Hendrie, Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, President. J. P. Bell, General Manager.

BRANCHES IN TORONTO:

Cor. Yonge and Gould Sts.

Cor. College St. and Ossington Ave.

Dundas Street.

Cor. Yonge and Colborne Sts., M. C. Hart,
Manager.

Cor. Queen and Spadina Ave., J. W. McCabe,
Manager.

SPRING THOUGHTS

With the approach of Spring man no less than nature begins to renew his surroundings. As you pass through your School or Institution you mentally note that repainting should be done here and there, that this and that should be renewed, but—the expense makes you hesitate.

As a solution for a part of your problems let us suggest

Wyandotte Detergent

Indian in Diamond



In Every Package

On painted walls and painted woodwork this material will bring you numerous surprises in the bright, clean, sanitary condition which follows its use. Many surfaces will come out almost as good as the day they were painted, while others will look better than you ever thought possible without being given a new coat of paint. Desirable as these uses are, they are far from being the only uses for Wyandotte Detergent. It is also a washing and scrubbing powder for floors, marble, tile, rubber tile and mats, mosaic, etc. You will find it economical, efficient, harmless, and its cost so little that you can afford to use it year in and year out. Order from your supply house or write us.

The J. B. FORD CO., Sole Mfrs., WYANDOTTE, Mich.

ST. JOSEPH LILIES.

THE HARRIS ABATTOIR CO., LIMITED

TORONTO - - - CANADA



FRESH MEATS AND PROVISIONS



EGGS

PURE LARD

BUTTER

DOMESTIC SHORTENING

CHEESE

SMOKED MEATS

SAUSAGES

COOKED MEATS

"H A"



SPECIALISTS in cleaning interior wall decorations of all description.

Manufacturers of

IMPERIAL CLEANER

for materially renewing

PAINTS	EMBOSSED
ENAMELS	JAPANESE
WOODWORK	WALLPAPERS
METAL CEILINGS	GOLD LEAFS
and fine decorative art	

For price and information write or phone

Standard Cleaning Products Limited

64 Richmond E., Toronto Phone M. 2985

PLEASE PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS.

WHEN YOU BUILD ===== INVESTIGATE ===== Denison Interlocking Tile

Our Engineering Department is at Your Service

MANUFACTURED BY

The Sun Brick Co.
32 TORONTO STREET, TORONTO, ONT.

Higgins & Burke

LIMITED

WHOLESALE
GROCERS

33 Front St. East
TORONTO

Phone Main 2342

Good Housekeeping

demands that you buy the best,
most wholesome food as economi-
cally as possible. This is why you
should eat

Canada Bread

(the quality goes in before the name
goes on.)

There are thirty varieties of Can-
ada Bread for you to choose from.
Call up and get your favorite var-
iety.

Hillcrest 760 Junction 2340

Canada Bread Company
Limited

Cambridge Clothes for Men of Every Build

One of the features of the Cambridge Clothes Shop that adapt us for every man's needs is our scope for fitting different types of figures. We can supply you with a PERSONAL suit or topcoat ready to wear that will fit well, wear well, and please you with its smart, new lines; from \$15 to \$35.

FITZPATRICK & O'CONNELL
254 Yonge Street LIMITED

ANTHONY MOLE

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
HARDWARE MERCHANT
PAINTS, OILS, WINDOW GLASS, ETC.
PRICES RIGHT. DELIVERY PROMPT
534 QUEEN ST. W., TORONTO

"Piccadilly" Wrist Watch

This is a marvel both as to value and satisfaction. Mounted on an improved expansion bracelet it costs:—

14 Kt. gold	\$45.00
10 Kt. gold	\$35.00
Gold Filled	\$20.00

RYRIE BROS. LIMITED

134-136-138 Yonge Street
TORONTO

WEAVER COAL CO.

WHOLESALE
**COAL
COKE AND
ANTHRACITE
COAL**

**Royal Bank Bldg.
TORONTO**

SELLERS-GOUGH

The Largest Exclusive Fur
House in the British Empire

FURS

We manufacture everything we sell. We guarantee the quality. We show the most exclusive designs. Our values are the best. Our prices are the most moderate. We show the largest collection of fine manufactured FURS in CANADA. All the year through.

**SELLERS - GOUGH FUR CO.,
LIMITED**

244-250 Yonge Street, Toronto

Shop Telephone North 3765

House Telephone 3762

GEO. M. BRYAN

MANUFACTURER OF

Galvanized Iron Cornices, Skylights,
Metal Roofing and Ceilings and
all other Sheet Metal Trimmings
for Buildings. : : : : :

SLATE, FELT and GRAVEL
ROOFING and REPAIRING

Jobbing Promptly Attended To. Furnace Work

**503 YONGE STREET
TORONTO**

Main 1589

Ferrier & Co.

**WHOLESALE
POTATO DEALERS**

**62 COLBORNE STREET
TORONTO**

Car Lots a Specialty

CHAS. F. BARTON GEO. D. LOVEGROVE

Crescent Concrete Co.

**Concrete Paving
and Construction**

**1103 TEMPLE BUILDING
Main 1649**

**388-390 WELLINGTON ST. W.
Adelaide 1876**

MACHINERY

CONSULT US

If you need any appliances, etc., to
reduce labor and expense in Laun-
dry and Engine Room.

If you have any machinery trouble.

We can secure anything you want.

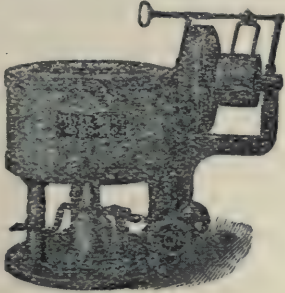
Repairs given prompt attention.

W.H. Sumbling Machinery Co.

**7 St. Mary Street,
TORONTO**

Laundry Machinery

Manufactures Full Line
SUPPLIES, STARCH
SOAP, BLUE, - ETC.



MEYER BROS.

99-101 Queen St. East, Toronto
423 St. James St., Montreal

COADY BROS.

WAGGON BUILDERS

Auto Truck Bodies
Built to Order



257-259 QUEEN ST. EAST

Phone Main 5418

CANADA HARDWARE LIMITED

39 RICHMOND ST. EAST

Phone Main 4456



The Only Exclusively Builders'
Hardware People in the City



We think you would find it
both profitable and pleasant to
deal with us—many do

The Griffin Curled Hair Co., Ltd.

Manufacturers of Sterilized
Curled Hair Mattresses and
Upholsterers' Supplies



Corner Bloor Street and St.
Helen's Avenue



Junction 3680

Young Men and Young Women

Why not make \$50.00 A MONTH in your SPARE TIME? 100 Subscriptions a month from your friends and others will net you FIFTY DOLLARS

H Solicit Subscriptions for
O the CATHOLIC REGIS-
W TER AND EXTENSION.
? The REGISTER is the
Best Catholic Publication
in Canada and costs only
\$1.50 yearly. Write for
sample copies.

67 Bond Street, Toronto

W. E. BLAKE & SON

LIMITED

CATHOLIC CHURCH SUPPLIES

123 Church St., Toronto, Ont.

FAMOUS HEART-SHAPE MIXERS

Made in Canada by a Canadian Firm in all sizes and styles, and guaranteed.

Concrete Machinery

Brick, Block, Tile Machines,
Crushers, Rolls, Hoists,
Screens, Dump Cars,
Sewer Pipe Machinery
Contractors' and Builders'
Machinery, Etc.



Write for Catalogue.

WETTLAUER BROS. Ltd., 178 SPADINA AVE. TORONTO

GALL STONES REMOVED IN 24 HOURS

WITHOUT ANY PAIN WHATEVER

INDIGESTION. Stomach and Liver Disorders, Appendicitis, Peritonitis, and Kidney Stones, are often caused by Gall Stones, which is a dangerous complaint and misleads persons to believe that they have stomach trouble, Chronic Dyspepsia and Indigestion, until those bad attacks of Gall Stone Colic appear; then they realize what is the trouble. Ninety out of every hundred persons who have Gall Stones don't know it. Write us to-day and avoid an operation and a lot of pain and suffering. Address us.

J. W. MARLATT & CO.

DEPT. W., 581 ONTARIO ST.,
TORONTO, ONT.



To Those Suffering From Rheumatism

One of the Few Testimonials

Zelner Rheumatic Cure Co.,
San Francisco, Cal.

Gentlemen: Permit me to add my unsolicited testimonial as to the curative powers of Zelner's Rheumatic Cure, 49,448. I have been a great sufferer from Inflammatory Rheumatic Gout for some time, but after having taken one bottle I am completely cured. Yours very truly,
83 Laurier Ave., Montreal. D. W. Allen.

W. K. BUCKLEY

SALE AGENT THE DRUGGIST
69 WILTON AVE.

NOW READY

Coronal of Praise

A Collection of Hymns for Different
Feasts of the Blessed Virgin.

Words and Music by

Sisters of St. Joseph,

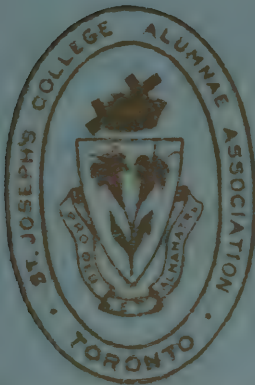
Toronto.

ON SALE AT

ST. JOSEPH'S CONVENT, TORONTO.

PRICE, 60 CENTS

SAINT JOSEPH LILIES



SEPTEMBER, 1917

SAINT JOSEPH'S COLLEGE,
TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADA.



*Queen
Quality* SHOE

Queen Quality Shoe Styles

change ever so often—they set the pace and are looked upon by the shoe-working-world as the standard of style authority. But the quality never changes—always you'll find that unvarying par-excellence of *quality*, *fit* and *appearance* that have made the Queen Quality Shoe what it is to-day—universally the most popular women's shoe, and incidentally the least expensive, quality considered.

Obtainable in Toronto only at

SIMPSON'S

The **SIMPSON** Company
Robert Limited

ST. JOSEPH LILIES

Alumnae and Friends

PLEASE SEND YOUR ANNUAL
SUBSCRIPTION OF ONE DOLLAR

TO

St. Joseph's College

St. Alban's Street, Toronto

FOR

St. Joseph Lilies

Published Quarterly

**J U N E
SEPTEMBER
DECEMBER
MARCH**

Single Copies, 30 Cents

SEND TO-DAY! Subscribers kindly
send prompt notice
of change of address TO THE COLLEGE

CONTENTS ON PAGES 1 AND 2



The House of Nordheimer

Come always when you want anything that pertains to music to—the Home of the Nordheimer Piano—of

the Steinway—and of the famous Aeolian-Vocalion, the house with the largest stock of sheet music of every description.

**COR. YONGE AND ALBERT STREETS
TORONTO**



CANADA'S GREATEST MUSIC STORE

Importers, Publishers, and Manufacturers of Sheet Music, Music Books, and Musical Instruments of every description.

Our stock is especially adapted to the requirements of TEACHERS, STUDENTS, SCHOOLS, CONVENTS, and CONSERVATORIES.

Write for Price Lists and Catalogues.

WHALEY, ROYCE & CO., LIMITED
WINNIPEG TORONTO

Publishers of
Elementary Classics
Primary Classics
Famous Classics
First Pieces in Easy Keys
Melodious Recreations
Read's Easy Method for Piano
Vogt's Modern Technique
Vogt's Standard Anthems
Ideal Anthem Books
Mammoth Folio of Music
Empire Song Folio
Vocal and Piano Music of All Kinds,
Standard and Popular, always on hand.
Let us supply your every requirement.

THE VALUE OF A RECEIPT

It is often necessary to send children to the store. It is irritating when they bring back the wrong change. Usually it means another trip to the store to straighten the transaction out.

This happens many times each day in retail stores. The clerk concerned either cannot remember the transaction or insists no error was made. Either the money is returned with an apology or reluctantly, or not returned at all. In either case an unpleasant impression is left and confidence is destroyed.

A National Cash Register receipt protects the purchaser against disputes, the clerk against errors, and proprietor against losses.

A National Cash Register receipt tells who made the sale, the amount and the date.

It is to your advantage to trade in stores where National Cash Register receipts are issued.

Ask for a printed receipt for all money paid out.

The National Cash Register Co.
OF CANADA LIMITED
TORONTO : : : CANADA

Life Insurance at Cost

NO MORE :: :: :: NO LESS

WHY YOU SHOULD JOIN THE Independent Order of Foresters BECAUSE

IT HAS adequate rates. Is 100 per cent. solvent. Furnishes a complete Insurance Protection.

IT FURNISHES Sick and Funeral Benefits. Furnishes Disability Benefits.

IT PROVIDES Fraternal, Social and Hospital Benefits and most of its Branches Provide Free Medical Attendance.

IT FURNISHES Old Age Benefits. Furnishes free Treatment for Tuberculosis in its two great Sanatoriums.

IT TAKES complete care of Full Orphans and assists Half Orphans of deceased members.

IT HAS paid in Total Benefits over forty-nine million dollars.

Study 1915 Year's Noble Record

Paid to Beneficiaries..	\$2,267,053.79
Paid in Expectation of Life	16,500.00
Paid in Disability Benefits	216,417.07
Paid in Old Age Benefits	987,440.55
Paid in Fraternal Benefits	162,275.20
Paid in Sick and Funeral Benefits	285,222.28
Increase in accumulated funds during 1915	665,085.10
Assets per \$1,000 Insurance in Force ...	228.65

Accumulated Funds	
December 31 st,	
1915	\$ 4,206,072.98
Paid in Benefits since Inception	\$49,633,813.71

Low cost of Management ensures low cost of Insurance to the Insured.
An I.O.F. Policy Protects You in Loss of Health and in Old Age.

IT PROTECTS THE HOME AND CHILDREN.

If YOU want the best Fraternal Insurance then insure with this solid organization, the

Independent Order of Foresters

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION AND LITERATURE APPLY TO
E. G. Stevenson, S.C.R. Fred. J. Darch, S.S.
TEMPLE BUILDING :: :: :: TORONTO, CANADA

Borthwick's Bread

HOME-MADE BREAD

Toasts to delicate crispness that makes one
slice an invitation for another. ∴ ∴ ∴

Bread of the Very Best Quality

TWENTY DIFFERENT KINDS

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

BORTHWICK BAKING CO.,

HERBERT LAWLOR, Prop.

Phone Gerrard 2331

11-25 Davies Ave.

TORONTO

ST. JOSEPH LILIES.

College and Academy of St. Joseph

ST. ALBAN STREET, TORONTO.



RESIDENTIAL AND DAY SCHOOL

—FOR—

Young Ladies and Little Girls.

St. Joseph's College is Affiliated to the University of Toronto Through the Federated College of St. Michael.

St. Joseph's Curricula:

- 1—College Course of Four Years—Classical, Moderns, English, and History, and General Courses, leading to Degrees.
- 2—The Collegiate Course (Upper, Middle, and Lower Schools), in which pupils are prepared for Honour and Pass Matriculation, for Entrance to Faculty of Education and Normal School.
- 3—The Academic Course. In this course special attention is paid to Modern Languages, Music, Expression, Art, and Needlework. In this Department students are prepared for Music Examinations (Instrumental and Vocal) at the University of Toronto and the Toronto College of Music.
- 4—The Commercial Course (Affiliated to the Dominion Business College) prepares students for Commercial Certificates and for Diplomas in Stenography and Typewriting.
- 5—The Preparatory Course includes the usual Elementary Subjects, also French, Drawing, Plain Sewing, Physical Culture, and Singing.

For Prospectus apply to

THE MOTHER SUPERIOR.



St. Michael's Hospital

BOND STREET

TORONTO

This fine Hospital is among the best of its kind in Canada. It was founded in 1892. Its excellent record in both medical and surgical lines has made it known throughout the Dominion and in many parts of the United States. Patients come from near and far to benefit by its medical staff, its nursing Sisters, and its skillful nurses. Its surgical wing is unsurpassed in equipment. On March 19, 1912, a magnificent Medical wing was opened to 150 patients, who took possession of the new wards and private suites. The Hospital is within a drive of ten minutes from the Union Station, and but a block away from St. Michael's Cathedral, some of whose priests act as chaplains to the Hospital. The Hospital has a pleasant outlook secured by the beautiful grounds and trees of churches in the vicinity. The institution is in charge of the Community of the Sisters of St. Joseph.

ST. JOSEPH LILIES.

NEW ACADEMIC WING, SAINT JOSEPH'S COLLEGE



ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE AND ACADEMY

ST. ALBAN STREET, TORONTO

RESIDENTIAL AND DAY SCHOOL
FOR YOUNG LADIES

COLLEGE, ACADEMIC, COLLEGIATE, COMMERCIAL and
PREPARATORY COURSES

Under the Direction of teachers holding University degrees.

For Prospectus, apply to the MOTHER SUPERIOR

ST. JOSEPH LILIES.

St. Michael's College Year Book

PUBLISHED BY GRADUATING CLASS OF 1916.



Subscription \$1.00

For Advertising Rates Apply to
ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE.

Phone N. 790.

D. J. SHEEHAN,
Editor.

T. J. McGUIRE,
Business Manager.

PLEASE PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS.

Merchants' Bank of Canada

ESTABLISHED 1864

Authorized Capital.....	\$10,000,000
Capital Paid Up.....	\$ 7,000,000
Reserve Fund.....	\$ 7,000,000
Total Assets over.....	\$80,000,000

DIRECTORS :

SIR H. MONTAGUE ALLAN, *President.* K. W. B. CACKELL, *Vice-President*
THOS. LONG, ANDREW J. DAWES, F. HAWARD WILSON, ALEX. BARNET,
F. ORR LEWIS, FARQUHAR ROBERTSON, ANDREW A. ALLAN,
GEORGE L. CAINS, C. C. BALLANTYNE, A. B. EVANS.

HEAD OFFICE, MONTREAL

E. F. HEBDEN, *General Manager.*

T. E. MERRETT, *Superintendent of Branches and Chief Inspector.*

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

We give special attention to Savings Accounts. One Dollar only is necessary to open an account. Interest allowed at highest Bank Rate, and added twice a year without application or presentation of Pass-Book.

No delay in withdrawals. Two or more persons may open a Joint Account, and either party can with-draw money.

GENERAL BUSINESS

Commercial Letters of Credit Issued, available in Europe, China, Japan and other countries.

Travellers' Letters of Credit issued, available in all parts of the world.

Travellers' Cheques issued in convenient denominations, available in all parts of the world.

Bank Money Orders sold at all Branches; payable at the office of any Chartered Bank in Canada.

Loans made to Merchants, Manufacturers, Farmers, Live Stock Dealers, Municipalities and School Sections.

We cash cheques, drafts, express orders, postal money orders, etc.

Remittances to Great Britain can be easily and safely made by purchasing a draft on our London Agents. We have ample facilities for transmitting money to all other European countries also.

Tea Cleanliness and Purity

From the tea gardens in Ceylon to the familiar sealed packets of



18

Absolute cleanliness prevails. Every particle of dust removed.
Weighed and packed by automatic machinery.

School Seating and Supplies
Laboratory Equipment
Water Colors

THE GEO. M. HENDRY CO.

LIMITED

215 Victoria St. : Toronto

CHOICE FLOWERS

Dillemuth

FLORIST

123 King St. W., Toronto

Phone Adelaide 2437.

M. M. CLANCY

INSURANCE.



29-34 CANADA LIFE BLDG.

46 King St. W.

Telephone - - Main 3000

ST. JOSEPH LILIES.

LARGEST STOCK OF THE BEST IMPORTED MATERIALS

KING STREET STYLES

AHLGREN'S, LIMITED

Ladies' Costumes Made to Measure

ONE ADDRESS ONLY :

97 King Street West, Toronto

MAN TAILORED SUITS \$25.00 AND UP

Our Motto: 'Every Customer Must Be Satisfied.'

ENDORSED BY O'BRIENS, LIMITED.

Modern Laundry Plants

LARGE AND SMALL

MANUFACTURED AND INSTALLED BY

The Toronto Laundry Machine Co., Limited

TORONTO, ONTARIO

Dundas Street Bridges

Telephone June. 3714

PLEASE PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS.



IN Canadian schools there are 5,000 Underwoods, and 1,300 of all other makes combined.

And in offices everywhere the Underwood is supreme.

Our Employment Department supplies typists for 6,000 positions annually.

UNITED TYPEWRITER CO. LTD.

Underwood Bldg. 135 Victoria Street TORONTO

BUY YOUR COAL

FROM

**CONGER-LEHIGH
COAL COMPANY**

**95 BAY STREET
TELEPHONE MAIN 6100**

ROSS & SON

*Trees Shrubs
Roses*

TORONTO NURSERIES

1167 QUEEN ST. E. Phone Gerrard 2538

DR. W. J. WOODS

Dentist

**2 BLOOR STREET EAST
Phone North 3258**

ST. JOSEPH LILIES.

Fruit and Vegetables Solicited

BRANCH
WAREHOUSES :

**SUDBURY,
NORTH BAY,
COBALT,
COCHRANE,
and
PORCUPINE**

References :
The Canadian
Bank
of Commerce,
(Mkt. Branch)
and Commer-
cial Agencies.

**SEND FOR
SHIPPING
STAMP**

WE GET YOU BEST PRICES

Our facilities enable us to realize top prices at all times for your fruit, vegetables, or general produce. Aside from our large connection on the Toronto market, we have established branch warehouses, with competent men in charge, at SUDBURY, NORTH BAY, COBALT, COCHRANE, and PORCUPINE. In time of congestion on the Toronto market, we have a ready outlet through these branches. We never have to sacrifice your interests.

H. PETERS,

88 FRONT ST. EAST, - - - TORONTO, ONT.

Parkdale 1493

**C. GANNON
WHOLESALE BUTCHER**

**FINEST
QUALITY
OF
MEATS**

23 MARGUERETTA STREET

Toronto, Ont.



**For Infants, Invalids, the Aged
and Travellers**

A Safe and complete Food Product for Infants and Invalids which eliminates the dangers of milk infection.

The basis of "Horlick's Malted Milk" is pure, full cream milk combined with the extracts of malted grain reduced to powder form.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK CO.

Racine, Wis., U.S.A.

Montreal, Can

PLEASE PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS.

ST. JOSEPH LILIES.

Christie Biscuits

ARE THE

Purest of All Pure Foods

OVER 500 VARIETIES

Christie, Brown & Co., Limited
TORONTO



IRONING DEPARTMENT FOR SHEETS, TABLE
COVERS, PILLOW SLIPS, TOWELS,
NAPKINS AND SPREADS, ETC.

NEW METHOD LAUNDRY CO.
LTD.

"We Know How."

VISITORS WELCOME.

The Club Coffee Co.

SPECIALISTS IN

FINE COFFEES AND TEAS

Importers, Roasters and Blenders

TORONTO, ONT.

Take pleasure in announcing that the steady increase of their business has forced them to secure larger premises.

In a large new warehouse built by them, the most up-to-date roasting and grinding machinery has been installed, and now, more than ever, have facilities on hand to render exceptional service.

A specialty is made of supplying large institutions.

THE NEW ADDRESS

240 Church St., Toronto

Telephone Main 173

PLEASE PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS.

For Singers and Public Speakers

FORMOLID THROAT EASE

QUICKLY RELIEVES

*Tickling and Irritation, Sore Throat,
Huskiness, Loss of Voice. Etc.*

PRICE 10c. AT ALL DRUG STORES. MADE BY

HENRY K. WAMPOLE & CO.
PERTH, ONTARIO LIMITED

SPECIALISTS in cleaning interior wall
decorations of all description.

Manufacturers of

IMPERIAL CLEANER

for materially renewing

PAINTS	EMBOSSSED
ENAMELS	JAPANESE
WOODWORK	WALLPAPERS
METAL CEILINGS	GOLD LEAFS

and fine decorative art

For price and information write or phone

Standard Cleaning Products Limited

64 Richmond E., Toronto Phone M. 2985

Young Men and Young Women

Why not make \$50.00 A
MONTH in your SPARE
TIME? 100 Subscriptions
a month from your
friends and others will
net you FIFTY DOLLARS

H Solicit Subscriptions for
O the CATHOLIC REGIS-
W TER AND EXTENSION.
? The REGISTER is the
Best Catholic Publication
in Canada and costs only
\$1.50 yearly. Write for
sample copies.

67 Bond Street, Toronto

John Sloan & Co.,

WHOLESALE GROCERS

TORONTO BELLEVILLE KITCHENER

Saint Jerome's College

KITCHENER, : : : : ONTARIO

Excellent Business College Department

Excellent High School Department

Excellent College or Arts Department

New Buildings, with Latest Hygienic Equipments. The Largest Gymnasium in Canada—Running Track—Swimming Pool—Shower Baths.

FIRST-CLASS BOARD

COMFORTABLE SLEEPING ROOMS

Individual Attention to Students.

All Professors Canadian by birth and training, with post-graduate courses in Europe.

Address,

Rev. A. L. Zinger, C.R., Ph.D., President

STEELE BRIGGS

SEEDS

Grow the Best
by Every Test

TORONTO WINNIPEG
HAMILTON



Invalid Wheel and Rolling
Chairs of all kinds for
Hospital, House and Street use

Our Grade "C" Catalogue
shows full line.

THE GENDRON MFG. CO.

Gendron Limited
Toronto

Dr. Porter

DENTIST

CORNER
Mississauga and West St.
ORILLIA :: ONTARIO

Carving Tables. Tea and Coffee
Urns.

RANGES.

Wrought Iron Range Co.
OF CANADA, LIMITED.

Manufacturers of
HOME COMFORT KITCHEN OUTFITS
For Hotels, Restaurants and Insti-
tutions.

Re-tinning and Repairing a Spe-
ciality.

Factory—22 ORILLIA STREET,
Rear of Showroom.

Office—151 KING ST. WEST,
TORONTO.

Phone Adel. 1788 and 3533.

BROILERS.

Dish Washers. Potato Parers.

A. A. MOSES

HARDWARE KITCHEN UTENSILS

* * *

AGENTS FOR
HAPPY THOUGHT RANGES

* * *

429 Yonge Street
TORONTO

Phone North 3338

We handle Benjamin Moore & Co's
Paints.

LEMAITRE'S PHARMACY

NOTED FOR

**Genuine
Medicines,
Absolutely
Pure Drugs**

AND

**Reliable
Prescription Work**

A FULL LINE OF
Sick Room Requisites and Toilet Goods

Prompt Attention to Mail Orders

256 Queen St. West, Toronto

All the latest Magazines and Newspapers

Paul Mulligan

Dealer in

Stationery and Fancy Goods
Cigars, Cigarettes, Tobaccos

Agent for Butterick Patterns

532 Yonge St. Toronto

Phone Main 4630.

Stromberg Electric Clocks
Master and Secondary

Signal Systems Company

TELEPHONE EXPERTS

Private Telephones. Manual and Auto-
matic Systems.

Church and Lombard Sts. Toronto.

THE CATHOLIC ENCYCLOPEDIA

Is a preventative as well as an antidote for the prejudice and bigotry that express themselves in such underhand ways.

With the contents of the **ENCYCLOPEDIA** familiar to every Catholic, accessible to every man of intelligence, there will be an end to this vile propaganda—the *Knights of Columbus Edition* will affect this change.

The *Knights of Columbus*, Catholic Truth Committee, is represented in Canada by

T. J. FORD
PUBLISHER,

303-305 CHURCH ST., - - - TORONTO

The Griffin Curled Hair Co., Ltd.

Manufacturers of Sterilized
Curled Hair Mattresses and
Upholsterers' Supplies

✧ ✧ ✧

Corner Bloor Street and St.
Helen's Avenue

✧ ✧ ✧

Junction 3680

Main 1149

MISS J. A. McEACHREN

Chiropodist and Manicure

8-10 Wellington St. E., Toronto.

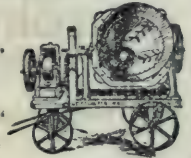
Room 303

FAMOUS HEART-SHAPE MIXERS

Made in Canada by a Canadian Firm in all sizes and styles, and guaranteed.

Concrete Machinery

Brick, Block, Tile Machines,
Crushers, Rills, Hoists,
Screens, Dump Cars,
Sewer Pipe Machinery
Contractors' and Builders'
Machinery, Etc.



Write for Catalogue.

**WETTLAUER BROS. Ltd., 178 SPADINA AVE.
TORONTO**

GALL STONES REMOVED IN 24 HOURS

WITHOUT ANY PAIN WHATEVER

INDIGESTION, Stomach and Liver Disorders, Appendicitis, Peritonitis, and Kidney Stones, are often caused by Gall Stones, which is a dangerous complaint and misleads persons to believe that they have stomach trouble, Chronic Dyspepsia and Indigestion, until those bad attacks of Gall Stone Colic appear; then they realize what is the trouble. Ninety out of every hundred persons who have Gall Stones don't know it. Write us to-day and avoid an operation and a lot of pain and suffering. Address us,

J. W. MARLATT & CO.

DEPT. W., 581 ONTARIO ST.,
TORONTO, ONT.

Office Phone: Park. 64

Residence Phone: Park. 1040.

JOHN MALONEY

357 Dufferin Street

✧ ✧ ✧

**SHAW QUARRY CRUSHED
STONE OF ALL SIZES AND
RUBBLE STONE A SPECI-
ALTY**

✧ ✧ ✧

Lime, Sewer Pipe, Fire Brick

✧ ✧ ✧

HUMBER BAY BRICKYARD

WHEN YOU BUILD
===== INVESTIGATE =====
Denison Interlocking Tile

Our Engineering Department is at Your Service

MANUFACTURED BY

The Sun Brick Co.
32 TORONTO STREET, TORONTO, ONT.

Higgins & Burke

LIMITED

**WHOLESALE
GROCERS**

**33 Front St. East
TORONTO**

Phone Main 2342

Pugsley, Dingman & Co.

Limited

USE

COMFORT SOAP

"It's All Right"

SAVE THE WRAPPERS

Have you used OMO?

The new Bleacher, Purifier and
Cleanser.

"Makes White Clothes Whiter"

For Sale by all Grocers

DR. FRED J. McMAHON

DENTIST

Royal Bank Chambers, King and Spadina

Office Phone, Adelaide 1752

Residence Phone, Park. 2295

Phone Main 824.

A DRUG STORE WITH A CONSCIENCE

BREEN'S PHARMACY
DISPENSING CHEMISTS

Cor. Queen and Sherbourne Sts.
TORONTO.

Phone Main 824.

HENNESSEY DRUG STORE

LIMITED.

117 YONGE ST.

DRUGS, TOILET ARTICLES,
FRESH CUT FLOWERS DAILY.

Telephone - - - Main 7215

Wm. Tolhurst

FLORIST

North 1970

508 Yonge Street

Main 7454

Private Branch Exchange Connecting
All Departments.

The F. T. James Co.

Limited

❖ ❖

WHOLESALE FISH
AND OYSTERS

❖ ❖

CHURCH AND COLBORNE STREETS,
TORONTO.

Don Valley Brick
Works

USE LIGHT SHADE BUFF BRICKS
FOR LINING YOUR CHURCHES AND

: : SUNDAY SCHOOLS : :

As Cheap as Plaster and much more
Beautiful.

Don Valley Brick
Works

ROBT. DAVIES,
Proprietor.

JOHN M. BOWMAN,
Manager.

Head Office—36 TORONTO ST., TORONTO.

ST. JOSEPH LILIES.

THE HARRIS ABATTOIR CO., LIMITED

TORONTO - - - CANADA



FRESH MEATS AND PROVISIONS



EGGS

PURE LARD

BUTTER

DOMESTIC SHORTENING

CHEESE

SMOKED MEATS

SAUSAGES

COOKED MEATS

“H A”



LUX

PURE Essence of Soap in flakes—for Shampoo, Hair Wash, Bath or Toilet. Dissolves readily in hot water, forms a foamy, cream-like lather which cannot injure the daintiest hands—leaves the hands soft and glossy—invigorates the scalp.

At all Grocers—10c.

Lever Bros., Limited, Toronto

PLEASE PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS.

BRING YOUR CHILDREN TO
Edgeleys the Children's Shop
FOR THEIR CLOTHES

We want every child for a customer
We aim to please and give them every attention
Infants' Layettes a specialty
Gifts for the Baby

also a Misses' special order department under the personal supervision of
Mrs. Edgley Parker, late O'Briens, Limited

DOLLS

TOYS

Telephones } Adelaide 2933
 } Adelaide 93

117a King St. West

ENDORSED BY O'BRIENS, LIMITED.

ERNEST A. LEWIS

**Consulting
Optician.....**

Opticists' Prescriptions Accurately
and Promptly Filled

Lenses Duplicated on Shortest Notice

205 Yonge Street

Opposite Eatons Bank of Toronto Chambers

Phone Main 5031

Dr. R. J. McGahey

DENTIST

48 Bond Street

Main 309

ST. JOSEPH LILIES.

Ask Your Dealer for



The *best* material for refinishing scratched and marred furniture, woodwork, etc. Easy to use. Nine beautiful colors, and white, black gold and silver.

MADE IN CANADA

INTERNATIONAL VARNISH CO., LIMITED

You Do Not Have to Slight Your Laundry Work to Save Trouble

"Wyandotte" Yellow Hoop

SAVES BOTH TIME AND TROUBLE.



At the same time it makes the clothes so sweet and so white that you wonder how it can possibly be, and, too, without the slightest injury to the hands.

Its action is to loosen and dissolve all dirt, grease and foreign matter. The fibre of the goods is gently opened. This not only releases the dirt, but leaves the clothes soft and fluffy.

"Wyandotte," Yellow Hoop is sold with a positive guarantee of satisfaction or your money back.

Ask your supply house.

The J. B. Ford Co., Sole Mfrs., WYANDOTTE, Mich.

This Soda has been awarded the highest prize wherever exhibited.

PLEASE PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS.

THE HOME BANK OF CANADA

Original
Charter 1854

Five and ten cents saved here and there soon amounts to a dollar, and a dollar at a time, applied toward a savings account, shortly gives its possessor an added source of income.



**“Make all
you can,
Save all
you can,
Give all
you can.”**

Wesley.

While your money on deposit in a savings account with the Bank is always readily available for withdrawal, any hour of any business day, it is just far enough away to be out of reach for careless spending



Head Offices and Nine Branches in Toronto
HEAD OFFICE. 8-10 KING ST. WEST

78 Church Street
Cor. Queen West and Bathurst
Cor. Queen East and Ontario
1220 Yonge St. Subway, Cor. Alcorn Ave.
Cor. Bloor West and Bathurst
236 Broadview, Cor. Wilton Ave.
1871 Dundas St., Cor. High Park Ave.
Borden Military Camp.

Branches and Connections Throughout Canada.

Contents

The Virgin of Nazareth (Portrait)	4
The Virgin of Nazareth. Rev. Dr. Dollard	5
Newman's Work and Influence. Rev. Dr. Ryan.	9
The New Mount St. Joseph. Rt. Rev. A. MacDonald...	19
God's Call. Mary Hoskin	20
The Emerald Firs. C. D. Swan	28
Reminiscences of the Grand. Rev. F. O'Sullivan.....	29
A Prayer for Priests	38
Idealism and Materialism. Very Rev. Dean O'Malley....	39
A Visit to St. Bride's Abbey. E. R. Wilson	48
Of One Singing. John Ayscough	57
An Apostle of Charity. J. B. Kennedy	58
To A Friend. Rev. M. J. Watson, S.J.	63
Mount St. Sepulchre. E. C. Ryan	64
The Cost of a Soul. C. D. Swan	69
Our Lady's Nativity	80
The Holy Angels of God. Rev. M. J. Watson, S.J.	81
To My Guardian Angel. S.M.I.J.	87
An Apostle of Dublin. J. Hayes.	88
Pacem do Vobis. Rev. Dr. Dollard	96
Catholic Toronto Fifty Years Ago and Now. Rev. E. Kelly	97
To Ste. Anne. M. S. Pine	101

Ste. Anne de Beaupré. R. Ferguson	103
The Officials of St. Joseph's College Alumnae	108
Alumnae Items	109
Signal Honour for Dr. O'Hagan	111
Exchanges	113
St. Joseph's College Department	115
The Housewife's Prayer	115
Salutatory	116
Graduates of 1917	118
Graduates (Portrait)	119
St. Joseph's Closing	125
Valedictory	127
A Catholic Bach. By Albertine Martin	130
The Examination Results	133



THE VIRGIN OF NAZARETH.

Saint Joseph Lilies

Pro Deo et Alma Matre.

VOL. VI.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER, 1917

NO. 2

The Virgin of Nazareth

BY THE REV. J. B. DOLLARD, LITT.D.

Come, strike the harp and let the timbrel sound
In praise of her, the Lily of the Vale!
From Lebanon sweet music breathes around,
The Tents of Cedar perfume all the gale;
Carmel and Gilead repeat her name
And Hermon's odorous woods are vocal to her fame!

Sing us of her who, foreordained by God
To be the mother of His only Son,
Bowed her bright head, obedient to His nod,
And answered Gabriel—"His will be done!
Behold the obedient Handmaid of the Lord,
He is my sovereign King, my Hope, my high Reward."

The glory of the Godhead beamed on her,
The moon became a footstool for her feet,
The sun her radiant slave without demur,
The stars a jewelled crown for her most meet!
The Seraphim like flames about her stood;
She was the Queen of Heaven, all-beautiful and good!

She was the Queen of Heaven, and yet she walked
On earth with mortals, hid from knowing gaze,
With humble souls at Nazareth she talked,
And brought delight into their sordid days;
While Joseph, gazing on the mystery there,
In wonder lost, blessed God in deep and fervent prayer.

So, quietly the holy maiden dwelt,
 Though many marvelled at her face so fair—
Her eyes like pools of Hesebon that felt
 The pure caressing of the morning air;
Her cheeks, pomegranates that reflect the sun—
The sweetness of her breath, spikenard and cinnamon!

Where'er she went wild-flowers breathed forth
 Their choicest perfumes. From the laden trees
The precious balsams trickled to the earth
 And spicy odours tinctured every breeze;
The patient kine rejoiced to see her pass,
And the white-crowding sheep skipped o'er the trembling
 grass!

Ah, blessed then the traveller who strayed,
 By chance from Galilee's not-distant strand,
Over the flowery fields and saw the Maid
 A moment by the village fountain stand;
Thrice blessed he, for he had gazed upon
The face of Heaven's Queen, more glorious than the dawn!

How sweet those dear dim days when Heaven's Queen
 A slender girl grew up to womanhood!
The land was holy then, and, too, I ween,
 A wistful glamour haunted lake and wood;
Tender the mornings when the sun arose
And hushed the night that saw the Maiden's eyelids close.

She was a Rose of Sharon blossomed fair,
 With sweetness not of Earth—a House of Gold
Fit for the Word of God to tarry there,
 Arrayed with treasures and with grace untold;
She came to us unmarred by spot or stain,
Pure as the driven snow—unsullied to remain.

Time came when blood made redder still the Rose—

The blood of her dear Son upon the Cross,
When He Who by His death all life bestows
Saw her beneath Him, conscious of her loss,
As clasping close His sacred Feet that bled,
The Rose of Sharon glowed a new and lovelier red!

And kneeling there beneath the bloody rood

Whereon His Body hung in pallid death,
She dreamt (while awed to peace the rabble stood)

Of sweet, lost days of old at Nazareth;
She saw the village on a low hill's brow,
And in their little home she saw His childhood now!

She saw Him at the bench, a bright-haired boy,

Who copied Joseph at his humble trade,
And oft He made her heart pulsate with joy,

To see Him smile Who earth and heaven had made,
Then when the business of the day was done
To mother's out-stretched arms with rapture would He run!

Ah, days of joy, when Jesus' Sacred Heart

Beat close to hers in unexampled love,
What secrets of high Heaven did He impart,

What wisdom from the eternal Throne Above!
Such were the thoughts that weighed her spirit now,
As by His cruel Cross she prayed on Calvary's brow.

For great indeed, and noble was this Maid,

And though she held her Son than life more dear,
Our sins and our rebellions she repaid

By offering Him, in agony and fear,
A ransom for our souls that else were lost
If Heaven were not reclaimed at such appalling cost!

Dear Rose of Sharon, prostrate by the Cross,
Clasping His wounded Feet, O, pray that we
May understand thy sacrifice and loss,
And pay thee back by love and sympathy;
Thy share in the Redemption was not small,
And by His side thy Son hath placed thee over all!

We are not like those foolish ones who think
That they the loving Mother can despise,
And still be Jesus' friends; the golden link
Of earthly love still shows in Jesus' eyes;
He ponders Bethlehem and Nazareth,
And views her by His Cross thro' wavering eyes of death!

Pray for us, Mother; He remembers all
Thy cares and comfortings in boyhood's day,
He loves thee now as when thou heardst His call
When pain o'ertook Him at His work or play,—
Can He deny that Mother true and fond?
Ah, no, the Lord of Heaven breaks not His human bond!

So are we proud that we belong alway
To that true Church which never cast aside
The cult of Mary, from her Founder's day,
Tho' tyrants raged and myriad martyrs died!
No false, divided glory shall be given
To Son and Mother now in Earth or highest Heaven!

And so with Gabriel and the Church we bow,
Saying, "Hail Mary, full of grace thou art,
The Lord is with thee, blest indeed art thou,
Above all women, for His Sacred Heart
Is fruit of thy womb. Oh, Mary, pray
That Christ may save our souls on His dread Judgment Day!

Newman's Work and Influence

BY THE REV. M. J. RYAN, D.D., PH.D.

IT is now thirty-two years since I first saw Newman's handwriting, and it was in the Visitors' Book at the great Benedictine Abbey of Monte Cassino, on the road from Rome to Naples. The date of his visit was September, 1847, and together with his name was signed that of his friend, Ambrose St. John*. I remember being struck with the contrast between Newman's small, round, beautiful letters, and the large, bold handwriting of Gladstone, with square, or angular letters, which the monks showed me in another part of the volume under some later date. One need not be a character-reader to see that Gladstone was a man of much greater bodily health, strength, and energy, than Newman. Gladstone had written after his name the single word *Floreat*, the motto of his own Eton, and I believe that at the time of the Italian revolution in 1867, he privately exerted himself with great earnestness to prevent the confiscation of the Abbey, saying that to Englishmen it was one of the fountain heads of their civilization and as dear as the England of Alfred or of the Edwards is to Americans. The monastery was spared and converted into a National Monument, and a certain number of monks allowed to reside as its caretakers. They had a boarding-school or college when I was there, and I suppose still have, to which some of the most anti-clerical politicians sent their sons.

Newman had written after his name a prayer in Latin, of his own composition, which, as I have it noted down, ran thus: "*O sancti Montis Cassinensis, unde Anglia nostra olim saluberrimos Catholicæ doctrinæ rivos hausit, orate pro nobis jam ex heresi in pristinum vigorem expurgiscentibus.* J. H. Newman, Sept. 6, 1847. Ambrose St. John, 1847"—"*O saints of Monte*

*Need I warn the reader that the English pronunciation of this English name is *Sinjun*?

Cassino, whence our England formerly drew streams of Catholic doctrine, pray for us now, coming forth from heresy into our former vitality."

"The specialty of Newman," said Aubrey de Vere, in Newman's life-time, "is that whereas men of letters are often timid men like Erasmus, and men of speculation can generally find some superfine reason for not carrying out their principles to their natural conclusion, he has always united the heroic daring (the noble, warlike element in faith which makes it burn its ships when it has effected its landing) with the keenest intellect of the time, and what is more extraordinary, with the most tender character and the most sensitive temperament."

There was a Pope who said, on the occasion when Sobieski delivered Vienna from the Turk, "There was a man sent from God, whose name was John." May not we, too, then, say without irreverence here, "There was a man sent from God, whose name was John, who came to bear witness for the Light?"

To those who have a just sense of historical proportion, the name of Newman stands for one of those great spiritual resurrections in the history of a nation, that entitle their agent to be called a repairer of the ramparts, a restorer of paths to dwell in. The character, the life, the exertions, and the works of this extraordinary person form an era in the religious history of his own country, of the whole English-speaking world, and in a less degree of the European continent. When we think of his work, we are reminded of Albertus Magnus (or Roger Bacon) and Aquinas, or of Dante, or of More and Colet, or of St. Anselm, or Augustine, or Vincent of Lerins. He was the finest moral genius of his age, the clearest, the largest and most sympathetic, and the most helpful thinker of his age, and the most persuasive and winning advocate of Christ. He was not, and did not aspire to be, an ecclesiastical ruler, or the founder of a religious order, or a party leader or organizer, any more than to be a general, or a Cabinet Minister, or a financier. He was a spirit rather, a centre of light and warmth, and of what is called magnetic power. Oxford, as Gladstone observed, has produced ecclesiastics who were great men of action, Wolsey,

Laud, Wesley, and Manning, and to these he would add the name of Newman. But Newman's genius seems to me rather that of the man of speculation than of the man of action. His vast influence was due to the beauty of his soul and character, and the strong grace of his intellect; by this he won men's hearts and heads, and swayed their sentiments, ideals, and principles. His works are in literature like the prose of Plato or the poetry of Virgil or the pictures of Raphael or the Apollo Belvidere or the music of Mozart, and yet he is not an artist, but a prophet, not aiming at loveliness for its own sake, but severely subordinating his natural genius to a moral and religious, that is a practical purpose, the propagation of truth and the salvation of souls. A poet by nature and a philosopher of the Platonic or not-technical kind, he became by education and by the study especially of Cicero, a literary artist and an advocate, but always remained the least rhetorical of preachers and the fairest, most ingenuous, honourable and chivalrous of champions. He combined, like Dr. Johnson, a critical and acute understanding with a devout and reverent spirit and a still more profound faith and hope in the unseen. Carlyle, the greatest man of letters among Newman's contemporaries, had (as his diaries reveal to us) sufficient imagination not for the production of a poem or a novel, but for the perversion of a history or biography; he assumed prophetic airs and tones in order to give himself importance; and he abandoned good English form, which might have been perfected, for a grotesque, half-foreign style in order to attract the attention by a singularity, which after all can please no longer than it is a novelty; and whatever lesson he may have for statesmen and states, he has no message for the human soul. Renan, who went out of the Church as Newman was coming into it, offers us the siren charms of style and good taste and good humour, together with wide and superficial erudition, instead of sound judgment or accurate reasoning, or firm sense of duty. Newman had literary charms like Renan, if he had chosen to cultivate them, and a prophetic strain without the artifice of Carlyle. His style, with its blend of grace and strength, ten-

derness and firmness, sweetness and austerity, has been compared to that which Fenelon and Massillon learned from Racine. Yet, for indifference about ornament for its own sake, the French critic, M. Dimmet, knows no one but Bossuet among the great modern writers to be placed with Newman.

Newman's character (with the difference between him and Manning's) was described unconsciously and, as it were, prophetically, by himself in one of the sketches in the "Church of the Fathers" years before he became a Catholic: "The instruments raised up by Almighty God for the accomplishment of His purposes, are of two kinds, equally gifted with faith and piety, but from natural temper and talent, education, or other circumstances, differing in the means by which they promote their sacred cause. The first of these are men of acute and ready mind, with accurate knowledge of human nature, and large plans, and persuasive and attractive bearing, genial, sociable, and popular, endued with prudence, patience, instinctive tact and decision in conducting matters as well as boldness and zeal. Such, in a measure, we may imagine the single-minded, the intrepid, the much-enduring Hildebrand, who at a time when society was forming itself anew, was the saviour, humanly speaking, of the City of God. Such, in an earlier age, was the majestic Ambrose; such the never-wearied Athanasius. These last-named luminaries of the Church came into public life early, and thus learned how to cope with the various tempers, views, and measures of the men they encountered there . . . Again, there is an instrument in the hand of Providence, less rich in its political endowments, so to call them, yet not less beautiful in its texture nor less precious in its material, though of less elaborate and splendid workmanship. Such is the retired and thoughtful student, who remains years and years in the solitude of a college or a monastery, chastening his soul in secret, raising it to high thought and single-minded purpose, and when at length called into active life, conducting himself with firmness, guilelessness, zeal like flaming fire, and all the sweetness of purity and integrity. Such a one is often

unsuccessful in his own day; he is too artless to persuade, too severe to please; unskilled in the weaknesses of human nature, unfurnished in the resources of ready wit, negligent of men's applause, unsuspicious, open-hearted, he does his work and so leaves it, and it seems to die; but in the generation after him, it lives again; and in the long run it is difficult to say which of the two classes of men has served the cause of truth the more effectually . . . Such was the accomplished Gregory Nazianzen, who left his father's roof for an heretical city, and was driven back into retirement by his own people, as soon as his triumph over the false creed was secured. Such was perhaps St. Peter Damiani in the Middle Age; such St. Anselm, such St. Edmund. No comparison, of course, is attempted here between the religious excellence of the two descriptions of men; each of them serves God according to the peculiar gifts given to him." Now, Newman belongs to this second type, and Manning is a good example of the other; while the misunderstandings between Manning and Newman find their parallel in those which occurred between Basil and Gregory. And as such human weaknesses did not prevent the latter two from being real and great saints, so we may trust that our two great modern leaders have long since met in the Kingdom of Heaven and embraced each other as most dear brethren.

Let us briefly sum up the work which Newman has accomplished:

1. He was the principal agent in the great revival of semi-Catholic spirit, sentiment, principles, and ideals within the Church of England, and he thereby introduced his countrymen again within the great collective religious tradition of Christendom. Lord Morley, who is an atheist, confesses the greatness of this work in a merely human point of view: "Though the Tractarian movement opened, among other sources, in antagonism to utilitarian liberalism, yet J. S. Mill, who became the oracle of rationalistic liberalism in the following generation, had always much to say for the Tractarians. He used to tell us that the Oxford theologians had done for England something like what Guizot, Villemain, Michelet, and Cousin

had done a little earlier for France; they had reminded us that history is European; that it is quite unintelligible if treated as merely local; they had opened, broadened, deepened the issues and meaning of European history. And the Oxford men had at least brought argument, learning, and philosophy to break upon the narrow and frigid conventions of reigning systems in church and college, in pulpit and professional chairs. They had made the Church of England ashamed of the evil of her ways; they had determined the spirit of improvement from within."

The Oxford Movement is sometimes described as a part of the great Romantic Renaissance. But Newman at least was no devotee of the Middle Ages. His friend, Hurrell Froude, admired enthusiastically the mediaeval Church. But Newman's devotion always was to the Church of the Fathers. Even when he became a Catholic, he gave little time to the Scholastic theologians; and he taught Allies to regard the mediaeval system of Church and State not as an ideal for all times, but simply as a polity suited to that particular stage of society. Though his reason told him that the Gothic architecture was a grander development of art than the classical, yet his taste always preferred the Italian and Grecian. And his literary style, especially in his Oxford days, was classical rather than romantic, his only model for imitation being Cicero.

2. In the Catholic Church, his *Apologia pro vita sua* was a vindication of the Catholic clergy in general, also; and that book, together with the replies to Pusey and to Gladstone, and with the lectures on Anglican difficulties, and on the Position of Catholics in England, which had preceded it and which in consequence of the *Apologia*, began to be more widely read, opened and kept open, an entrance for the Catholic Church to the respect and sense of fairness of the English people.

3. His sermons, the Anglican ones as well as the Catholic; his poems, especially the *Dream of Gerontius*, and "*Callista*," aroused, quickened, and deepened men's spiritual sense and their faith in things unseen, more than any other teaching of

the age. "They have altered the whole manner of feeling towards religious subjects," wrote Dean Church in 1868. "They have acted with equal force upon those who were nearest and those who were furthest from him in theological opinion. They have done more than perhaps any one thing to quicken and mould and brace the religious temper of our time." "A sermon from him," says J. A. Froude, "was a poem, welcome—how welcome! from its sincerity, fascinating by its subtlety, interesting from its originality even to those who were careless of religion; and to others who wished to be religious but had found religion dry and wearisome, it was like the springing of a fountain out of a rock." "He always began," says Sir Francis Hastings Doyle (the professor of poetry), "as if he had determined to set forth his idea of the truth in the plainest, simplest language—language, as men say, 'intelligible to the meanest understanding.' But his ardent zeal and fine poetical imagination were not thus to be controlled. As I hung upon his words, it seemed to me as if I could trace, behind his will and pressing (so to speak) against it, a rush of thoughts, of feelings, which he kept struggling to hold back, but in the end they generally were too strong for him, and poured themselves out in a torrent of eloquence all the more impetuous from having been so long repressed."

4. His book on Development, together with the history of the Arians, his dissertation on the causes of Arianism, the final chapter in his *Apologia*, and various other theological essays, expounded the laws and conditions governing the advance of religious knowledge within the Church, and throw, likewise, some light upon the progress of error without the Church. The principle of development had, indeed, always been assumed in practice, and long recognized in theory, also in Catholic theology; even Vincent of Lerius, the champion of tradition, expressly declares its place in theology. But it had never been analyzed so thoroughly, and expounded so fully and philosophically, as by Newman. Foreign critics seem to consider this book as the most original of all his works and that which is most characteristic of his genius, and it probably

is the one by which his name will be most remembered in the history of thought. It should be noted by the reader that its title does not fully convey its contents, for it treats of development not only of doctrines, but also of devotions, institutions, laws, and policies.

To these principles he always remained true; he may shift his front, but he never changes his ground.

5. His Essay upon Assent, with his University Sermons, and his essays on Miracles, together with numerous passages in most of his writings, explained the logic of moral certitude and of faith, the relation between reason and faith, and the ways by which moral and religious truth is found and proved, with the difference of all this from the methods of mathematical science and physical research. This might be called a *Novum Organum* of religious knowledge; for, as Bacon acknowledges that the principle of experimental discovery had long before been recognized by Aristotle and by the Schoolmen, so in this case, too, it was the exposition that was new; it was a new explanation and enforcement of the laws of human reason and human nature and of spiritual common sense, in opposition to the irrational ways that are called rationalism, for Newman has a philosophy, profound and coherent, which gradually grew more consistent in its expression, though it was never woven into a tissue of abstractions and never set forth as a system with such tremendous apparatus of technical terminology as in Kant and Hegel overawed the simple and obscured its own consequences. In his younger life, before he became absorbed in the life and death question between the churches, Newman read omnivorously, as J. A. Froude informs us, and studied modern thought and modern life in all its forms. Those who doubt his knowledge of philosophy forget that he studied thoroughly two philosophers of the highest ability on opposite sides of the question, Butler and Hume, and that besides these he was acquainted with Bacon, Cudworth, Hobbs, Locke, Shaftesbury, Clarke, Bentham, Mackintosh, Coleridge, and Mill, and likewise Pascal and Malebranche. He had mastered the Logic, Rhetoric, Ethics, and Poetics of Aris-

totle, and he knew enough of Plato's dialogues to have grasped the spirit of the Platonic philosophy, which indeed was congenial to his own mental character. When he wrote the history of Arianism, he became enamoured of the philosophy of the Alexandrians, Clement and Origen—their religious philosophy of history and their natural theology, together with the profound and subtle book, *De Divinis Nominibus*, ascribed to Dionysius the Areopagite.

6. In his lectures and essays upon the nature and work of a university, he has set forth with unequalled clearness and cogency the true ideals and principles of liberal and of professional education, and the distinction between a university and the scientific or literary academy. Those lectures, says R. H. Hutton, "gave an impulse to the comprehension of true university culture, which had, I believe, a very great effect in stimulating the reforms which soon afterwards took place in Oxford and Cambridge. The reason why the influence of these discourses upon the reforming movements at Oxford and Cambridge has not been noticed, was that their chief design, to bring out the importance of Theology as the uniting bond of all the sciences, was directly in antagonism to the movement in those universities." The Irish University which he took part in founding could not possibly have succeeded under the conditions of the time; but Newman's educational ideals and principles sank into the Irish mind, and the tradition of them has been taken up by the new National University.

In the Oratory School at Birmingham he established a true model of Secondary Education, which has had a wide and deep influence by its example upon other Catholic boarding-schools and colleges in England. In North America, Newman's name is taken by the Catholic Halls established in secular universities.

But the tree is greater and better than its flowers and fruits alone; and it is not so much by his deeds or his writings that a man of genius lives in human memory as by his spirit, his character, his personality. Johnson, as Burke observed, was greater in conversation than in his writings, and he lives

for us in Boswell's record far more than in his own compositions. So Napoleon said of Corneille, though he had not read his plays, "If he were alive now, I would make him a prince." He had read Racine's works, yet he did not say this of him. And in the case of Newman everyone loves the man. "Was there ever a life of more sweetly and gravely solemn power to thrill and touch one?" wrote the Anglican Dean Lake to Church when Newman died. "Men of letters are either much less or much more than their writings," says Froude. "Cleverness and the skilful use of other people's thoughts produce works which take us in, till we see the authors, and then we are disenchanted. A man of genius, on the other hand, is a spring in which there is always more behind than flows from it. The painting, or even the poem, is but a part of him inadequately realized, and his nature expresses itself with equal or fuller completeness, in his life, his conversation, and his personal presence. This was eminently true of Newman. Greatly as his poetry had struck me, he was himself all that the poetry was and something far beyond." And Mary Anderson, who saw him in his old age, tells us that the spiritual beauty of his expression was such as none of his portraits gives. Quite recently, too, Cardinal Gibbons in his *Reminiscences* has told us that Newman was the greatest man that he has ever known.



The New Mount St. Joseph, Scarboro Heights

In the Season of the Dandelion

BY THE RT. REV. A. MACDONALD, D.D., BISHOP OF VICTORIA.

"Joseph is a growing son, a growing son, and comely to behold; the daughters ran to and fro upon the wall."—Gen. 49 : 22.

Blue and green and gold—

The blue of a summer's sky,

The green of a field that is nigh,

The gold you may guess, untold.

Red and black and white—

The red of a convent wall;

In black and white are all

Who flit through its halls in the light.

Writing in **America**, Blanche Mary Kelly, associate of the editorial staff of the "Catholic Encyclopedia," apparently thinks that arguing from particulars to generals is doing injustice to our convent schools; and she asserts in their favour: "I have had unusual opportunities for observing the graduates of many convents who, at close grips with life, disclosed under trying circumstances their convent-bred Catholic womanhood, and proved the worth of their convent-trained brains. I have had opportunities for comparing them with the graduates of secular colleges and special schools, and in almost every instance the convent girls have been more alert, their knowledge more varied and deeply grounded, and the superiority of their work has demonstrated the value of a trained conscience and an ingrained sense of responsibility."

God's Call

BY MARY HOSKIN.

BOOM! Boom! tolled the deep-throated bell. The great Cathedral was packed to the doors. The sanctuary was filled with surpliced priests, with Monsignori and Bishops in purple, and one Archbishop. The altar and sanctuary and vast cathedral were heavily draped in purple. The celebrant, with deacon and sub-deacon, was at the foot of the altar; the beautiful organ broke out in a sad, wailing strain. The Mass of Requiem was about to begin for the beloved Bishop, who, having attained his three-score years and ten, had laid down the burden of a life well spent in the service of his Master, and had gone to that reward he so richly deserved.

No one observed the aged woman who sat far back in a side aisle, clad in deep mourning. She wept, but all around her wept also, and if her tears seemed more bitter, as though forced from her by a great personal sorrow, none noticed.

She had come early to the church, and, standing by the bier, had gazed with ineffable sorrow, yet with resignation, at the calm and holy features of the dead Bishop; then she had to make room for others who were crowding up; his own people, who desired to take a farewell look at their beloved Bishop; she was a stranger and people wondered why she should so long monopolize the best place.

She moved away and took a seat far down in a side aisle; and now Mass was going on, she tried to pray, but could only weep.

The preacher ascends the pulpit, a bishop of great renown from a far-away diocese. He tells of the holy life, of the zeal of the prelate who lies dead; of his early days of hardships when he was a young missionary; of his fame later on as a preacher; of his success as a pastor, and finally of his forty-four years of priesthood, for twenty of which he had been the zealous and beloved bishop of this diocese.

But what does the preacher say now? From his tenderest years he heard the voice of his Master calling him; from his boyhood he had consecrated himself to God by an earnest desire to become a priest"

Ah! no one in this vast concourse, no one in all the wide world but that sweet-faced, sorrowful-looking woman, bent with years and patient suffering, knew of the sacrifice two loving hearts made nigh upon half a century ago. And she alone, as usually falls to the lot of women, had borne the weight of that sacrifice through all these long, weary years; patiently and lovingly had she borne it, and she felt that her sacrifice had been as agreeable to God as his. But she must not allow her mind to dwell upon this now; she must listen to the concluding words of praise of the long life now ended. Then followed that grand "Libera." Then, the long line of priests and bishops filed slowly down the aisle. She watched while they closed the coffin, and that, too, was borne by grave-looking priests; and for the last time the dear bishop, whom all loved so well, passed through his Cathedral.

She waited until the people had all gone out, then she advanced to the sanctuary and knelt for a moment on the spot where the coffin had rested, and followed the others from the church.

She had a carriage waiting for her, a small closed coupe. As she entered she instructed the coachman to wait until all the carriages had started, then follow the last of all.

A long drive of over five miles to the cemetery at a slow pace, would give her time for the reverie she felt she must now allow herself.

Her memory carried her back over sixty years. She saw herself a little romping school-girl, the youngest of the family, with two sisters and one brother. They lived in a village Her father was one of the two doctors. The other doctor had one son and one daughter. She saw Arthur, who was only one year her senior, a bright and handsome boy.

The children of the two doctors usually met on their way to the village school. Arthur and Miriam always scampered

on ahead of the others, while Miriam's sisters took care of Arthur's little sister. Together they studied, helping and encouraging each other; and, on their way home from school, they never failed to make their visit to the little church, to the Blessed Sacrament, and the Blessed Virgin.

In holiday time they went to picnics and berrying and fern-gatherings with all the other children, but always found a few minutes for a little conversation together.

They made their first Holy Communion and were confirmed at the same time. Together they entered the High School when their course at the village school was over; and Miriam kept up bravely with Arthur, though she was a year younger. At length, when Arthur was eighteen and Miriam seventeen, they matriculated. That summer they rested completely from books during the holidays for they had worked hard. They enjoyed all the simple pleasures of village and country life.

The last day of August arrived, and on the morrow Arthur was to go to a Catholic college in a distant city. They sat on the lawn by Miriam's home. The other brother and sisters, with a few intimate friends, were scattered here and there in their favourite nooks. Arthur and Miriam were holding their last confidences.

"I am going to be a lawyer," declared Arthur, "that is, above all things, what I should like. I feel it in me, some way, that I shall be able to stand up before judge and jury and argue my case. I should like to succor the oppressed, to see justice always done; there are some things I know of that I should like to see set right."

And like many another young man on the threshold of life, he hoped to be able to set this old world on a new footing.

"I know, Arthur," Miriam replied, "that you will do great things; you will achieve renown; I shall see you a judge some day; and your judgments will always be wise and just."

"For four years I must work hard for my degree of B.A.," said Arthur. "My studies will always tend, of course, towards the profession I have chosen. I shall then be twenty-two, and

my law course will take another three years. Then I shall be equipped to face the world."

Silence fell between them for a short space, while they looked about to see what the others were doing. Some were reading, some walking, and others enjoying a merry game. Arthur broke the silence, saying:

"This is the first time since I can remember that we have been separated. I shall miss you. I don't know how I am going to study without your help and encouragement. And what about your studies? Are you going to give it all up now?"

"I shall read, Arthur, and you must write me from college and direct me and tell me what to read. Then I am going to learn house-keeping and sewing; mother says I must, so does father, too, for the matter of that. He says a woman should know how to sew and direct the management of her home."

"He is right, too, I suppose," Arthur replied, "but you must keep up your reading. You are only seventeen, and have plenty of time before you to learn housekeeping and all that, and cultivate your mind as well. And, Miriam, there is another thing I must say before we part. I cannot imagine my life without you. We have always been so much to each other. If I am to achieve greatness, as you predict, you must share it with me, and while you are learning housekeeping, and I studying law, we must both look forward to the time when you shall keep the house I hope to provide for you. Can you wait so long a time for me, Miriam?"

Miriam hung her head and quick blushes chased one another over her pretty face. For the first time in her young life she could not raise her eyes to meet Arthur's, nor could she control her lips to frame a reply. Arthur bent towards her.

"Tell me, Miriam, can you wait so long?"

"I can wait, Arthur," she managed to stammer; "we are both young enough to wait; in ten years we shall still be young."

"It's a bargain, then, Miriam," returned Arthur. "I shall be encouraged in my work, and it will not be long to Christ-

mas when I shall come home for a few days, for I must not fail to serve at midnight Mass for dear old Father Graham; and we can write as often as the college rules allow."

This was the simple-love-making of these two innocent hearts.

Arthur came at Christmas, and again for a longer stay during the summer vacation, when there were walks and talks on college life, on studies, or plans for future ambitions. Miriam showed her sewing and made cakes when Arthur came to tea; she also talked over with him the books she had been reading and confided to him that she was trying a little literary work herself. Arthur was delighted at this, and, after reading some of her production, encouraged her to persevere, telling her how she could get her stories published.

So the four years went by, and one day the news was flashed by telegraph that Arthur had won his B.A. with honours. His sister came running up to tell Miriam, and together they rejoiced. The next day he came home, late in the evening, and Miriam had to wait until morning to see him. He was at Mass and served Father Graham. He came out of the church after Mass just for one moment and gave Miriam time to congratulate him. He seemed grave, but she attributed that to his thinking of the great career he was now going to take up in earnest.

"I am going to have a talk with Father Graham," he said, "and after breakfast I shall come up to see you."

"Very well," Miriam replied. She felt disappointed, but whatever Arthur did was, of course, right.

When Arthur arrived at Miriam's home he had to receive the congratulations of her father and mother. The sisters were married and gone to distant homes, and the brother was making his fortune in a large city.

At length Arthur and Miriam were free to seek their favourite spot on the lawn. After a brief silence Arthur began:

"Miriam, I have something so very serious to say that I

hardly know how to begin. Father Graham says I must tell you at once, even before my mother or father."

Miriam felt something grip her heart and a great fear fell upon her, but she spoke bravely.

"Surely, Arthur, you can speak to me freely, and need not hesitate about anything you have to say."

"This is very different to anything you ever heard me say before, Miriam, and is difficult to explain. A great change has come over me during this last year at college, ever since the Retreat, in fact. My ambitions to make a great name in the world are all gone. My only ambition now is to save souls. Miriam, I want to be a priest."

The bolt had fallen. Miriam controlled herself, but she did not speak. Arthur continued:

"My director at college says I have a vocation. I wrote Father Graham. He replied that he would talk it over on my return, and this morning he told me that he thinks I have a call, but that it rests with you. I am not unmindful, dear Miriam, of our promise, and I will not fail to redeem it if you say so. My affection for you is as great as it ever was, and I would not break my word unless you willingly release me. I know I am stumbling horribly over this, but do you not realize that it is a hard thing to say?"

Then Miriam burst out:

"What do you and Father Graham take me for? Do you suppose I would stand in the way of a vocation? I would be proud to see you a priest. Besides, Arthur," she continued with a whimsical smile, "affection in a husband would not satisfy me. I want something warmer than that. And, you know, we were only children when we talked over our plans, for we were never really engaged, so you are free to follow the vocation to which you feel called. I suppose we are brother and sister now, and I give you, my brother, with all my heart, to God's service. I shall be as proud of you some day when you are a Bishop as I would have been to see you a judge."

She spoke lightly, for he must never know how great a wrench this was to her, and well she knew that the sacrifice

was all her own. A deep joy overspread Arthur's countenance as he said :

"God bless you, Miriam; you have made me very happy. I trust we shall always be the greatest friends."

"Of course, Arthur!" she replied chéerfully; but she knew how long that would last.

So Arthur went off to the Seminary in the autumn. He came home for a few days at Christmas, a grave young Seminarian.

Shortly after that his family moved away to a large town where the doctor acquired a good practice, and Arthur came to the village no more. The correspondence flagged, then dropped.

And Miriam—did she become a sour, crabbed old maid? Not so, indeed. In a story book she would probably have been made a nun, a Sister of Charity, perhaps; but such was not her vocation. Yet she felt she could never marry. She devoted herself to the care of her parents. Her lessons in housekeeping proved useful, for, by degrees, she relieved her mother altogether of the cares of the house. Her knowledge of sewing she turned to good account by forming a Sewing Society to make clothing for the poor, and as there were not many very poor in their village, they worked for poor missions. Her artistic tastes found an outlet in caring for the church and decorating the altars. The course of solid reading she had made helped her in her literary work. The many-Catholic stories and magazine articles she wrote under a pen-name, which I may not reveal, won renown, if not fame. She wrote always under a pen-name in case Arthur should ever come across anything she wrote for Catholic magazines, and she would do nothing to remind him of her.

When troops of nieces and nephews came to spend their vacations in the roomy old homestead, she was ever the bright and cheerful aunt who lived her young days over again with them. In short, her sacrifice, once made, was complete; there were no repinings, no regrets. On the day Arthur told her he wished to become a priest, after he had gone she fled to the

church, and there, before the Blessed Sacrament, she offered her heart to God, and promised to spend her life in His service in whatever way He would show her. Her love for Arthur was sacred; she would never know another earthly love, but not even by the slightest thought would she tarnish his holy vocation; she gave him freely and willingly to God, and was happy and full of peace after she had made her oblation.

The years slipped speedily by; Miriam followed both father and mother to their peaceful graves in the village church-yard. Dear old Father Graham, full of years and honour, was soon after laid to rest in the midst of his beloved parishioners to whom he had ministered for over half a century. Nieces and nephews were grown up and married, and another generation of children came to visit Aunt Miriam whom everyone loved for her sweet and gentle kindness. Miriam's hair grew white, her form a little bent, yet she had lost none of her cheerfulness.

In course of time her brothers and sisters died; and none now were left who knew her story; the younger generation had never heard it. And what of Arthur? He never saw Miriam after the first year of his Seminary life. His was a true vocation, and he obeyed the call. The talents that he once thought to employ to win worldly renown, were now given to God's service. He was a hard-working, zealous young priest; he became an eminent preacher, and, finally, Bishop of an important diocese. He little knew how often Miriam had seen him, though herself unseen. She was present at his ordination. Her father took her, and they kept well out of sight. Whenever she heard he was to preach on special occasions, she usually contrived to be present, and she was proud of his eloquence. She witnessed his consecration as Bishop, and thanked God Who had given him so sublime a vocation. The first time he gave Confirmation, she was in the church to see it. The railway journeys this entailed were nothing to her. Her heart was full of joy and exultation at the thought that her Arthur was doing God's work so nobly.

She had a cherished album into which she had pasted every scrap that had ever appeared about him in newspaper or

magazine. And now he was dead, and she had followed him to the grave. She would take the first train that would carry her to her old village home; she felt that she might sing her "Nunc Dimittis." Her lifelong prayer for him must now be changed to prayers for his soul, which she was sure he would not require for long. She was tired and hoped God would soon allow her to lay down the burden.



The Emerald Firs

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

The stars rain blessings on the fir-clad hills;
In answer to whose inspirations sweet
These offer up balsamic scents, replete
With clean earth-incense. Neither icy chills
Nor summer heat can change the love that thrills
Their buoyant spires! Defying snow and sleet
Each root and pinnacle in calm retreat
Awaits the shining dew that Heaven distills.

These are Earth's Theban hermits. Evermore,
In serried ranks of consecrated might,
They dwell in touch with angel-haunted skies.
O, for their nearness to the Source of Light!
Not merely at rose-dawn or sweet moonrise,
For in the blackest dark they still adore.

Reminiscences of "The Grand"

BY THE REV. F. J. O'SULLIVAN.

TO the casual visitor who is viewing the City of Montreal from the top of a motor-bus, the massive stone building on Sherbrooke street may elicit only a passing interest, such as is evinced by the man who enquires from his seat-companion, "What institution is that?" when from the car window he catches a glimpse of the majestic pile on Scarboro Heights, where the future clergy of this Province are being trained for their life work. But to one conversant with the history of the Church in Canada, and above all to its alumni, there is perhaps no institution with which is associated the memory of so many noble deeds, so many enduring fruits of sacrifice, and so many holy lives as the Le Grand Seminaire de Montreal. While it is the purpose of this paper to deal with personal recollections rather than with historic data, yet a bird's-eye view of the past may serve as a fitting background for the portrayal of modern personages and more recent events.

What of those round towers in the foreground? Have they a history? Oh yes! A history that dates back to the early days of the colony; for in those towers the companions of Marguerite Bourgeoys instructed the little Indian children in the Faith. What a scene that name conjures up! It speaks to us of Ville Marie, the ancient name of the City of Montreal, the name that was given to it by Father Olier, the founder of the Sulpician Community and the leading spirit in the formation of the Company of Notre Dame. It was he and another man of God, M. de la Dauversière, who conceived the plan of purchasing from the Company of One Hundred Associates the Island of Montreal, for the purpose of making it a missionary centre for the propagation of the faith in New France. With such confidence in our Blessed Lady did they inspire their associates in this heavenly appointed task that no difficulties could deter them from pursuing their enterprise. "I will go," said Maisonneuve to his friends in Quebec, "even though

every tree be an Iroquois." In a May morning in 1642 that valiant soldier and Christian gentleman landed at the foot of Mount Royal. And oh, what did not that infant colony suffer from savage torch and massacre, for nearly half a century from that day! Yet under Mary's protection God's work went on. Within a few years that great institution of charity, the Hotel Dieu, was founded by Mlle. Manse, that pioneer teaching community, the Sisters of the Congregation, was established by the Venerable Marguerite Bourgeoys, and the first parish church, that of Notre Dame, erected and placed in charge of the Sulpicians. Such were the auspices under which the future directors of the Grand Seminary began their work in this country.

After the cession in 1763, a determined and organized effort was made by the English authorities—in which matter Dr. Mountain, the Anglican Bishop of Quebec, was a leading spirit—to arrogate to themselves the sole right of educating the youth of the country. The existing religious communities were not permitted to add to their number; so that in 1793 we find them almost extinct. At this juncture the British Government offered asylum to the clergy banished from France by the Revolution. It may be stated here in passing that this was an act for which the Catholics of the Empire owe a debt of gratitude to England. If the Oxford Movement, ushered in by Cardinal Newman, made such rapid progress, it was because many of the young Englishmen of that day, whose private tutors were exiled French priests, men of sanctity and culture, had received from their childhood favorable impressions of Catholicity. The arrival in Montreal of a dozen Sulpicians gave a new impetus to the cause of education in the colony. The well-known colleges of Ste. Thérèse, Assumption and St. Hyacinthe, date from this time. The College of Montreal was first established at Longue Pointe in 1767. In the year 1773 it was transferred to the Place Jacques Cartier in the city itself. Rebuilt in 1806, it stands to this day beside the Church of Notre Dame. It was in this college that the Grand Seminary was established in the year 1840, during the episcopate of Mgr.

Bourget. In 1857 it was transferred to its present position on the mountain.

After this brief prologue, I will draw aside the curtain and grant to the readers of "The Lilies" the unique privilege of viewing something of what passes within this hortus conclusus. I say unique advisedly; for be it known that ladies are never permitted to pass its inner portals. There is a tradition that, once upon a time, a woman was actually seen in one of the corridors; but there is ground for suspicion that this rumor was started by some wag who wished to shock the Faculty. We may dispense with any description of the interior itself or of the campus, as they differ little from those of other educational institutions. Nor will we dwell upon the course of study pursued by the various classes, of which our readers have a fairly adequate idea. Doubtless you have remarked, while waiting for a play to begin, that the stage scenery, be it ever so elaborate, arouses but little interest; but let some mite of humanity appear before the footlights, and at once the audience is all attention. Acting upon this suggestion, I will introduce you immediately to the humanity within the Grand, first to the students, then to the Faculty.

The Students.

In a September day in the year 1891, the young aspirants to the priesthood have foregathered from all parts of what was once the ancient Diocese of Quebec, but now represented by over eighty episcopal sees, that form a gigantic cross upon the face of the continent, a cross that extends from Acadia in the East to the Rocky Mountains in the West, and from the Hudson Bay in the North to the Rio Grande in the South. The Maritime Provinces send their quota of sturdy Scotch and Irish youth, imbued with lively faith and apostolic zeal, worthy successors of the Fishermen of Galilee. Then come the representatives of the wild and woolly West, rough diamonds some of them, but genuine sterling characters, endowed by nature with brawn and sinew, and that optimistic spirit that their native atmosphere seems to inspire, and of which they will have ample need in their future labors. Impatient of restraint their im-

petuous natures often bounded over the cold decree of the Sulpician rule. As a consequence of this some among them had their call for Orders deferred. It may be explained here that the case of each young man comes up before a number of priests, who constitute the council, and who decide, in the name of his bishop, whether his standing in class, his observance of the rule, and his deportment generally, justify their giving him a call to minor or major Orders, as the case may be. If he receives the little white ticket with the magic words "ad Minores" or "ad Subdiaconatum," printed upon it, he consults with his director as to whether or not he should accept it. The story is told of a student from the Western States,, who, owing to a persistent disregard for the rule, had twice received a blank card. At last the welcome summons arrived and he immediately set out to interview his director. "Entrez," said the venerable old priest, under whose apparently austere manner lurked a playful humor. The young man being seated, the following conversation took place:

"Well, my child, what can I do for you?"

"Father, I have received my call to minor orders."

"Bon! What were you thinking of doing with it?"

"I was thinking of taking it."

"My dear young man, do you know what St. Aloysius did when he got his call for minor orders?"

"I don't know, Father."

"Through humility, he refused it."

"Ah, but Father! he was sure of getting it the next time."

See that group of prim, natty, clean-cut youths, watching a battery warming up. Some of them have won laurels at Holy Cross, and have played in the major league. They are the New Englanders, a little childish in their devotion to Old Glory, a little inclined to undervalue institutions that are not American and peoples whose customs differ from their own, but withal, worthy sons of Irish parents, who, rejoicing in their new-found liberty, gladly and gratefully offered their first born to recruit a priesthood that is now second to none.

I need not speak of Ontario's sons—you know them. But

all these are strangers; and in the eyes of many of them may be discerned that far-away look that speaks of homesickness. There remains another and very numerous class. You may see them promenading in little groups, either in the halls or on the board walk, chatting and gesticulating as gaily as a bevy of convent girls. They feel quite at home, for they are to the manner born, and, in more senses than one, in their father's house. The life and language of the seminary are not new to these French-Canadian youths. The tongue of Bossuet is their vernacular, more truly than it is that of the citizens of Paris, and they have been acquiring since their earliest year in the petit seminaire or in the diocesan colleges a knowledge of the language of Horace and Cicero, that makes it almost as familiar to them as their mother tongue. Many of them come from the little white-washed cottage homes of the habitant that dot the countryside, while not a few are descendants of the old seignorial families, that constitute the only genuine aristocracy of which Canada can boast. The majority of them speak English well, and those who are less proficient in that language show an admirable zeal in acquiring it. They are good mixers and keenly alive to the opportunity of obtaining information from their English-speaking companions, many of whom, unfortunately, are not so wise in their generation. While they maintain the most cordial attitude toward others, altogether free from any spirit of self-superiority or aloofness, such as might be expected of those who are on their own camping ground, yet they hold their own in a dignified manner, and with that polite aggressiveness that is characteristic of their race, and quite becoming in those who can look back on over three hundred years of noble achievements for the material and spiritual advancement of Canada on the part of their forbears.

The Faculty.

Mention of the Faculty, or the gentlemen as they were familiarly known, recalls some outstanding characters who have left the imprint of their personality upon the minds of thousands of our clergy. Apart from those still on the staff of

the seminary, there were, in the early nineties, at least four men whose names are familiar to every student of the Grand. The Abbé Colin, then old and feeble, but rarely addressed the boys. As he hobbled into the lecture room, and began his remarks in a faltering voice, there was little indication of the power and fire that was in him. Gradually, however, he warmed to his subject, and, when the bell sounded for the close, everyone was hanging upon his words, as the frail, bent, trembling figure, now erect and all aglow, revealed something of that fervid and classic eloquence that in the days of his prime had so often held, as in thrall, the vast congregations of Notre Dame.

The then Superior of the Seminary was the Abbé Lecoq, affectionately known to the boys as "Charley." Little thought the jeweled ladies of fashion and the haughty princes of commerce, as they rolled past in their grand carriages, that the little priest with the flat Roman hat, rather faded coat, and inevitable rubbers, was the most learned man in Canada. Yet such was the case. Not only this, but he possessed the rare power of being able to apply that knowledge to the question in hand, and the still rarer faculty of communicating it to his pupils in an interesting, lucid, and convincing manner. Few, even among our English-speaking priests, were more familiar with the great masters of our language than he. Frequently in the course of the spiritual lectures, of which the students never grew tired, he would quote from one or other of his two favourites, saying, "*comme dit le Cardinal Newman*," or "*comme dit Shakespeare*." Then would follow a sentence, and sometimes a whole paragraph or stanza, that had direct bearing upon the matter under discussion.

My director of those days was Father Rouxel, who rejoiced in the sobriquet of "Lord John." The similarity of his name to that of a great English statesman suggested the title which well became him, for he was the very personification of that clerical dignity and of that *sauvity* and politeness, which was characteristic of the most cultured circles in the French Capital. To those who knew him, and his confrère, Father Delavigne, the

superior of Philosophy, whose kind, fatherly solicitude, especially for the English-speaking boys, has endeared his memory to many. The very mention of their names will call forth more eloquent, if unspoken, tributes than it were possible for me to express. These holy men, pastmasters in the knowledge of human nature, endowed by God with the special grace to direct souls destined for the priesthood, came to the assistance of the young levities at that, for them, momentous epoch in their lives when they stood trembling upon the brink of the Sanctuary, and gave them courage and assurance by the voice of authority and consolation. Little wonder that the very furniture of their rooms left its indelible imprint on memory's walls!

Some Features of Seminary Life.

When one is in a reminiscent mood, there is a temptation to dwell upon old scenes and incidents; but I am restrained by the two-fold consideration that my space is limited, and that many of these would be of interest only to the initiated. I might tell how artistically the students make their beds, how dexterous they are with the broom, and how handy with the needle; but I prefer to leave that to the fertile imaginations of the fair readers of the "Lilies." Neither may I linger on the glowing eloquence of the young pulpit orator's first discourse, delivered to the accompaniment of the rattle of dishes and "Please pass the potatoes." How many in later years, when congratulated by foolish persons, must have reverted to the scathing criticism to which their first sermon was subjected, and in which they were apparently saved from annihilation only by this closing remark of the superior: "*Néanmoins il y avait quelque chose de bon dans cette instruction, et le jeune homme ne doit pas être découragé.*"

Men may come and men may go, but there was one institution in the Grand that, like Tennyson's brook, went on forever. That was the Rule. It has been said that the artificial lake in the orchard was created by the Sulpicians in order to avoid the elimination of an article in that rule, which had reference to the old seminary grounds and which read "*Il est défendu*"

de glisser sur le lac au pied du jardin." Be that as it may, articles were retained that referred to customs long since gone out of vogue. The mention of night-caps always created a smile; and the zealous freshman, who had resolved to live up to the letter of the *réglement*, was at a loss how to comply with the injunction that the *soutane* was the first thing to be put on in the morning, and the last thing to be taken off at night.

The Queen of the Clergy.

The Sulpicians may have perpetuated some traditions that might well have passed into oblivion, but Canada owes them a debt of gratitude for fostering that traditional devotion to the Mother of God which has made Montreal pre-eminently the City of Mary. Of course, the great exemplar in the religious life of the Seminarians was Mary's Son, in Whose Priesthood they aspired to share. How sweet were those half-hours of adoration spent before His altar, when the eye of faith saw clearly, for the dust of the world had not yet obscured its vision; and the ears of the heart, unmolested by profane tumult, were attentive to the voice of the Tabernacle! "Through Mary to Jesus" is the motto of every seminary; but this was in a special manner true of the Grand. The great feast day of the year, the day on which the young aspirants to the priesthood donned the cassock, was the anniversary of Mary's Presentation in the temple. Upon every door in the seminary was a picture of our Lady of Good Help. In a rustic shrine, in the garden, stood an immense statue of Mary Immaculate, around which in May evenings it was customary to hold devotions. Every year during that month pilgrimages were made to the sanctuaries of Notre Dame de Lourdes, Notre Dame de Pitié, and to the venerable old church of Notre Dame de Bonsecour. Early in the morning, when the milkmen were making their rounds, the walk through the city would begin, the students reciting their rosary as they went. After Mass and Communion at the shrine, breakfast was served in the gardens of the old seminary. Happy indeed were the students who thus drank in devotion to the Queen of the Clergy on the very soil that was

hallowed by its association with her heroic clients of bygone years, and even consecrated by their blood! Of all the treasured memories of seminary life there are none held more dear than the visits to those venerable old sanctuaries, around which cling the traditions of centuries.

Conclusion.

The students of modern seminaries enjoy, it is true, many advantages that were denied us in those days. Perhaps the Sulpicians were a little too conservative; but let me bear witness, in conclusion, that in teaching the essentials and in moulding the clerical character to habits of piety and the practice of virtue they certainly fulfilled the injunction inscribed on the seminary altar: "*Agnosce quod agitis; imitami quod tractatis.*" We are accustomed now-a-days to hear people speak disparagingly of the French nation because of the attitude of its government; but they should remember that it is not so long ago since we were receiving generous financial aid from the Society for the Propagation of the Faith at Lyons. They should remember that, if they have priests to minister to their spiritual wants, they owe it to the Fathers of St. Sulpice, who educated them for a nominal sum. When they thank God for the edifying example of a beloved pastor, they should not forget that his earthly ideal was one of those saintly men of Old France whose memory is ever before him, and whose words of counsel and encouragement have been a guide and a consolation to him amid all the difficulties and trials of his priestly life. What grand, noble characters were these gentlemen of St. Sulpice, learned, yet humble, severe with themselves, yet ever kind and courteous, loyal and devoted to their native land, yet broad enough to sympathize with the national sentiments and aspirations of all! The hearts of their priestly children from Antigonish to Vancouver, from Portland to Dubuque, pay homage to them; for they are the salt that has not lost its savour.

A Prayer for Priests

BY F. T.

Keep them, I pray Thee, dearest Lord,
Keep them, for they are Thine—
Thy priests whose lives burn out
Before Thy consecrated shrine.

Keep them, Thou knowest, dearest Lord,
The world, the flesh, are strong,
And Satan spreads a thousand snares
To lead them into wrong.

Keep them, for they are in the world,
Though from the world apart,
When earthly pleasures tempt, allure,
Shelter them in Thy Heart.

Keep them and comfort them in hours
Of loneliness and pain,
When all their life of sacrifice
For souls seems but in vain.

Keep them, and O! remember, Lord,
They have no one but Thee,
Yet they have only human hearts,
With human frailty.

Keep them as spotless as the Host,
That daily, they caress—
Their every thought and word and deed,
Deign, dearest Lord to bless.

Keep them, this is my life's one prayer—
Thy victim let me be,
That none of these, Thy chosen ones,
Be ever lost to Thee.

Idealism and Materialism

BY THE VERY REV. DEAN O'MALLEY, LL.D.

AS there has been since the day when the seas of the air became oceans of the earth, a continual contest between the lands and the waters for possession of the areas of this orb, even so has there been in the realm of thought a constant struggle for precedence between Idealism and Materialism. And this seems natural, if not inevitable; for mind, like matter, falls into hemispheres, one half being of the earth earthy, and the other of the heavens heavenly. This is desirable, too, for as constant motion of wind and wave keeps the sea and air as crystals clear, so thought, ratiocination, and debate are means of intellectual training and scientific progress. True, an analogue is not an argument, yet this parallelism is impressive, and these colossal currents in the psychological, and physical orders are sufficiently correlated to capture curious and inquiring minds. Unrest in every order is called divine, for energy and force are not born of the earth. Mental activity is as feverish as the physical, hence in every age, regardless of tradition, which overwhelms us with its treasures, men with infinite surgery will trace every vein and vesicle of the universe to its Fountain and Source. Science is not easy, for Nature is jealous of her secrets; but psychology, with its complex and contrary currents, has always been the gordian knot of human endeavor, so intricate are its mazes and elusive its labyrinths. To both spheres of investigation men bring a world of pains, research, and care. Nor will dilettante discussion do, for this controversy is to the death, and is waged by men, serious and solemn, who see in the balance their immortal souls and the weal or the woe of a world that hangs on their lips for leadership and light.

The discussion is, of course, complex, intricate and profound, being fundamentally of the philosophical order. It is as

old as the race, and we find its vestiges in civilizations dead, or disintegrating, before ours was born. That they were high and holy, or in ethics coarse and low, depended on the preponderance of the one or the other doctrine. And it is creditable that either through the rule of Providence, the research of reason, or both, men have always in the main boldly leaned towards religion and the right.

The struggle has always veered and eddyed around the riddle of the universe, making it now merely matter, now solely spirit, and again a composite of both. The swing of the controversy has consumed centuries in its tyrannical trend; nor am I a prophet when I say that so long as the pleromas of space and the principalities of the mind puzzle and perplex, men, undimmed and undaunted, will, in every age anew, try to find the Cause and the Consummation of this wonderful world.

It will then, perhaps, be wise in the interests of the uninitiated, to sketch the meanderings of the mighty stream at least from its western source Democritus to James and Balfour, in our own day. The Atomists under his leadership thought they had found a universal principle in omnipresent matter to explain the phenomena of the earth, its satellites, and circumambient orbs. Epicurus, although his name is currently credited with a coarse sensualism, was really the father of systematic Materialism. It was popularised by the concise and clear verse of Lucretius, who is read even to-day both for literature and philosophy. Socrates, who left no writings, but many disciples, and even schools, was the first to sluice the swelling current into higher areas where the spiritual filter cleansed and caused for a time at least a pellucid stream to flow. Plato and Aristotle were both Socratic in tendency. Plato was not subservient to his master, nor did Aristotle, either, pay much heed to his own spiritual progenitor. Idealism owes its origin technically to Plato, who is "facile princeps" the prose-poet of the race. It will be curious and interesting here to analyze his doctrines and follow the fortunes of his philosophy. With him ideas were objective and their habitation was in the heavens somewhere. In the hands of the fathers they

became the "exemplary ideas" of God, after which were fashioned the physical forms of created things. Plato had not mastered the conception of a personal God, and hence it is hard, when ideas resided neither in subject nor object, to tell where they had their habitat. Aristotle had no patience with his master's indefinite dreams and taught very precisely "*nihil in intellectu nisi prius in sensu*"—there is nothing in the intellect but has come there through the senses. He elaborated the famous doctrine of universals known as realism, wherein the idea is a class of which the thing or object is a specimen. As a consequence two phases of idealism ran down through the ages the ontological and the psychological. In the schools of Christianity Platonism preponderated from St. Augustine to St. Thomas, when the realism of Aristotle became dominant among the Scholastics. This was a reaction; and a period of dry intellectualism, which provoked the emotionalism of the Reformation. The moderate realism of St. Thomas is still the philosophy of the Church, and considering that the critical philosophy with its categories, predicaments, and hylomorphism are embedded in the theology, especially of the sacraments. A reaction towards ontological idealism is hardly probable . . . Antedating Christianity in the West and East, we find men persistently seeking a solution of the riddle of matter and man. Philosophers had been, apparently, about equally divided between the idealistic and the atomic answers. Now a great—in fact the greatest of all schools—invaded the arena, entered the sanctum of religious, moral and metaphysical thought. It raised an impregnable and impassible dyke against the tide of materialism, which appeared often in the pagan and pan-theistic stages of human culture to have been in the ascendant. The external world was ever at hand, the senses were continually immersed in matter, there were forces and fluids, like life, in their activities, emanating from the heavens and the earth on every side. The law of energy-degradation was not known or formulated, and it was easy to solve the riddle by saying that blind fate, destiny, matter, was all in all. Besides the time had yet not come when men had begun to consider consciousness

as the first of all facts, and that the ego was nearer to us than the earth or the universe.

Nevertheless, materialism received a shock, a set-back, and a serious one too, for after two thousand years it has not yet really regained the ground it then lost. Christianity, which came from the East, and was primarily a religious and moral movement, set the world of thought on fire with its speculations. True, it was the heir of the Hebrew traditions, which were profoundly, if not technically, idealistic, professing unequivocally, if often by implication, the existence of God and the human soul. In this discussion it is not here nor there that this was revelation; it was at any rate a solution of the world problem. The Greeks and Romans looked upon it only as philosophy, paying little attention to Eastern theocratic or theophanic claims. To them it was an idealistic philosophy, which was destroying, like a conflagration, the kingdoms and the cultures of the West. Moses taught that "in the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." Creation alone destroyed the autonomy and self-sufficiency of matter. It had a beginning and would have an end, hence it was not eternal. This, by implication, was a denial of materialistic pretensions. The Trinity with its nature, personalities, procession, and incarnation, was a foreign language to the Atomists. Paganism, Pantheism, Polytheism, with their materialistic postulates, went down like the sedge before this incoming idealistic tide. Metaphysical discussion became inevitable. The controversies clustering round the Trinity as to consubstantiality, supposita, nature, will, logos, verbum, made a most valuable contribution to idealistic literature. The great fabric of the Church, too, was but an extension of the mission of Christ to redeem the race from sin—a proposition which postulates an economy profoundly foreign to the materialistic mind.

The Renaissance, a literary movement beginning in Italy and rapidly running over all Northern Europe, was a resurrection of Paganism, a civilization mostly materialistic and often immoral to the core. Petrarch and Dante, notwithstanding their genius and orthodoxy, were among its heroes and hierophants.

At the crest of the movement arrived Erasmus and Luther. They restored a practical, if not a philosophical materialism that in the issue at this very tragic moment appears to equal, if not surpass, anything of which ancient Rome or Greece can boast. The political desire of the Teutonic princes to wrest the religious and civil sovereignty from Rome, played a mighty part, but they would have been powerless but for the paganism which the restored classical culture in the hands of pedagogy had infused into the political and intellectual fabric of the age. The scholastic period beginning with St. Anselm and ending with St. Thomas, which was almost entirely spiritualistic and deductive, provoked, no doubt, the reaction in philosophy, while mysticism, which was highly ontological and platonian in its poetico-religious visions, dispensing in the extreme, like pietism prayer, with sacramentalism, developed into the emotionalism that by a queer inversion of the faculties became the substance of the new religion. The revolt against monasticism produced a secularism that is still with us in the Protestant mind, in the shape of a deep prejudice against religious life in any form, as also in their impatience with other-worldliness, which is always a characteristic of Catholic civilization, as well as religion.

Galileism gave way to Caesarism, Caesarism to Corsicanism, and Corsicanism to Kaiserism, till the deplorable cataclysm we witness to-day sucks down to destruction a materialistic Europe in a vortex of its own blood. Many will probably say I see perversely through prejudiced eyes. In answer I will meekly remark this is my reading of history, and I will deny no man the right to read it differently if he can.

At sight, emotionalism and materialism would not seem to be very companionable ideas, but on deeper thought, it will appear that reason is not very proud of either of them, and will never admit a relationship. In fact the most materialistic of men and nations soon grow ashamed of wallowing in the mire of wealth, atheism, and sensuality, and react and rise to the standards of reason, righteousness, and law. Atomism,

Materialism, Humanism, Agnosticism, all, per contra, have, or will, produce eras of idealism.

But even now there appeared a rift in the lute; the spiritualists became fatally divided among themselves and that through epistemology—the theory of knowledge. The obscure objectivity, which Plato persisted in assigning to ideas, and which his disciples and admirers for centuries had tried to explain, now completed the circle and became conceptual and subjective, with only a realistic connotation. The theory of ideas as an inheritance from pre-existence was also abandoned as far-fetched and fanciful. For long sense-perception was regarded as the only source of knowledge; ideas or conceptions being the product of some esoteric alchemy of the intellect. At any rate, the splendid dreams of Plato were now emptied of their rich, ingenious contents. Not only that, but a new school of psychology denied that ideals even connoted objectivity; or, if they connoted it, seeing only a mind-made image, we had no means of knowing that the external world existed. This vaunted theory has hypnotized, hurt and honey-combed a half century. Men had solemnly placed a “*pons asinorum*” between them and reality, and illusionism was the result.

The plain man with his common sense, experience and consciousness, was amazed at the mental gymnastics of his philosophic brethren. To him more lunacy asylums was this only solution of this social phenomenon. Dr. Johnson, more cynical and optimistic, remarked, “Kick a stone and there’s an end on’t.” This rather crude, though cryptic criticism, courted the sneers of the esoteric confraternity. Locke, Berkeley, Hume and Condilliac constructed a scepticism as fundamentally false as the materialism of Democritus, or the ideal objectivity of Plato. Kant, the sage of Koenigsburg, undertook to correct their aberrations, and created the most artificial epistemology the world has even known. The speculative intellect cannot prove the existence of God; our moral nature demands His existence, as if the mind didn’t precede and permeate the empire of the will; subjective forms are the real factors of the universe, which is, in consequence, conjured up for the accom-

modation of the senses. Fichte and Schelling quickly drew the correct logical conclusion from all this and there was then born idealistic pantheism—a birth as absurd as materialism itself.

This tendency was then taken up south of the Alps and the ontologism of Malbranche was resurrected and restored by Rossmini and Gioberti. This was a reversion to Platonism, and smacked of his apriori schemata. Starting with Kant's transcendentalism, it ended by being a protest against his theistic moralism. It also took a turn out of the Aristotelianism of the scholastics and the intellectualism of Descartes and Leibniz. They acknowledged Plato and Anselm as their progenitors, and were, in philosophy, what John of the Cross and Thomas a Kempis were in religion. Ontologism and mysticism were the reverse sides of the same medal. Powerful minds like Brownson and Hewit took it up on this side of the water, but the Church still sticks to the syllogism and the psychologism of St. Thomas.

Though idealistic, the ontologism of Gioberti was considered as dangerous as the transcendentalism of Kant, and it was formally condemned by the Vatican Council, the decree being framed by Cardinals Pecci and Sforza. The apriori argumentation of the ontologists was also rather roughly handled from the opposite angle by August Conte. He concluded that metaphysics and religion were characteristics of the infancy of the race, and that, from its kindergarten being graduated, it ought henceforth only concern itself with the positive facts of experience. As the soul and God are not facts of this category, they must be discarded. Positivism is the predecessor, if not the father, of agnosticism, pragmatism, and modernism—all idealistic, but as vicious from the theistic point of view as materialism or pantheism. Darwin and Wallace were the prophets and protagonists of evolutionism in England, a system that through selection thought it did away with teleology, design, and a Designer. It is a far cry to Gnosticism, the "know it all" doctrine of the second century, but Herbert Spencer harked back to it for his agnosticism. There is a First Cause, but we cannot

know anything about it, is, in fact, the substance and sum of his doctrine. To be fair, one must admit that deism, agnosticism and evolutionism were spiritualistic in principle, none of them necessarily excluding theism. The immanence of Blondel, and the modernism of Tyrrel and Loisy were ingenious, erroneous, ill-fated efforts to restore to the Catholic Church, transparently idealistic, the flotsam and jetsam let loose by the emotionalism of the Reformation, but their homeopathy did not expel the disease. In medicine, treatment by similars may succeed, but in apologetics, philosophy and dogma, it is a very sorry failure. Cumulative consciousness will never make a substitute for prophecy and miracles; because it is emotional, variable, and subjective, the very rock on which the whole post-reformation period has been wrecked.

The new theology, as represented by McGiffert and Wells, humanism by Bergson and Papini, and pragmatism by Mr. James, is about the last word that has been said in this century-cycle of vicious irreligious, and by implication, non-moral idealism. If Mr. Wells didn't take himself so seriously, his book on religion would only provoke a smile; with its youthful, finite God, veiled being, etc.; but when one considers that it is the climax and cap of a period of silly idealistic maunderings, it will have to be accorded, beside the crude ghostism of Sir Oliver Lodge, a niche in the temple of speculative discards. It would have been well if Mr. Wells and Sir Oliver Lodge had remembered "*ne sutor ultra crepidam*," and stuck to science, and the novel, in whose heavens they undoubtedly are the bright particular stars of our age. The late Mr. James, the greatest philosopher of modern times promulgated a queen criterion of truth, "*does it work.*" The doctrine of consequences gone mad, as if causality were not necessarily first and fundamental in the orders of nature and time. If theism produces better morals and more happiness than atheism, then the former is true, is his standard argument. Ptolomyism and Galenism worked for centuries, but science says they are intrinsically erroneous.

Mr. Balfour gives us a well-reasoned reaction against naturalism in both its materialistic and idealistic forms. He has placed God back in his scheme of beliefs, because ethics, aesthetics, and science would lose half their values if they had not a Congruous Origin. His argument is massive and modest and many of his countrymen, poisoned by the scepticism of Berkeley, Hume and Spencer, will be restored to religious health and moral sanity by this antidote and tonic.



Thy task may well seem overhard,
Who scatterest in a thankless soil,
Thy life as seed with no reward
Save that which "Duty" gives to toil.
Yet do thy work; it shall succeed
In thine or in another's day.
And, if denied the Victor's meed
Thou shalt not lack the Toiler's pay.
Then faint not, falter not, nor plead
Thy weakness; Truth itself is strong;
The lion's strength, the eagle's speed
Are not alone vouchsafed to wrong.

—Whittier.

A Visit to St. Bride's Abbey

BY EDITH R. WILSON.

It was the summer of 1913. No sulphurous war-cloud had as yet darkened the horizon of the nations. The season in continental Europe had been a perfect one, free from any undue extremes of temperature which had marred its predecessor. We were returning from a sojourn at Lourdes, where we had attended the "National Pilgrimage" of that year. Once more, we bent our steps towards the hospitable convent which had sheltered us at each successive return to London, during our trip and, the Channel recrossed, were thankful to find ourselves, at length, within the walls of "St. Catharines', Bow Road, East London," a branch of the famous Dominican foundation at Stone, near Manchester, of which the late Mother Raphael Drane, the well-known authoress, was a distinguished representative. We remained for a while to rest and recount to the good nuns the marvels of Divine power and mercy it had just been our privilege to witness, together with the almost equally marvellous and most touching manifestations of faith and devotion on the part of the afflicted sufferers themselves. But one last pilgrimage still remained to be made by us; so our rest was also a preparation for our little journey into South Wales.

The conversion of the Anglican, so-called, "Benedictines of Caldey," together with that of the Sister Community of nuns at St. Bride's, and their admission into the Catholic Church, had then but recently stirred the religious world, both Anglican and Catholic, and as converts and Benedictine Oblates, ourselves, it had been one of the chief objects of our little trip to meet those who had so nobly suffered the loss of friends and earthly possessions, to win for themselves an inheritance in the Faith once delivered to the saints. We left London, then, by the Paddington Station, early one clear September morning, to take our way to Milford Haven, Pembrokeshire, the home

of the now fully accredited Benedictines of St. Bride's. Our journey thither was broken by a short stay at Bath, that old Anglo-Roman town, so full of interesting memorials of early British history and a centre of Benedictine life as well, since within easy motoring distance, lie, not only the famous ruins of Glastonbury Abbey, that cradle of English Christianity, but the modern, present Abbey of Downside, centre of the religious life of the English Benedictine Congregation, the lineal descendants of the exiled monks who found their way to Douay and Rheims during the Elizabethan persecutions. In 1795 they returned to Shropshire, England, removing to Downside in 1814. The beautiful little church of St. John's, Bath, is ministered to by the Benedictines of Downside, and our stay there was well timed, since it included the Feast of our Lady's Nativity, when we were privileged to attend Vespers in the fair, Gothic edifice, and listen to the eloquent address delivered by Dom Bede Camm, on our Blessed Mother's prerogatives. Indeed, during our whole outward journey from London, we had felt ourselves specially favored with glimpses of past Benedictine life, or else the pilgrim spirit within us kept our eyes open to what we might otherwise have overlooked. The Abbeys—or rather their ruins—at Reading, and at Stratton-St. Margaret's, especially interested us. The former, founded in 1121, by Henry I., was once the wealthiest abbey in England. It still contains that monarch's tomb. The latter was a foundation of Henry VI.

Before leaving Bath we visited both Glastonbury and Downside, to drink inspiration from the glories of the past, and hope and consolation from the evidences before us, in the stately pile at Downside, of the gradual restoration of religious life in England. But even here, pilgrims, like ourselves, could not linger, so we were soon once more en route for Bristol, beyond which town we passed directly through that triumph of modern engineering, the Severn Tunnel, leaving such tempting deviations as Lintern Abbey and the Wye, for a return journey. Emerging from Plutonian darkness, we found ourselves in Monmouthshire, the ancient, debatable land between England and Wales

and still redolent of Arthurian legends. Perhaps we may be pardoned for having our minds directed, at Caerleon-on-Usk, to the thought of "King Arthur and his Table Round," but, at Cardiff, they were recalled to churchly themes by a glimpse of the stately castle and residence of the Marquis of Bute. Remembering all that distinguished convert had contributed to the Catholic cause, we gazed with interest on the noble pile, which looked proudly down on its own reflection in the Taff. Only the "Black Tower" is ancient. Here Robert Courthose, eldest son of the Conqueror, is said to have been imprisoned for 26 years by his unnatural brothers.

Leaving the water's edge, at Cardiff, we struck inland awhile, yet never losing recurrent glimpses of the sea. After crossing innumerable estuaries, we came full upon it again at Neath. From this point onward, the landscape became ever more wildly picturesque, not indeed with the grandeur of North Wales, but with a witchery all its own. It would require an eloquent pen to set forth the charm of those eerie crags of white limestone, honey-combed by the sea, and moulded, by the same hand, into a thousand fantastic forms, the still whiter sea-gulls, high above them, flying against the blue, with the sunlight on their wings, the whole relieved by the intense greenness of the broken hills and valleys, crowding down to the water's edge, vocal with murmur of hidden streams and water-falls within their depths. At Carmarthen we gazed curiously down upon the "winding Towy," Merlin's fabled haunt. Soon we crossed the border of Pembrokeshire, to find ourselves in the home of early Celtic saint and hermit, just as in Monmouthshire we had been in that of King Arthur and his doughty knights. Innumerable are the memories of vanished shrines which hallow this farthest corner of South Wales! But our train was speeding us rapidly onward to our destination and as the sun sank low in the West, tinging the waves with crimson, the glory of Milford Haven burst full upon us. "A splendid harbour, in which the whole English navy could securely ride at anchor.

The history of Milford Haven and its association with

Lord Nelson, is too well known to need mention here. Indeed, as we learned later, the very mansion temporarily occupied by the nuns of St. Bride had been the dwelling of Lady Hamilton and to the summit of its lofty tower she had been wont to ascend to watch for the returning fleet of the famous admiral. As we descended from the train, we found a somewhat primitive conveyance in waiting, and our arrangements for conveyance to the Priory of St. Bride, as it was now called, were soon made, the chief difficulty being due to a doubt in our driver's mind as to the passability of the channel at that hour. For the Priory lay on the opposite side of the Haven from the town, so that the ford must be crossed, and the tide was rising. At low tide, the sands were bare, but at high water, it could only be crossed by ferry. The Charon of this vessel must be called from parts unknown, since his patronage was not sufficient to warrant him in leaving his plough for the oar except when summoned. It was with some anxiety, then, that we turned from the little town, with its terraces descending steeply to the sea, to make our way to the Haven's edge. But in the warm, mellow glow of the setting sun, tempered by the refreshing coolness of the air, our spirits rose. The ford proved not impassable, although the sands were already wet, even at the brink, and in the deeper channel, running to some depth. Our driver plunged boldly in and, after some moments, we found ourselves safe on the farther side, none the worse for our transit.

We had now reached the gate-house of the Priory, sometimes used as a guest-house by the Sisters, although at some distance from their convent. It was a low, but commodious stone cottage, half farmer's, half fisherman's habitation, with picturesque gables. Now we entered a forest-like park and continued our ascent for some distance through a vista of stately trees and over-hanging shrubbery. The climate of South Wales, in this vicinity, is so mild that flowering plants grow with almost sub-tropical luxuriance, and we saw hedges of fuchsia over four feet high. From time to time, we passed suggestions of ruins. Here a moss-grown arch, or again an ivy-clad angle of wall, forming a pleasant substitute for arbor,

or other retreat. At length we reached a parting in our road, one fork of which bore the sign "Cloister." Taking the other, we soon found ourselves at the doorway of an eighteenth century mansion, in style being castle and ville, the memorable square tower rising at one side of the portal. The four arches which pierced its upper storeys were filled with four colossal statues, understood in a general way to be allegorical, but whose exact character would have been difficult to determine.

The eighteenth century was not one favorable to art, and these household "lares and penates" were somewhat forbidding in appearance and, certainly, not conventual. Something of the same amusing sense of incongruity passed through our mind as we had felt when visiting the Benedictines of the "Tor di Specchi," Rome, and watched the saintly nuns flitting hither and thither amid the classic frescoes of their Renaissance abode, unchanged since its days of secular glory.

We had arrived precisely at the hour of the nuns' evening recreation and could bear the sound of voices, and catch glimpses of black habits and black veils, interspersed with white ones, through an open oriel window, tempting us to break cloister and peep into the enclosure beyond. We turned instead, however, to the heavy portal, through which we were admitted, after a little delay, into a modest reception room which had evidently once formed part of the entrance hall, from which it was only separated by folding doors. We seated ourselves beside the little table and awaited the reception of our cards. Soon we were greeted by a lady visitor, to whose kindly and courteous care we were assigned during our visit. We found her a convert and a former member of an Anglican community, residing at St. Bride's, as "visitor," until that community should receive formal Episcopal permission to receive postulants, their own corporate noviciate not having as yet fully expired. Our new friend made us cordially welcome. The Reverend Mother Prioress would see us for a few moments before Compline, meanwhile we were invited to supper. The little room was soon transformed into a dining-room, and we seated ourselves for our first meal at St. Bride's.

Our hostess sat beside us, with gentle hospitality, putting us quite at ease. Soon after our meal, we were ushered into the convent parlor, a large room, divided through the centre, from end to end, by a wooden grille. Unlike most cloister parlors, however, the inner side was not a mere shallow, unlighted recess, but of ample proportions, and lighted by the same wide oriel window through which we had caught such tantalizing glimpses of the nuns at their recreation. From this, we divined that the parlor of the temporary Abbey was used also as a community room. After a short delay, the Lady Abbess entered, for so we involuntarily thought of and addressed her, although, from humility, she had laid aside that title, borne in Anglican days, and, for some time after admission into the Church, bore only that of "Prioress," while St. Bride's Abbey became, temporarily, the "Priory of St. Bride." Both titles have now been resumed, but only as lawfully bestowed by Catholic authority. Our first interview was necessarily a short one, but left us wholly charmed by the blended simplicity and dignity of the newly converted Abbess. The compline bell was now about to ring, but a visit was promised us for the following morning, to which we looked forward with eager anticipations.

Rising, we followed our newly appointed guardian to the chapel, which was a low, temporary building of wood, quite rudely constructed against the stone-work of the main house. Entrance to the chapel for visitors was from without. So, by paths overgrown with shrubbery, we were led from the entrance around to the farther side of the rambling building, where a low, half-hidden door admitted us to the guest chapel. This, as in the far more ornate and elegant chapel at Stanbrook Abbey, was at one side of the altar, occupying the position often assigned to the "nuns' chapel" of a cloistered convent. Here, as at Stanbrook, however, the Religious front the Altar. A much more desirable arrangement, we thought, as, being quite close to the sanctuary, the altar was plainly visible from all parts of the tiny guest chapel, while it would not have been equally visible throughout the larger one for the nuns

had their mutual position been altered. Each chapel was separated from the sanctuary by a grille, through which, at the day offices a glimpse could be had of the veiled figures fronting the altar. At present, however, all was veiled in darkness, for the compline office, at St. Bride's, is recited without lights. Psalms and antiphons are chanted from memory, as under the old monastic discipline. Also without organ accompaniment—another specialty of the St. Bride offices—the organ being rarely used save for Mass and Benediction.

It would be hard to describe the charm of those first impressions. The perfect simplicity, almost rudeness of our surroundings. The wooden floor and roofing, yet the exquisite beauty of the sanctuary fittings. The fair, white-fronted altar, the stained, lance-like windows, on either side. The starlike red of the sanctuary lamp, the dull blue of the altar rugs and dossal, and, permeating all, the clinging odor of incense still filling the air from the Vesper censuring. Then the gleam of the lilies, the flash of the altar cross, the clear, sweet voices rising from the darkness beyond, in the measured rhythmic cadence of the old Gregorian tones. Never had chant sounded sweeter to us, never the Latin of the Church more distinct and clear. Every syllable fell silver-like on our ears, and we listened breathlessly till the sounds ceased. We waited during the silence of the "night examen." Then, finally, faint sounds of movement told us that veiled forms were kneeling two by two before the Sanctuary grille, until the little chapel was emptied. It was hard to leave. But necessity forced us to recall our minds to earth, for the guest-house was at some distance, and our path lighted only by a lantern in the hand of our guide.

The next morning found us early at Mass, that tryst with the Divine Bridegroom which was to hallow, for the Religious, the self oblation of the coming day. Their meditation followed, but we were silently beckoned to follow our guide. Breakfast in the little guest-room awaited us, shared, this time, with the convent chaplain, who recounted to us all manner of Welsh legends, and teased us by telling us the "ruins" we had

glimpsed in the grounds were only modern imitations built at Lady Hamilton's direction. Later followed a long and delightful interview with the Lady Abbess, who most kindly recounted to us the full details of their conversion. The manner in which the subject was first broached in chapter—the Lent passed in prayer for divine guidance—the final invitation to, and visit of the Catholic Bishop, his inspection of the convent, and examination of the nuns as to matters of faith and doctrine. Later, the six months' visit of the Abbess for training at Stanbrook Abbey, while the Prioress at Stanbrook fulfilled the office of Novice Mistress at St. Bride's. We were also privileged during our stay to exchange a few words with this same prioress, who was still with them, as well as to be introduced to several of the novices, one an American.

Another day brought us permission to visit "Dame Catharine Weeke's" studio. This distinguished artist-nun has produced much exquisite work, widely known beyond the limits of her Community. Some of this work has found its way to London churches, and even to one church in the United States. Her "Death of St. Benedict" we were privileged to see later at Caldey Abbey, where it forms the Altar-piece in the monks' chapel. While at St. Bride's we spent several mornings delightfully examining a number of photographs and delicate lace cards reproduced from her paintings. These cards, all of extreme beauty, would form most appropriate Christmas or devotional gifts, and can be had by application at the Abbey. Dame Catharine's studio seemed almost like an enchanted realm. It stood like some fairy bower, in the midst of the deep, park-like wood which surrounded the Abbey. Within stood several unfinished studies, of which she made use in her preparations for a larger painting. We should explain that her paintings are all in "tempera," to which medium they largely owe their peculiarly devotional effect. Gazing on them, one feels as though standing before a master-piece of one of the Italian "Primitivi," so truly has she caught the spirit, with the pure, clear coloring, of these old masters. But even in Dame Catharine's studio we could not linger long.

The time of our brief stay at the Abbey was passing all too rapidly. Through the kindness of the Lady Abbess, a visit at Caldey had been arranged for us, and so, all unwillingly, we tore ourselves away from those who even during our brief stay we felt we had grown to know and love. How little we dreamed as, our farewells said, we turned back for one last, lingering glance—at St. Bride's—of the heavy war cloud that was so soon to bring the shadow of a great sorrow even into that home of peace and prayer! Mercifully, the future was hid from our eyes! Mercifully, we were spared all anticipation of the sufferings of Belgium exiles, so soon to be sent to those shores, mercifully we could not foresee that those cultured Benedictine nuns would soon be ploughing* in fields from which Welsh and English farmer had been called to fight in the trenches of France!



O Mother Church! my spirit's home! long sought and found
at last,

Safe in the shelter of thy arms I muse upon the past.

Great was the struggle, fierce the strife, but wonderful the
gain,

For not one trial, nor one pang was sent or felt in vain.

And every link of all that chain that led my soul to thee,

Remains a moment of all Thy mercy wrought for me.

—Lady Fullerton.

* "I wish you could see the nuns at work in the fields, ploughing, sowing, digging, etc.," writes an American Sister recently professed at St. Bride's. (A Dear Friend).

Of One Singing

BY JOHN AYSCOUGH IN "TO-DAY."

Because I loved you well I did not seek
To find in you more than yourself, or feel
Aught could adorn you, being all you are.
No need of wit—enough that you but speak.
Your voice enough, without the sharp appeal
Of quip or crackling word-play smiting far.

I never cared could you do that or this;
No need to do, but just yourself to be.
Could you do that—'twould nothing add to you;
Failing to do it, you could nothing miss.
Doing or failing you were you—to me
The one truth standing, though nought else were true.

And then I heard you, of a sudden, sing:
And hearing found you doubled. Throned in you
Divined another you, close-hidden, shy,
Heart-hiding, jealous of witness, covering
A truer self than that I had thought true
Much nobler, deeper, gentler and more high.

An Apostle of Charity

Col. P. H. Callahan, of Louisville, Ky., Chairman of the Knights of Columbus Commission on Religious Prejudices

BY JOHN B. KENNEDY.

KNIGHTHOOD still flowers, although its chivalry is concerned with matters more practical and important than joustings and adventures for the smiles of fair ladies. This contemporary knighthood fights a very real and virulent dragon—the scourge of religious prejudice, and the combat is waged at the point of the pen, its results giving convincings to the aphorism that as between sword and pen, the latter is the mightier weapon.

Specifically, the knighthood is the Knights of Columbus Commission on Religious Prejudices. This Commission—the only one of its kind in America—is headed by Colonel P. H. Callahan, of Louisville, Kentucky. Colonel Callahan is an interesting personality, for in him are embodied two dominant types of American citizenship—the self-made man of business and the actively practical layman. From small beginnings he worked himself up to the general managership of the Louisville Varnish Co. (a nationally known concern) at 30; acquired the entire business at 40, and at 45 was elected President of the National Paint, Oil and Varnish Association. Furthermore, he is a member of the United States Chamber of Commerce, and only recently was offered by President Wilson a position on the United States Tariff Board, which he declined.

Now, in his prime, Colonel Callahan is devoting the energy and talent that have earned him a secure niche in American business history to the amelioration of religious understandings in America. Perhaps his work could be described better as an allaying of religious misunderstandings; but that is a negative definition, and if Colonel Callahan's aims and achievements are anything, they are positive.

It is hardly necessary to introduce the subject of religious prejudice to a Canadian audience, for, unfortunately, the Dominion is afflicted with a particularly impertinent brand of the undesirable commodity. But Colonel Callahan, in the course of a brief interview, gave an admirable description of it.

"Religious bigotry," he said, "is a heritage of the age-long struggles when the hearts and minds of men were more savage and less cultured than they are to-day. It is largely a development and outgrowth of ignorance. One rarely sees a scholar and a student of history who is prejudiced against the followers of any religious creed. It is only the small minds who believe everything they read or hear, who are incapable of discriminating between the true and the false, and who lack observation and the power of analysis, in whose hearts religious hatred finds lodgment.

"The individual, personal feeling of prejudice is more or less common to all mankind, and in a way is bound up in human nature; in this aspect it appears to be a permanent and rather constant factor in life, one to be dealt with mainly, if not exclusively, through divinely appointed instrumentalities. However, when this individual feeling clashes or mingles with others, there appears a collective or social sentiment of periodic growth and development, one that will yield, like any other inconstant force, to intelligent and systematic pressure brought to bear upon it."

Thus we observe the philosophy with which Colonel Callahan has studied the problem of religious prejudice—a problem by no means among the least of those confronting American thinkers for solution. He demonstrates that religious bigotry sweeps over the country in periodic waves, which are arrested by the occurrence of some great national crisis. The last "wave" began its career some four years ago, and Colonel Callahan, whose view of the matter is that of a recognized specialist, believes that the participation by the United States in the world war will mark the wearing-out of the "wave."

It is only natural that with this skilful and correct diagnosis of religious prejudice as a basis, Colonel Callahan and his Com-

mission should apply "intelligent and systematic pressure" to good effect.

"Our problem," he declared, "is to educate Catholics and the public at large to the necessity of breaking the force of organized bigotry if we are to pursue the common ideals of our country and enjoy its common blessings."

Colonel Callaghan believes that the onus for religious prejudice in America is not to be placed in toto on anti-Catholic shoulders.

"It would be unfortunate for the work of our Commission," he said, "if we should assume that bigotry is, per se, sectarian, or that all uncharitableness of heart is to be found among non-Catholics, and none among our own people. Such an assumption would retard our progress."

And so we find this energetic Commission not only scanning the horizon for the appearance of anti-Catholic agitators, but also keeping an eye to the indiscreet of our own fold. Whenever it becomes known that a professional anti-Catholic lecturer is scheduled to appear in a certain town on a certain date under certain auspices, the Commission immediately makes its representations to the proper parties, often with good results. Also, when a publication not of the brazenly "No Popery" group carries an item unjust to Catholic interests in general, the Commission hastens to set the editor right. So, too, should a Catholic speaker or a Catholic writer refer to Protestants in an unbecoming manner, Colonel Callahan and his co-workers are prompt with words of good counsel. And this work, monumental in proportions, as even this merely hinting description implies, is conducted quietly and courteously—as it should be. There is no waste of words, no infringement of finically asserted rights, but a simple, straightforward declaration of policy and propriety to which no reasonable person can object.

The Commission distributes a vast amount of literature and is ever on the alert to see that this desirable ammunition is discharged where it will do the most good. In its personnel are included a brilliant Catholic speaker, notably "Joe" Scott

of Los Angeles. When pressure of work permits, Colonel Callahan is always willing to deliver one of those addresses for which he is well known, and he is especially at his best when expounding the Catholic position to audiences belonging to organizations not distinguished for their sympathy with or understanding of Catholic principles and policy.

As a member of the Supreme Board of Directors of the Knights of Columbus Colonel Callahan plays an active part in designing those national activities of the Order—such as military relief work, Washington's birthday celebrations, which do much to sow the seeds of toleration on good ground.

In great measure his is pioneer work. His position is unique, for no layman was ever before elected to organize and direct work so obviously set to laymen's hands. Colonel Callahan is not without his critics (and what causes of substantial effects lacks them?) but they are few, and their criticism is usually due to too brief study of his methods, or too slight an understanding of the results achieved by them. He shares, with one or two other distinguished American Catholics, the honor of having reduced the sum of religious prejudice in America and of having determined the factors that make for the spread of religious prejudice—the factors of general and of local significance. He has uncovered many of the sowers of tares and he encourages all the planters of wheat when and wheresoever he may find them.

"When all is said that may be said." These are his words, "this question of social prejudice simmers down to one of good citizenship, and the final and unfailing test of good citizenship is our readiness to make common cause with each other, our purpose not to hate or be jealous of each other, our determination to put suspicion of each other out of our hearts."

That is truth freshly stated, with the strength of knightly earnestness. The foes of religious tolerance and social equity have an indefatigable, but none the less chivalrous opponent in Colonel Callahan of Louisville. He spares their persons, but not their prejudices. America needs a man who heartily and unselfishly espouses such a mission—an apostle of amity. May

the shadow of his influence and the calories of his spiritual energy never grow less!

Colonel Callahan was appointed Chairman of the Knights of Columbus Committee on War Activities last June, and from Washington, D.C., he is directing the relief work that comprises the provision of chaplains and the building and maintenance of recreation centres for the Catholic men of the great American National Army. It is the biggest undertaking of its kind ever handled by a fraternal organization, and in appointing Colonel Callahan to head the committee in charge, the Knights followed the traditional Roman practice of putting the right man in the right place.

Keep with the Captain, Christ,
With your hearts on the holy coast.
Battle ye not for the withering bays;
Fight for the laurel of infinite days
In the tents of God and His deathless host.
Forward, men; to your Captain cling,
And ever keep step with the Christ, your King.

There is a class of persons who have never done anything that mattered, or written anything that mattered, but have something to urge against anything anybody does and anything anybody writes.—Cardinal Manning.

To a Friend

BY THE REV. M. J. WATSON, S.J.

When thy sweet soul is rapt in silent prayer,
And strongly yearns, aflame with love's pure glow,
Great-hearted deeds, through grace, to do and dare
In fight for God against the foe,
Remember me in that serenest hour,
And ask for thy poor suppliant the gift,
That he may, unappalled, withstand the power
That plots to damn whom Christ to Heaven would lift.
And when the Master grants not Thabor's bliss,
But woes and fears of dread Gethesemane,
And thou dost moan, "What darkness, Lord, is this?
O, Father, hear! Behold mine agony!"
Perchance thou wilt not fail, e'en when thus tried,
To pray that God may with thy friend abide.

And, smiling, thou dost ask, "How shall I pray?"
To me thy holy prayers so precious are,
That I would have thee intercede each day,
At morn and noon and rise of evening star!
For at the "Ave" bell thought wakes in thee
Of God made man to save our fallen race,
And thrills thy soul with trust and holy glee,
Inflaming love and winning priceless grace
Yea, supplicate that I may have the light,
And faith and hope, God's will with joy to do;
And, when temptation swoops down, black as night,
Obtain me steadfastness and courage true.
Deign thus to pray, and thou shalt own the power
To guard me now and in death's solemn hour.

Mount St. Sepulchre

BY ETHEL C. RYAN.

"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand be forgotten."

THE readers of Saint Joseph Lilies are indeed indebted to the Rev. A. O'Leary, D.D., for his interesting and instructive article on the Holy Land which appeared in the March number. The article is a splendid defense of the authenticity of the sanctuaries of our redemption and affords a world of consolation to the Catholic mind and heart; for our ever lively interest in the scenes so closely connected with our Saviour's suffering is heightened since this cruel war has devastated the land held in such loving solicitude by Christian people and put an end, for the present, to all pilgrimages to those Holy Places.

While it is true that Palestine is temporarily denied us, the pious pilgrim will find here in Washington a faith-inspiring substitute. Crowning a wooded elevation, named Mount Saint Sepulchre, and overlooking the Brookland section of the Capital City is the Franciscan Monastery—the College of the Commissariat of the Holy Land. It is within easy access from all parts of the city and on Sundays and Feast Days it is edifying to watch the multitude of pilgrims, thousands of whom come from distant parts, venerating at the sacred shrines and giving expression to the faith that is within them.

Mount Saint Sepulchre stands as a sentinel in a veritable Catholic community. It is virtually surrounded by Catholic halls of learning—Trinity College for women, the Marist College and Seminary, Holy Cross College, the Catholic University, and other institutions.

As we are indebted to the labours of the Franciscan Fathers for the possession and preservation of the Holy Places of Palestine, so we are indebted to these same intrepid Sons of Saint

Francis for the conception and consummation of the idea of transferring to our very doors, in replica, the Sacred Shrines of the Holy Land, the Catacombs of Rome, the Grotto of Lourdes, and other time-enduring records of our holy religion.

Years of ceaseless toil and loving care have been necessary to transform a neglected and desolate estate into the scene of beauty that now greets the eye everywhere—for does nature ever offer a more beautiful picture than fertile land, generously responding to wise cultivation, by yielding her choicest gifts. Here patches of woodland, waving fields of golden grain, vineyard, orchard and garden—all harmoniously blend into a varied-coloured panorama, fading away into the mystical hazy blue of the distant hills. Into this tranquil spot, removed from the turmoil and strife of the city, no discordant note penetrates to disturb nature's harmony or mar the songs of the birds.

On this chosen site, on the Feast of Saint Joseph, 1898, the cornerstone of the Church and Monastery was laid and September of the following year witnessed the dedication.

As the visitor approaches the top of Mount Saint Sepulchre, he is impressed by the odd and unusual plan of the stately pile and immediately recognizes the same Franciscan simplicity of design, so characteristic of the old missions of California, Texas and Mexico.

That portion of the building comprising the church, combines the Byzantine and Italian Renaissance styles of architecture and is laid out in the form of the five-fold cross, a symbol which was the coat of arms of the Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem. The main part of the Church is formed of the large cross, while the smaller crosses afford spaces for the chapels.

Entrance to the Church is gained either by the main doors in front or from the Monastery in the rear. Immediately on entering, interest is directed to the main altar, occupying a dominating position in the centre beneath the dome. This altar, constructed of pure white marble, is square in form and rests under a canopy supported by four Ionic columns. Of the many other altars, two—Calvary and Thabor—are especially worthy

of description, the latter being the one used for the reservation of the Blessed Sacrament. As Mount Thabor overlooks Galilee, so the Altar of Thabor rises above the other altars in the church and is reached by two parallel flights of marble stairs leading from the floor below. On a level with this altar, and adjacent to it, are the choirs reserved for the use of the Community. The Altar of Calvary is erected on a platform at the same elevation as the rocky hillock that marked the scene of the Crucifixion. It is an accurate reproduction in every detail of the one erected on Mount Calvary. Near this altar markers indicate the spot where the cross of Our Lord was raised, and the location of the crosses of the two thieves. Nearby is a facsimile of the rock showing the rent caused by the earthquake which occurred at the time of the Crucifixion. Back of the altar are four beautiful figures representing Christ on the Cross, His sorrowing Mother, Saint John and Saint Mary Magdalene.

It is when viewed from the Altar of Calvary that the beauties of the church are best appreciated. The sunlight, sifting through the beautiful stained-glass windows, envelopes the many altars in a warm, mellow glow that penetrates even to the dim recesses of the chapels and, seeking out the countless rare lamps and candelabra, imparts to the whole interior an atmosphere of oriental splendour.

Beneath the Altar of Thabor is the Holy Sepulchre, the real magnet for the unresisting footsteps of the pilgrim. So perfect is this reproduction of the "place where they laid Him" that only by an effort do we realize that we are not actually in Jerusalem. In front of the entrance to the Tomb is a facsimile of the "Stone of Uncion" upon which the Sacred Body of Our Lord was anointed and prepared for burial, in accordance with the Jewish custom.

At either end of the transept is a flight of stairs, one leading down to the Grotto of Bethlehem, the other to the Grotto of Nazareth. The Grotto of Nazareth is a very painstaking copy of the little home where Jesus spent His early years with Mary and Joseph. With like exactness has the Grotto of Bethlehem been reproduced and here, on Christmas night, are performed

the same ceremonies, with all their appealing splendor, which take place in the Shrine in Bethlehem.

Leaving this Grotto and entering, through a narrow door, into a subterranean passage, the pilgrim finds before him a remarkable copy of the Catacombs—those underground labyrinths which offered safe harbour for the early Christians in the days of terrible persecution. Those who have explored the almost endless maze of the Catacombs in Rome, will find here, within a comparatively small area, much to remind them of the original. As we follow one of the narrow, winding corridors, dim lights cast deep shadows in the burial recesses arranged in tiers on either side. Presently a brighter light reveals a small circular chapel, where, underneath the altar, repose the remains of the renowned martyr, Saint Benignus. The relics, which were removed here from their original resting place in Rome, are enclosed in a wax figure of the Saint. Frescoed about the circular opening of the chapel are copies of the decorations in the Roman Catacombs, representing the teachings of the Church in symbol and giving irrefutable testimony that the faith for which martyrs innumerable gave their lives has not changed. Some of the symbols here depicted are: The peacock, the emblem of the resurrection of the body; the white dove bearing an olive branch, the emblem of peace; the fish, the symbol of Christ; and the anchor, the emblem of hope. Many other symbolical frescoes appear throughout these underground recesses and time could profitably be spent in deciphering their meaning.

Passing through Purgatory Chapel, where the mural paintings and all the furnishings tend to remind the pilgrims of death and the life to come, another section of the Catacombs is reached. On the walls of the stairways, leading up from the first room entered, are paintings representing the Colosseum and the martyrdom of the Christians in pagan Rome who were cast into the arena to be devoured by savage beasts. Farther along the passage-way are two chapels, one dedicated to Saint Sebastian, the other to Saint Cecilia. These chapels, with their emblematic decorations, are modeled after the originals called

"*enbucula*," found in the Roman Catacombs. In the Chapel of Saint Cecilia is a copy of the famous figure by Maderno showing the body of this Virgin Martyr as it was found years after her death, face downward, with the marks of the executioner's axe plainly visible on the neck.

Like the calm that follows a storm is the change as we emerge from scenes, so laden with the sufferings and trials of the Church in those dark days of persecution, into the bright, sunny atmosphere of Mount Saint Sepulchre, so pulsating with hope and peace.

South of the monastery lies a lovely depression, called the Valley of Gethsemane. High, grassy slopes, gradually disappearing into the grove beyond, winding paths bordered with flowers of many hues, blooming beds of pansies and rambler roses, enhance the charm of this delightful spot.

Nestled in the green banks, overhung with trailing vines, are four finely constructed shrines. The Shrine of the Home of the Holy Family is built in the hillside below the Chapel of Saint Anne and is a copy of the modest abode which sheltered the Holy Family in Egypt during the tyrannical rule of Herod. The Tomb of the Blessed Virgin is constructed in the similitude of the original as it now appears in Jerusalem. In the Grotto of the Agony is reproduced that hallowed place in the Garden of Gethsemane to which Our Saviour withdrew the night before His Crucifixion and where He underwent such heart-rending suffering. The Grotto of Lourdes is a most beautiful fac-simile of the renowned Shrine in southern France. Myriads of climbing roses, creeping down over the cliff, frame this Shrine in a fragrant bower.

The Stations of the Cross are erected along the winding path leading from the Valley to the fields above and as the devout pilgrims kneel in prayer before these Stations, who would doubt the sincerity of their supplications. Only those of very little faith could meditate at the many shrines of Mount Saint Sepulchre and fail to feel a deeper piety in their hearts, and a more ardent love for the Holy Places of Jerusalem.

The Cost of a Soul

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

PROF. Hermann Mittelsstrom was idly drawing wonderful chords from the small pipe-organ which enriched his music-room. His thoughts were elsewhere and cast a tone of involuntary sadness into the rich, rolling splendors of his improvisation.

"Lost Souls!" he murmured. "How many, Lord—how many! Yet they are Thine, Blessed Jesu; Thine, every one! Oh, save them for Thy mercy's sake!"

Before his ardent vision loomed up the immense throng of his concert audience the evening before. He was a musical genius, of profound learning in his own profession, and so finished in his renderings of the great master-work that his piano and organ recitals not only drew the public, but held it, as with magnetic spell. Those swelling crowds, that sea of upturned faces on the previous night, even—ah, what a concourse of souls! If he could only charm some of them into the Kingdom—a few, even, a very few—his gift of sweet music would not be in vain. The power was his—that he knew—and he cried aloud, "O Jesus, give me Thine own consecrating unto its more effectual use!"

Even as he breathed the prayer, he caught the sound of approaching footsteps. His door was half open, and looking up, he perceived two young women at the threshold. One, plainly the elder, a smart, aggressive girl, looked very mannish in her tailor-made suit and a sort of slouch hat, yet behind her came a sweet little Aphrodite, whose witchery he knew. There were the deep eyes, blue as the sea, which always made him think of an unawakened soul. It was Constance Ellesmont.

He came forward to greet her with a distinct sense of satisfaction.

"This is simply delightful, Miss Constance," he exclaimed. "I am only too happy to meet you again. But, pray, where

did you come from? You did not drift down from the skies?"

The smile that came in response to this was simply delicious in its frankness. The girl had not yet reached the age of suspicion, when compliments weary. Moreover, her old teacher, this very Herr Mittelsstrom, had been stern—yes, often severe, in her callow days of piano-playing. She had been decidedly afraid of him. Now she merely looked up at him in unconcealed gladness, like a voiceless Undine, and it was the smart girl with her who answered his question.

"We came over from Brooklyn, where I live, this morning, Herr Professor. Miss Ellesmont is my far-off cousin, and my guest also, just at present." Then the tailor-made girl rushed off into a broad discussion of matters musical, in which Herr Mittelsstrom bore his appointed part, as in duty bound; yet mechanically and with his thought fixed all the while upon his former pupil. How beautiful she had grown! The years since he had seen her last had wrought magical changes! Yet there was still the same soft, misty, unawakened look in her eyes that used to puzzle him. "Her soul has no home! O, the pity of it!" and, as he whispered this within himself, his face fell. "She is even yet astray in God's universe!"

Then he asked her to play. She did so, with the simple obedience of a little child. At the first notes he started in pleased surprise. Finish, execution, and a certain attractive, individual style she had certainly attained. Yet, much as she had gained during her stay on the Pacific coast, and excellent as her San Francisco training had evidently been, there remained the old lack of spiritual quality. Whatever of perceptiveness now marked her work was not her own, but put into it by some musician whose teaching possessed power.

The tailor-made girl, Miss Ethel Schwartz, was by this time getting impatient and hastened to broach her errand. Could not he, Pro. Mittelsstrom, get them a couple of tickets for the first public representation of the new opera, in which the great Bavarian prima-donna was to take part? But alas! that very morning he had given away the last of several tickets placed

by the manager at his disposal. Poor Mittelsstrom! He would have been overjoyed to do the young ladies this little service, yet fate decreed otherwise.

Miss Schwartz hardly listened to his explanation, but, rising with promptitude, summoned her companion with a glance. Again, the appealing blue eyes; and, this time, they gave the Professor an inspiration.

"Let me tell you!" he interposed eagerly. "I had nearly forgotten it—but Madame Kakzinski is to sing next Sunday at the Cathedral. If you should go—and go early—you would have a fine opportunity to hear her. She is *bonne Catholique*, *l'enfant adorable*! I love her voice myself."

When they had gone, the Professor shook his head soberly. "They are Protestants," he murmured, "I doubt if they will go."

None the less, however, he besought the Mother of Mercy and Her Dear Son for these two souls, precious in God's sight, that they might be led into ways of salvation and into paths of peace.

He had slight faith that his prayer would win answer; yet, at the Cathedral, he beheld his two visitors of the week before seated at but a short distance from him. Then, he took courage—the Blessed Mother had, indeed, heard his prayer!—and he prayed again, with many an "*action de graces*," that her Divine Son would pour the great gift of faith on these stray souls that had sought His Presence.

The music, that day, surely soared to heaven, for Madame Makzinski sang with the warmth that only faith can give. Miss Schwartz sat and listened with precisely the same air of well-bred appreciation she would have worn at a concert. But the beauty of it all, the glory of it, the sense of unearthly mystery—nay, even the consciousness of Divine presence were slowly revealing themselves, one by one, to Constance Ellesmont. One swift glance showed the Professor that the blue eyes, which had been his study, were suffused with quick tears. Then the little bell rang, and Constance, with soft, impulsive motion, fell on her knees with the rest.

"Most Blessed Virgin, Mother of Mercy!" prayed the devout musician, in all sincerity, "Hear, oh hear her petition and show her Thy Holy Child Jesus!"—and the winged prayer might well have been caught and borne upward by waiting angels.

She went home that day in a grave mood, hardly knowing what had happened to her. "How lovely it all was!" she cried in rapture, over and over again. "Indeed, it was good to be there!" Ethel Schwartz was more than puzzled. "I did not think Constance was so impressible!" she said, in the depth of her heart. "Perhaps I ought not to have taken her there." But aloud she contented herself with declaring that Kakzinski was superb; one could not help being touched by such musical power.

During the many weeks that followed Prof. Mittelsstrom lost sight of his former pupil, save for a stray glimpse of her, now and again, among the worshippers at the Cathedral. Some attraction drew her thitherward—that was evident—and with much power. Miss Schwartz did not bear her company; she glided in alone, in a timid way, and knelt humbly in a quiet corner.

She was destined, however, to be brought before the Professor's mind—and sharply, too—at this juncture. One fine day Adolph Levasseur, manager of the Folies Dramatiques, a light entertainment company, came sauntering up to his little table at Riccadonna's. This Levasseur, with whom the Professor had some slight acquaintance, was a brilliant fellow, a respectable singer, a man of the world, at home everywhere, but a man, also, who always had an eye to business. During lunch he surprised the Professor by a sudden question flung into a white-capped sea of chat.

"By the way, Professor, how is the little Ellesmont getting on? She used to be your pupil, years ago, she says."

The older man looked up in amazement.

"I mean," pursued Adolph, airily, "has she any talent? I have half an idea of engaging her and bringing her out soon.

She looks teachable—has a way of flashing out things, that is ‘taking’—and is adorably pretty, besides!”

The good Professor answered not a word. He was trying to collect himself. He knew he had reason to be startled. If Adolphe should meet the Angel Gabriel himself, straight from heaven, he would try to engage him for the trombone or French horn! Reverence was not in his nature. It took all Professor Hermann’s self-control to answer calmly.

“I did give Miss Ellesmont a few piano lessons, at one time. She has made progress since, but I do not know her present capabilities. May I ask how you made her acquaintance?”

A sarcastic curl of the lip proved that the impresario understood the Professor’s hauteur. “I was presented by her valued friend, Ethel Schwartz”—and again came the curl of the lip. “She can sing after a fashion, your Miss Ellesmont! Has some sweet tones in her voice and some vibrant force. Six months’ training under Old Baumbach would bring it out—at least, enough for my purpose. A light song,”—here the Professor shuddered—“fairly sung, with one of her bewitching smiles annexed, would score a success, I know! The crowd would shout. Yes, she is a winning card, sure!”

“Perhaps she would refuse to serve.”

“Nonsense, mon cher! They are all dying for a chance to appear! Twenty-five applicants yesterday, for chorus places, with hard work and poor pay. I can do better by Constance!” Again the Professor ground his teeth. “Yes, she’ll come when I whistle! They go for the theatre like moths for a candle, the little dears!”

And with this parting shot, the manager rose from the table and went his way.

The thing weighed on the soul of Professor Hermann. It haunted him night after night, like a dream of evil. He woke each morning with a boding dread of the day. It oppressed him so that he went to take counsel with Mother Mary Francis of the Carmelites. Mother Francis had advised him before; she was a woman of calm good sense, yet warm sympathies, and she felt the sincerity of his distress as he told his tale.

"She is a motherless girl, away from home. Her father lives in New Haven and is deep in business cares. He supplies her with money and lets her flutter about, as American fathers do! Her friend, Miss Schwartz, has not the right influence, I am sure. She is pure as a star now—so innocent of all evil that she does not know it, or fear it. She is in peril, unawares. Adolph Levasseur feels the charm, knows that the world will feel it also, and means to make money out of it."

"The old story of Eve and the serpent," replied the grave Superioress, looking at him with pity, as a sudden uprising of wrath choked his utterance. "But do not be unhappy and do not despair! Heaven protects its own. The Holy Angels are her guard of honour. Moreover, innocence has peculiar ways of protecting itself in the very face of evil. Yet there may be work left to us, also."

"How? Miss Schwartz is Protestant and friendly with Adolph. I dare not warn the girl, myself. I could not prove my disinterestedness! She would only think me malicious, envious of Adolph or bent on injuring his troupe. No, you cannot snatch away a new toy from a child without his resenting it. This hope of public success is her bright, toy balloon! Oh, the pity of it!"

"Use her musical gift to save her with, my friend. Do not oppose her openly, but lead her to the nobler melodies, to the Divine in music! And I will pray! We will all pray for your little white lamb."

Days and even weeks passed, after this, in a silence deeply fraught with anxiety. The one item of intelligence that came in regard to Miss Ellesmont was of evil omen. She had begun taking lessons in voice-culture from Herr Baumbach, a competent trainer for opera bouffe. This, as the Professor knew, was part of Levasseur's scheme, and his heart sank within him. It so chanced, nevertheless, that soon after, on his way to a rehearsal he came upon her most unexpectedly. She was alone, tripping along with her music-roll, a vision of daintiness. A fluffy feather boa, curling about her neck with its softness of white and gray, enhanced the effect of her black picture

hat. Within the shadow of the latter shone the sweet face, touched to rose by the winds of autumn. The glad smile flashed out to him in swift recognition just as it had before. Adolph Levasseur had not drawn her away from her old friends.

Then, the Professor's courage rose. Her greeting seemed so cordial that he ventured on his first counter-move.

"I have had some lovely Hungarian music sent me from Buda-Pesth by Herr Potowski of the Imperial Chapel. Will you not come in some time and let me play it over for you? I am sure you will like it."

"Oh, thank you!" was the quick response, and the blue eyes shone with delight. "Indeed, I will come and with the greatest pleasure. You are good to me always."

"Are you at leisure Wednesday afternoon from three to four?"

She nodded assent, but only the angels knew that on that little nod hung mighty threads of destiny.

Never had the Professor striven for the applause of great audiences as he now strove for the musical subjugation of Constance Ellesmont. She sat listening, mute, fascinated, entranced—her eyes often suffused with tears—all that Wednesday afternoon, while two girl-pupils of the dull sort sat in the low window-seat trying to write exercises in Harmony. To her the rare music was harmony and melody in one, a deep blue sky alive with stars. Its throbs and fine vibrations filled the very core of her being. And there were other Wednesday afternoons of like experience. Rich Catholic music, the marvels of Palestrina and Sebastian Bach, the strains of Handel, the Passion-music, the rich religious Oratorios—it was the great music, ever and always. The greatness charmed her and swept her out of herself, like archangelic strains, great fiery blossoms from out the Central Glory.

Her bright intelligence caught the new meaning. "He is trying to teach me something," she said to herself, "and he is teaching against Herr Baumbach."

The opportunity for more direct teaching arrived at last. Appearing a bit late one afternoon in a whirl of excitement,

and with many apologies, she dropped her music-roll and several sheets flew out. Picking them up with his usual grave politeness, he cast his eye upon the titles. To see one was enough.

"My child," he cried—there was a world of tender reproach in his tone—"what sort of a song is this?"

A flush of scarlet mantled the delicate face. "I am not to blame, Herr Professor. That song was given me to learn. I had no choice."

He looked down upon her with a supreme pity. Beneath that gaze, which she understood only too well, her self-restraint gave way. The ice was broken. A burst of confidence ensued, whose sincerity swept away every barrier to a perfect understanding between them.

"Herr Professor, honestly, I do not like this thing!"

"Of course not. I was sure of that."

A look of intense relief illuminated the mobile face. She had not forfeited his respect, then, and he still had faith in her. His own face, too, shone with delight. Then he motioned her to a seat. "Now, let us talk it over, my child."

Through her fresh, vivid expressions, he beheld the whole case, as it were, mapped out before him. Levasseur had begun with deferential attentions, aided by flattery; then, interested and fascinated her with accounts of European theatres and foreign singers, exciting her curiosity, stirring her imagination, picturing glories and triumphs which had crowned others and might one day be all her own. His indignation rose at the cunning of the man. Yet he spoke with quiet solemnity.

"Once, in the history of the world our Blessed Saviour was taken up into an exceeding high mountain and shown all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them; then one said to Him, 'All these things will I give Thee, if Thou wilt fall down and worship me.'"

The girl shuddered. "Is it as bad as that?" She fixed the blue eyes on him with a startled gaze. "Can it be? A Satan-offer! God forbid! That is fearful."

"I am reasonable, my dear child. If you were forced into this by poverty, by any dire extremity, you might take your

soul in your hands, beseeching God and His Holy Angels to guard you. But if you go wilfully, in defiance of warning, is it not tempting Him? If you cast yourself down from the pinnacle whereon you stand, at the bidding of any evil, can you ask Him to save? There is a price to pay for all the Evil Angel gives. For a worldly success you will sacrifice your peace of mind, your independence—for you will be a slave to the public—your beautiful white purity which wraps you round now, like a snow-drift, for it will be soiled, of necessity, by contact with evil—nay, perhaps your love and worship of the Divine will be swept away with the rest. Dare you risk this?"

"I will consider what you have said, Professor—truly I will. I am not sure, though. If I have any musical gift, it is the gift of God; why should I lose faith in Him by using it?"

"It is given you only in trust, to be used in His service. Why not use it, as the angels do, for His praise and glory? For example, why not study the great music? Why not learn the organ? Why not sing in church or in the great oratorios?"

"Signor Levasseur says I have not the talent; that I am only fit for light operetta."

Again Prof. Hermann groaned in spirit. The sweet humility of this girl only made her the more helpless, more of a mere bleating lamb, in the hands of this hireling who cared not for his victims. Could no one lead her to the Good Shepherd?

"Besides," she continued, "I have no time. I cannot—unless I leave Herr Baumbach."

"Leave him, then, my child, and, like Mary, choose 'the better part, which shall not be taken from you.'"

The bright, hesitating face, uplifted so eagerly, gave him many rays of hope. But the opposing force retained its grasp. She spoke slowly—he thought with reluctance, even.

"It would be hard breaking my word. Consider, Professor. Signor Levasseur has my promise. But I will reflect! He may be willing to release me, but I fear not." Then she bade him a hurried good-day and disappeared.

The next Wednesday she failed to present herself in the

music-room; and yet a friend had informed the Professor that M. Adolph Levasseur was on the point of sailing for Italy; that a fine opening, which he had not expected, now lay before him in Florence; and that he might even remain abroad for some years. This good news the Professor had, in his turn, communicated to Mother Mary Francis and both had rejoiced. But, as chance would have it, in the midst of his joy, he came upon Levasseur himself at one of the hotels. The manager greeted him with a mocking smile.

"Sorry for you, Professor!" he cried, "and for your lost game! You have been working hard on the tender conscience of my little debutante! Never mind that, though! Every man to his trade. But now I am going to take her away from you. We sail next Saturday and I shall bring her out in Florence."

Adolph flung out his irritating laugh, with a mocking salutation as he bid the other good-day.

"The supreme hour has arrived," murmured the Professor, "and I am helpless! I can only pray. O Blessed Mother of Succor, Fount of Salvation! O Thou Only Saviour, Shepherd of the Sheep, help and strengthen the soul of this child! Defend her and save her, in mercy and power, for evermore!"

The prayer calmed him, yet he renewed it insistently. "Out of the deeps I have called upon Thee, O Lord! Lord, hear my voice!" All day long his spirit lifted the De Profundis of the ages for this frail, white butterfly—this child-soul of to-day, which, despite its feebleness, had uplifting power of wings. Out of the eternal depths of Divine Pity fell answer, sharp, yet sweet.

He was sitting alone at his organ awakening its Miserere cry, when his door sprang open and Constance Ellesmont came flying in, like a frightened dove.

"Oh, Professor, pray take care of me!" she cried, holding out her clasped hands. "Take me away somewhere, anywhere! I will not go to Florence. I never promised that. I have run away; I am afraid of them. He shall not talk to me again. He shall not drive me. I will telegraph my father! I will not be made to go."

"Hush, my child! Do not tremble so. You are safe here. And I will take you to Mother Francis, our good Mother Superior. Be quiet just a moment and I will telephone for a cab."

"Oh, thank you! Thank you!" she cried nervously, her wide-open eyes still full of fear.

On the way he gathered from her broken disclosures that the impressario had presumed too much on her supposed feebleness. There had been a scene, during which he had dropped his tone of deference and grown at last, authoritative. In her anger she refused to sign the contract he brought, or any other, and he had departed furious. She had next outwitted Miss Schwartz whose watch had been that of a cat over a mouse, and stolen away from her guardianship.

In the convent calm she regained composure, Mother Francis advising her to remain within its walls till Levasseur had left New York. But, for a long time after, she timidly lingered, her affection for the Sisters increasing as the days went by. The organ lessons were begun and her beautiful voice expanded like a flower. She was received into the Church and after a short visit to New Haven, returned with her father's consent, declaring that her one wish was to become a member of the community. Her novitiate seemed to Mother Francis a direct response to prayer, and the Professor said, in his grave way, "God be thanked! The Good Shepherd has folded His little lamb!"

Yet his friends remarked that Herr Mittelsstrom was growing old, and he was sometimes heard to exclaim wearily, "O Lord, Thou alone knowest the cost of salvation—the cost of saving even one soul!"

"Quid Retribuam?"

For this tenderest pledge of My love for thee, My child, what dost thou bring?

O Father! the gift of the altar. Christ, our King.

—S. M. I. J.

Our Lady's Nativity

BY REV. H. N. RAINES, O.S.C.

When September's sun was shining
On the corn-clad mountain side—
When Engaddi's lovely vineyards
Shine in green and purple pride—
When the broadening moon in Autumn
Saw the harvest gathered in—
Then there came the Prince's daughter,
Mary, without stain or sin.

From the crest of sunlit mountains,
Standing in a desert wild,
Came Our Lord's predestined Mother—
Came the sin-destroying child.
Light unearthly burns around her,
Sign of more than man can see;
Joachim and Anna wonder
What this mystery can be.

From the world such welcome glory
Till that hour has never seen,
When the heaven-sent angels watching
Knelt around their infant Queen!
Legions of victorious angels
Guard her with their wings outspread;
Purer light than theirs is shining
From her little star-crowned head.

Not as Jesus came, came Mary,
In the wintry days of snow;
But amid the yellow harvest
In the Autumn's golden glow.
Thus September, heavy fruited,
Clad in russet brown and green,
Gave the world its sinless Daughter—
Gave the Church her sun-clothed Queen.

The Holy Angels of God

BY THE REV. M. J. WATSON, S.J.

"Bless the Lord, all ye His Angels; you that are mighty in strength, and execute His word, hearkening to the voice of His orders."—Psalm cii., 20.

A STRIKING feature of the history of the human race, as set forth for our instruction and contemplation in the Bible, is the kindly dealings of Angels with men. We read that the holy spirits, appearing in visible form on certain important occasions, made known how the Creator's will was to be carried into effect for man's benefit in time and eternity. As those sublime intelligences are to be our companions in bliss and glory throughout the endless years of our life in Heaven, it is assuredly fitting that here on earth we should try to know and love beings so worthy of esteem for their peerless perfection and of gratitude and affection for the many benefits they confer on man.

Angels are the most noble and beautiful creations of God's wisdom and power; they are princes of Heaven, and the brightest images of Divine excellence. Not imprisoned, as men are, in corruptible bodies, they are all pure spirits, like God Himself, and are endowed with surpassing natural and supernatural gifts. Man, in his nature, is inferior to them in every way; he is made, the Scriptures declares, "less than the Angels"; but when, after death, we are delivered from the bonds of corruption, we shall share in their privileges and their glory.

In the beginning, the Angels did not see God face to face; that Beatific Vision was to be the reward of their obedience and humility. That their love of God might be tested, they were subjected to a trial. As is generally believed, the Son of God, in His future Incarnation as man, was proposed to them as the object of their adoration. No doubt, God the Son, considered merely in His human nature, with a body formed of the dust of the earth, was inferior to the Angels, who were

spirits; but that human nature, by reason of its union with the Divinity, was worthy of their profound veneration and worship. Lucifer, one of the chief Angels, seeing his own excellence, was puffed up with pride, and refused to obey; but Michael and the spirits faithful to God, preserved by reverence and truth in true humility, fought against the rebels and cast them into the prison "which was prepared for the devil and his angels." "I saw," said Our Lord Jesus Christ, "Satan like lightning falling from Heaven."

God's Holy Angels, as the reward of their fidelity, were admitted to gaze upon their Creator with unclouded view. Standing in His Presence and inflamed with perfect love, they are clothed with surpassing splendour, and thrill with complete and eternal happiness, which is ever fresh and new. Most worthy are those glorious beings of our reverence. Being spirits, we cannot see them with our eyes of flesh, but when, by Divine permission, they make themselves visible to men, they always appear under a noble and gracious form, as if their beauty, incapable of being wholly concealed, breaks through the external appearance they assume

Each human being has an angel to stand ever by his side and help him to resist temptation and win the Kingdom of Heaven. How much we owe our Guardian Angels! They preserve us from many unknown dangers to soul and body. They defend us against the demons. They breathe holy thoughts into our soul; they prompt us to deeds, even heroic deeds, of virtue in the Divine service, and they fling their mighty strength around us when we are dying, and so save us from the last attacks of our spiritual foes. Full of zeal and jealousy are they for God's honour, for the interests of those committed to their care, and for the innocence of the young. "Beware," says our Saviour, "of giving scandal to those little ones; for their Angels always behold the face of My Father, Who is in Heaven." St. Bernard tells us that we owe our Angels profound respect for their presence, and confidence in their love and power to protect us, as well as gratitude for the great benefits which they confer. The heavenly spirits

look upon themselves as our elder brothers; nay, to speak in our human way, they are passionate lovers of all whom God has charged them to guard. St. Paul says: "Are they not all ministering spirits sent to minister for them who shall receive the inheritance of salvation?" (Heb. i., 14). And in the 90th Psalm, the Holy Ghost, declares: "No evil shall approach unto thee, neither shall the scourge come nigh thy dwelling. For He hath given His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways; in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest haply thou dash thy foot against a stone." Through this angelic guardianship, "thou shalt walk upon the asp and the basilisk; the lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under foot." Thus do they watch over each individual soul, even if that soul is in a state of sin.

The prophet Zachary represents the Angels as declaring: "We have walked through the earth, and behold all the earth is inhabited and at rest" (i., 11). Thus, by day and by night, there are countless angelic guardians that fill this world of ours and keep watch both when we wake and when we sleep. In the works of Cardinal Newman a beautiful passage dwells upon this fact of the Angels' unresting watchfulness in their ministry among men and of their unceasing operations in the sphere of nature and of grace. The passage referred to is here quoted in full:

"When we survey Almighty God surrounded by His Holy Angels, His thousand thousands of ministering spirits, and ten thousand times ten thousand standing before Him, the idea of His awful majesty rises before us more powerfully and impressively; we begin to see how little we are, how altogether mean and worthless in ourselves, and how high He is and fearful.

The very lowest of His Angels is indefinitely above us in this our present state; how high, then, must be the Lord of Angels! The very Seraphim hide their faces before His glory, while they praise Him; how shame-faced, then, should sinners be when they come into His presence! Thus, whenever we look abroad, we are reminded of those most gracious and holy

beings, the servants of the Holiest, who design to minister to the heirs of salvation. Every breath of air and ray of light and heat, every beautiful prospect, is, as it were, the skirts of their garments, the waving of the robes of those whose faces see God in heaven, and I put it to anyone whether it is not as philosophical, and as full of intellectual enjoyment, to refer the movements of the natural world to them as to attempt to explain them by certain theories of science, useful as these theories certainly are for particular purposes, and capable (in subordination to that higher view) of a religious application.

Suppose an inquirer into Nature, when examining a flower, or an herb, or a pebble, or a ray of light, which he treats as something beneath him in the scale of existence, suddenly discovered that he was in the presence of some powerful being who was hidden behind the visible things he was inspecting, who, though concealing his wise hand, was giving them their beauty, grace, and perfection, as being God's instrument for the purpose, nay, whose robe and ornament those wondrous objects were which he was so eager to analyse, what would be his thoughts? Should we but accidentally show a rudeness of manner towards our fellow-man, tread on the hem of his garment, or brush roughly against him, are we not vexed, not as if we had hurt him, but from the fear we have of having been disrespectful? David had watched the awful pestilence three days, not with curious eyes, but doubtless with indescribable terror and remorse; but when at length he lifted up his eyes, and saw the angel of the Lord (who caused the pestilence) stand between the earth and the heaven, having a drawn sword in his hand stretched out over Jerusalem, then David and the elders who were clothed in sackcloth fell upon their faces. The mysterious, irresistible pestilence became still more fearful when its cause was known; and what is true of the painful is true, on the other hand, of the pleasant and attractive operations of Nature. When, then, we walk abroad and meditate in the field at eventide, how much has every herb and flower in it to surprise and overwhelm us! For, even did we know as much about them as the wisest of men, yet there are

those around us, though unseen, to whom our greatest knowledge is as ignorance; and when we converse on subjects of Nature, scientifically repeating the names of plants and earths, and describing their properties, we should do so religiously as in the hearing of the great servants of God, with the sort of diffidence which we always feel when speaking before the learned and wise of our own mortal race, as poor beginners in intellectual knowledge as well as in moral attainments."

The Angelic Spirits are divided into nine choirs, mentioned in Holy Scripture. 1. The Seraphim, whose distinguishing characteristic is burning love of God. 2. The Cherubim, who possess a wondrous knowledge of God and of His infinite beauty. 3. The Thrones, the representatives of God's majesty. 4. The Dominations: they teach that the true way to hold rule or dominion and to reign is to serve God, and so possess true liberty, or freedom from passion and sin, and from the slavery of the devil. 5. The Virtues, who represent and impart strength and fortitude in the Divine service. 6. The Powers: they restrain the malice, craft, and power of the demons, and lead men to obey all lawful authority for God's sake. 7. The Principalities, the guardians of provinces, kingdoms, and peoples. 8. The Archangels, the captains of the heavenly armies, are sent by the Most High as His messengers to men. 9. The Angels: from this lowest choir the Guardians of individual human beings are taken, although it may be that Guardian Angels are appointed, also, from higher choirs.

We read in the Apocalypse (i., 4, iv., 5) of seven spirits who stand always before the Throne of God. The three mighty Angels, whose names are given in the Bible, belong to this glorious company—St. Michael ("Who is like God?"), the conqueror of Lucifer; St. Gabriel ("the Strength of God"), the ambassador of the Incarnation, and St. Raphael, endowed with power to heal all infirmity and the ravages of sin, whose name signifies "the Medicine of God." Some say that the Angel who slew the host of Sennacherib was St. Uriel ("the Strong Companion"), but his name is not mentioned in the Bible.

Volumes have been written on the Holy Angels, full of most interesting matter; but even this slight and imperfect sketch may serve to show how worthy of serious attention is devotion to those Heavenly Princes, and how we ought to take to heart the advice of Pope St. Leo the Great, "*Confirmate amicitias cum sanctis angelis*"—"Make friendships with the Holy Angels." Certainly, no earthly friends can vie with them in goodness, in power, and in love for men. Therefore, all through life we should regard them as our most faithful friends, and invoke their help daily in prosperity and affliction.

Editor's Note: "Saint Joseph Lilies" is privileged in this issue to present its readers with the above splendid article written in far-away Australia by the Reverend M. J. Watson, S.J., Editor of the "*Australian Messenger*" and "*The Madonna*." Father Watson also writes some very kind words in praise of our little Magazine: "I admire very much Saint Joseph Lilies both for the illustrations and the letter-press. Several of the articles are exceedingly good and would be worthy of a place in the highest magazines or reviews. You deserve great credit for conducting so successfully a publication of that superior class. *Proficiat!*" Father Watson is himself a distinguished author and pamphleteer. "*For Christ and His Kingdom*" (sonnets and lyrics); "*Within the Soul*" (may be had at Benziger's); "*The Story of Burke and Wills*" (historical sketches and essays) are some of his books. The beautiful poem "*To a Friend*," appearing in this number, is from the same versatile pen. It may interest our readers to learn that the learned Australian Jesuit was born at Athlone, Ireland, in 1845. He made his studies at Maynooth and Louvain and since its inception in 1887, has been the Editor of the *Australian Messenger*. We trust the prose and the poetry we publish in our September number may not be the last we shall receive from the gifted author.

"It is not for the stone to choose its own place, but for the Master of the Work Who chose the stone."

To My Guardian Angel

By S. M. I. J.

Angel, guardian angel,
Thou dost know my God,
Keep the feet thou guidest
In the path He trod.

Angel, valiant angel,
Thou hast felt the strife,
Keep the hand thou holdest
To its work in life.

Angel, purest angel,
Thou hast seen the Queen,
Keep the eyes thou guardest
For the joys unseen.

Angel, loving angel,
Of the Heart above,
Keep the heart thou shieldest
For the God of love.

Angel, faithful angel,
I pray thee ne'er depart
Will thou rest thy burden
Within the Sacred Heart?

An Apostle of Dublin

BY JULIA HAYES.

THE Catholic world was informed recently that the Cause of Father Charles Houban, C.P., had been introduced. Well-founded hopes are cherished by his confrères and his many clients that he will be accorded the honours of the Altar.

The name of Father Charles was a household word to the Irish Catholics of yesterday. They looked upon him as the Apostle of Dublin. Their children of to-day may be interested in learning somewhat of the career of the saintly Passionist. The title of Apostle of the capital city of the most Catholic people in the world suggests a comparison with the Apostle of the capital city of all Catholics, with the beloved St. Philip Neri. A study of both will show that the comparison is a judicious one. St. Philip lived and wrought in the days when the renovation of world-wide Catholic life was sorely needed. He was one of the true Reformers which the immortal Church sent forth from her own bosom, to change and renew the face of the earth. On a smaller scale Father Charles profoundly influenced the peoples of the United Kingdom, by labouring almost exclusively for the Catholics. It was in this way, like St. Philip, he was destined to have, in the annals kept by God, a vast share in the achievement of the Second Spring.

The reader may wonder how an Apostle of Dublin would figure in the beginning of England's return to the Church and in the accomplishments of her Catholic Revival. The Second Spring dawned upon Protestant England, not Catholic Ireland, upon Oxford, not Trinity. An explanation is not far to seek. In the first place, the presence of the Irish in England in such large numbers, driven thither because of the famine, was, as usual, the heaven that raised the whole mass. Father Charles ministered to the exiles, in England, in the days of their saddest plight. He went backward and forward to the brethren

separated by the sea, before confining his mission to Dublin. Even then, the power of his beneficence was not restricted, but as from a centre, radiated from Dublin to the most distant climes. Further, Father Charles was, as this sketch recounts, one of the band of Passionists, with Father Dominic as leader, who came to England missioned prophetically, by St. Paul himself. Father Charles came in the early fifties. Like St. Philip again, the wonderful transformation that he effected is to be ascribed simply to his personal holiness.

Father Charles was known in secular life as John Andrew Houban. He was born in Munster-Geleen, a small village in the Province of Limbourg, Holland, on December 11, 1821. On the same day he was born into the life of grace. The parish register describes him as the lawful son of Peter Joseph Houban and Jane Elizabeth Luyten. Besides the father and mother, the family consisted of ten children, of whom John Andrew was the fifth. Living in a district remarkable for the fealty to the faith and the purity of morals of its inhabitants, the family life was intensely Catholic. The children were influenced, too, to a great extent, by the example of their saintly mother, who was devoted to her family and solicitous for their spiritual welfare. Reared in such an atmosphere, John Andrew gave evidence at an early age of a predilection for prayer and meditation. His biographer tells us that even in his boyhood years, he counted "everything as dross" compared with the knowledge of Christ. When he was fourteen years of age he received his first Holy Communion. His preparation for the great event was most fervent and he always referred to it as the most remarkable day of his life. His classical studies were pursued at the College of Sittard, then under Professor Schrengen, a lay teacher of Brock-sittard. At nineteen the authorities called on him for military service. It was but for a short time, however. His parents, convinced that he was called to a more perfect life, supplied a substitute, so that he was released at the end of three months. His studies were again resumed. At the age of twenty-four he finally determined to heed the call to the religious life. "Jesus Christ and Him Crucified" was

the magnet that drew him from the bosom of his family to the Passionist Retreat at Ere, Belgium.

While in Rome in the year 1834, the Abbé Charles Bernard, Vicar General of Cambray, met Father Dominic of the Mother of God, Passionist, the future founder of the Passionist Congregation in England. Father Dominic so impressed the good Abbé that he desired a foundation of the Passionist Congregation in France. Unsuccessful in his efforts there, Abbé Bernard tried Belgium. The Countess Marie of Croeser ceded her house at Ere, for the proposed retreat. Three fathers and a lay brother took formal possession of the house June 22nd, 1840, with Father Dominic installed as Rector. Father Peter had succeeded him as Rector when John Andrew made his application for admission. Still clothed in his secular dress, he followed the exercises of the novices for a short time. On December 8, 1845, he received the habit, and took the name of Confrère Charles of St. Andrew. Happily for him, Father Seraphim, a man of extraordinary piety, learning and discernment was the Master of Novices at that time. He soon saw that the young novice was a chosen vessel, and made use of every means to advance him on the path to perfection. His love of solitude and prayer, his humility, obedience and great love of the Blessed Virgin could not escape notice. He was regarded by his confrères, even then, as a Saint. On December 21, 1850, Father Charles was ordained and celebrated his first Mass the next day.

Sixty-seven years after the death of St. Paul of the Cross, Father Dominic arrived in England. While Professor of Theology in Rome, he met Mr. Spencer, uncle of the late Lord Spencer, Viceroy of Ireland. (Mr. Spencer was afterwards known as Father Ignatius). Father Dominic's heart had yearned for the conversion of England. The friendship of Mr. Spencer and other Englishmen, gave promise that his heart's desire—the mission to England—would soon be realized, though two years were to elapse before he reached his "promised land." In October, 1841, he visited England for the first time. Returning again in 1842 with two companions, he

took possession on February 7th, of St. Michael's Retreat, Aston Hall. The Church had suffered as a result of years of persecution and bigotry, religious orders had been suppressed and the people were not disposed to look with favour upon a life of self-denial and prayer. Undaunted by the difficulties to be overcome, Father Dominic and his companions applied themselves with energy and courage to the task that lay before them. They went about in their habits and sandals. Not since the evil days of the 16th century had the religious garb been seen in public. They gave Missions and Retreats, had outside processions of the Most Blessed Sacrament and built chapels and schools. Their labours were so blessed that in 1845, 2,000 people attended the first public Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament since the Reformation. A flood of Irish immigration in 1847 greatly increased the Catholic population and did much towards spreading the Faith. Many of the refugees settled in Aston and Stone. Father Dominic lived to see a church erected in Aston to accommodate the increased population, and four other foundations of his Community. While he was travelling from London to Woodchester, in August, 1849, he was stricken suddenly and died far from home and friends.

February 5, 1851, Father Charles arrived in England. He found the country in a turmoil. Cardinal Wiseman's famous letter from the Flaminian Gate had revived the smouldering flames of intolerance and bigotry and Lord John Russell's Durham Letter fanned it into a fury. He went first to Aston and proved to be a welcome addition to the Community. His labour amongst them gave him an insight into the Irish character. We may imagine his joy in finding that, as he wrote to Holland, the Irish were like to his own fellow-Limbourgians. The loyalty and devotion to their priests are proverbial. Appointed Vice-Master at St. Wilfred's, he left Aston November 12, 1854. St. Wilfred's was formerly known as Cotton Hall, and at one time had been the home of Faber and Newman. Beautifully situated in a deep valley, it is an ideal spot for the training of young religious to a life of recollection and prayer. Because of his knowledge of the spiritual life he was well fitted

for the office of Vice-Master. He gave himself unsparingly to the task and by force of example impressed upon the novices the importance of observing the smallest points of the Rule. The Novitiate was transferred to Broadway in 1855. Father Charles remained in charge of St. Wilfred's and its parishioners. The Community was small, three fathers and a lay brother, but the fervour was great. Father Charles spent every afternoon walking for miles through the district, visiting the homes of the Catholics, in an effort to induce the lukewarm to resume the practice of their holy religion.

In 1857 Father Charles went to Ireland. It was his first mission to the Island of Saints. He laboured there until 1866. Returning to England, he spent a happy year in the Novitiate at Broadway. He found the solitude delightful and the Novices a great consolation, while they derived great benefit from his presence amongst them. From Broadway he went to St. Anne's, Sutton. St. Anne's was founded in 1850 by Father Dominic. In the fine church attached to the Retreat rest the remains of Fr. Dominic and Father Ignatius. He found the church at Sutton in flourishing condition. The work was heavy at St. Anne's, but the records show that Father Charles gave himself without reserve. Between times he crossed over to Ireland to relieve the pressure there. On Jan. 10, 1874, Father Charles bade a final adieu to England. Henceforth he was to be identified with the work of the Irish mission. The increasing applications to the Passionate Fathers for missions in Ireland following a very successful mission at Dublin, in April, 1849, had resulted in the foundation of St. Paul's at Mt. Argus, Harold's Cross, Dublin. The largest room in the house had been fitted up as a temporary chapel, and on the Feast of the Assumption, 1856, the Rector, the Hon. and Rev. Mary Paul Pakenham, offered up the Holy Sacrifice in the presence of a congregation of five persons. In a short time it was necessary to build a chapel. It was completed in December, 1856. The following year the Community suffered the loss, by death, of the Rector, "whose life was a brilliant example of the triumph of grace over the allurements of rank and fortune."

July 9th of the same year, Father Charles arrived at Mount Argus. He entered upon his duties without delay. His confessional was besieged from morning until night, the number of penitents increasing daily, severely taxing the endurance of Father Charles and his confrères. His reputation soon spread abroad and drew hundreds to the Retreat. A portion of the house had to be turned into a sanctuary. For the proper observance of the Rule a new house was deemed necessary. It was erected and solemnly blessed September 8th, 1863. In three years the immense congregation made a church an absolute necessity. The Irish people, remarkable for their generosity in contributing towards the erection of churches, did not fail the Fathers at Mt. Argus. Father Charles by his whole-souled efforts, contributed greatly to the success of the undertaking. Thirty-six years of his religious life was spent at Mt. Argus. Only at the end of time will it be known what he did to make Mt. Argus what it is. "Wheresoever he went such was the wondrous impression which Father Charles made," says his biographer, Father Austin, "that he seemed to have a special mission of his own; and anyone who had seen him once could not help feeling in his heart an inward enlivening of devotion, while the remembrance of that venerable figure, bearing as it did, the impress of fast and vigil, never faded from the mind." Strict observance of the Rule of his Institute was the secret of his sanctity. His sole aim was to persevere in a life of prayer and mortification and so faithfully and constantly did he practise "union with Christ" that he could truthfully say, "I live, now not I, but Christ liveth in me." Father Charles possessed the virtue of faith in an eminent degree. It was the lamp to his feet, a guiding light along the path of sustained and persevering performance of heroic virtues, to the bosom of God. Loving God, he loved his neighbour. Long hours in the confessional, visits to the sick and the dying, frequent and fatiguing journeys from his room to the parlour and the church, all testify to an heroic love. Hardened sinners seeking pardon in the confessional were sent away strengthened and encouraged. Immense crowds gathered each day for his blessing, every form

of human misery presented itself before him and so touched his tender heart, that "in drying the tears of others, he wept bitterly himself." A heavy correspondence added considerably to his arduous labours. Perfectly indifferent in the matter of food and raiment, he chose the poorest garments, and never would ask for anything new. His cell at the top of the house was poorly lighted and meagrely furnished. Even in the most inclement weather he would not permit it to be heated.

Another of his characteristics as a Religious was his humility. It enabled him to conceal to a certain extent the beauty of his inner life. Regarding himself as a great sinner, he would publicly accuse himself in the refectory of his faults and imperfections, begging the prayers of his brethren and a penance from his Superior. Though numberless miracles were wrought by his prayers and blessings, no word concerning them ever escaped his lips. Instead, his brother religious often overheard him saying, "After all my confessions, all my communions, all my Masses, I am full of sin." His whole life was remarkable for its spirit of prayer. God was so truly present to him that the duties of an active life could not distract him from uninterrupted communion with his Creator. Whole nights were spent prostrate on the floor of his cell combating temptation. His fidelity to prayer was rewarded by ecstasies and visions. At one time, after ordination at Mt. Argus, his physician discovered him in his room, in an ecstasy. Reminded of the doctor's presence, Father Charles exclaimed, "O, I was praying for the newly ordained priests." Father Charles had an extraordinary devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. His happiest hours were spent in adoring the Prisoner of Love and atoning for the ingratitude of sinners. Long meditations preceded the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice. The seraphic look and ardent devotion of the saintly priest, filled with awe all who were privileged to assist at his Masses. He never wearied of meditation on the Passion. Every Friday he performed the Stations of the Cross with great recollection and fervour. After the Passion he was most affected by the sorrows of our Blessed Lady. His devotion to the Mother of God was conspicu-

ous. It was his great delight to take part in the May processions, reflecting as he walked along, on Mary's happiness in Heaven. Imitating her virtues was to him the most perfect form of praise. In particular, his nearness to the 'Immaculata' showed manifestly in the purity of his soul. His purity, we are told, "beamed forth from his countenance, so that he who gazed on him, read, as in an open page, the stainlessness of his inner man." "No one could be in the presence of Father Charles, even for a few moments," says Father Austin, "without being impressed by his striking personality. He was tall, of a strong, well-built, muscular physique, but attenuated, and towards the end of his life, stooping; his face, rugged in outline, and sallow in complexion, bore traces of firmness of character. His forehead was wide, the nose prominent, and the lustre of his hazel eyes reflected the inward beauty of his soul." The report of his sanctity and miraculous power spread not only through Ireland, but also to other lands. Wherever he went the most affecting scenes occurred. He was surrounded in public places by crowds of people anxious to receive his blessing. From Australia we learn that a grateful father in thanksgiving for the cure of his child, has donated a most desirable property to the Congregation, and awaits the first foundation at 'Monte Argentaro.' On the 9th of December, 1892, Father Charles was taken seriously ill. All through his illness, though suffering intensely, he prayed and meditated constantly. On Thursday, January 5, 1893, his pure soul took its flight. The news of his death spread rapidly. Immense throngs, anxious to secure relics or touch the body with articles of devotion, filled the church. At times it was necessary to close the doors in order to relieve the congestion. At the High Mass on Sunday, the story of his life was told by a Passionist, moving both preacher and audience to tears. For four days the people of Ireland travelled from its most distant points to gaze for the last time on the features of the venerated religious. A simple cross marks the last resting place of one whose whole life was a shining example of "the perfect Christian, who, dying to the world and himself, finds life eternal."

Paxem Do Nobis

BY THE REV. J. B. DOLLARD, LITT.D.

Peace! since the world began, all hearts have eagerly sought
it,

In ways as many and varied as there are manners and men,
Finding it never, nor knowing, till He, the Christ Who first
brought it ,

Showed us the way to its winning—discovered its Home
to our ken.

Not in the absence of strife, nor in the freedom from care doth
it dwell,

Not in the womb of the desert, the solitude of the moun-
tains;

Not in the halcyon days the calm-pulsing ocean can give—

Vain shall we seek in Life or in Death for its gladdening
fountains!

Peace! 'tis the grace from on High, the love divine that
enfolds us,

Our harmony with His design in every phase of our being;
The mystic afflatus of God that preserves and ever upholds us—
Union of wish and of will with Him, the All-Wise, the All-
Seeing

Only by grace, and by love, the truth and the ultimate way is,
To win the peace that surpasses this world's obscure com-
prehension;

Only by service to Him, we know what the worth of our day is,
Thus we make golden the moments from youth to Life's
utter declension.

Catholic Toronto Fifty Years Ago and Now

BY THE REV. E. KELLY.

FIFTY years ago the advent of Confederation was ushered in by the citizens of Toronto with great enthusiasm. In the newspapers of the day we read that the night before the new era was to open, crowds thronged the streets awaiting the hour of midnight, and on the stroke of twelve the birth of a new nation was heralded by the booming of cannon and the ringing of bells. Bonfires blazed at every corner and the sky was ablaze with fireworks.

Although Toronto has been an ultra-Protestant city almost from its very beginning, the Catholics of the place have ever been to the forefront in fulfilling the duties of citizenship, and have had no small part in the development of the little hamlet at the mouth of the Don, which after nearly a century and a quarter has become a city of almost half a million souls.

At the time of Confederation this city had a population of about fifty thousand, of whom about twelve thousand were Catholics. It had been made the See of a Bishop twenty-six years before, and the third Bishop of the place, Right Reverend John Joseph Lynch, had now been in charge of affairs ecclesiastical for some seven years. There were in the city five parishes—St. Michael's, St. Paul's, St. Mary's, St. Basil's, and St. Patrick's. At the Cathedral were his Lordship the Bishop, Very Rev. J. F. Jamot, V.G., who was rector, and Reverend T. J. Morris and Reverend James O'Donohue, assistants. St. Paul's was in charge of Reverend F. P. Rooney, with Reverend J. R. Lee as assistant. St. Mary's had as pastor Very Reverend John Walsh, V.G., assisted by Reverend John Baptist Proulx, who was also a military chaplain. St. Basil's, as now, was in charge of the Basilians, the Superior of the College, Reverend Charles Vincent, C.S.B., being Pastor, and having as assistants the priests of the College. These were Fathers M. J. Ferguson, C.S.B., Denis O'Connor, C.S.B., F. R. Frachon,

C.S.B., John Cushing, C.S.B., and L. E. Cherrier, C.S.B. Of all the clergy in the city at that time the last named is the sole survivor. To-day, despite his advanced age, he is doing the Master's Work among the poor of the House of Providence at Dundas, of which institution he is chaplain. Bishop Lynch was afterwards made first Archbishop of Toronto. Of the others mentioned, many rose to be the leaders of Catholicity in Ontario. Father Walsh was consecrated Bishop of Sandwich, removing his See to London, where he remained until the death of Archbishop Lynch, when he became Archbishop of Toronto. On the removal of Bishop Walsh from London, Father O'Connor became Bishop of that Diocese, and later succeeded the former as Archbishop of Toronto; Father Jamot became Vicar Apostolic of Northern Ontario and later first Bishop of Peterborough. Fathers Rooney and Proulx were raised to the dignity of Domestic Prelates, the former being for many years Vicar General, and on the death of Archbishop Lynch, Administrator of the Diocese.

Fathers Vincent and Laurent were also for many years Vicars General. Fathers Lee, Cushing and O'Donohue died young, Father Morris afterwards went to Chicago, where he died. Fathers Ferguson and Fraehon both lived to celebrate their golden jubilee in the priesthood and were both distinguished members of their Community.

The limits of the city parishes of that day were not confined to the municipality of Toronto as it then stood; as a matter of fact, they extended farther than the present city limits. St. Paul's had as eastern boundary the parish of Pickering (then known as Duffin's Creek), while St. Mary's embraced all the territory westward as far as the confines of Dixie Parish. St. Basil's extended into the country as far as Weston and Lambton Mills to the westward, and York Mills on the north. A frame church had been erected at Weston for the convenience of the people in that section. Of the churches then in existence in this district, only the Cathedral and Weston church remain. St. Paul's, the pioneer church of the city, built in 1826, and St. Mary's have given place to larger and nobler structures. The

church on William street now known as Mount Carmel church, was not ready for occupation until 1869. St. Basil's has been enlarged and added to so often that, although the original church forms part of the present structure, it can hardly be considered as the same building.

There was a school in every parish, in four of which the Christian Brothers taught the boys, the remaining teachers being members of St. Joseph's and the Loretto Communities. There were also Catholic schools established in Weston, Brockton, and Leslieville, under the direction of lay teachers.

St. Michael's College had, at the time of which we write, been already enlarged to meet the ever-increasing stream of students to its doors. The Christian Brothers had an academy on Jarvis street which shortly afterwards gave way to De La Salle Institute. The Sisters of St. Joseph had been but lately installed in their new convent on what is now St. Alban's street. The House of Providence, under the same Community, had been established some ten years, aiding and comforting every class of stricken humanity.

The Loretto nuns were established at this time on Bond St. and some few months after Confederation took possession of their present property on Wellington Place.

Such was Catholic Toronto fifty years ago. What progress have we made? As answer to this we have but to say that where there were then five parishes, we have twenty-one English-speaking parishes, three Italian, two Polish, two Syrian, one French and one Ruthenian. We have an Archbishop and forty-three secular priests and fourteen regulars engaged in pastoral work. The Basilians have in this district twenty priests, the greater part of whom are teachers and consequently are not included in the number above, although many of them in addition to their professorial work, act as chaplains and help out in diocesan work when needed. They have a novitiate and scholasticate and their College is one of the federated colleges of the Provincial University.

The Redemptorists have here a Vice Province, and in addition to the staff of St. Patrick's church, a mission band who

give retreats and missions throughout the country, is maintained.

The Paulists have charge of St. Peter's church and Newman Hall. The Christian Brothers teach in six Separate schools and the High School for boys, and are also in charge of St. John's Industrial School. The Sisters of St. Joseph, in addition to the House of Providence, have the Sacred Heart Orphanage and St. Michael's Hospital, while their convent school of fifty years ago has developed into a College practically a part of the University through its affiliation with St. Michael's College. Fourteen Separate Schools and a Girls' High School are also in charge of this Community.

The Loretto Community has a College similar to that of St. Joseph's, two academies, and teach in six Separate schools. Six schools are entirely under lay teachers. The Sisters of Our Lady of Charity have a refuge for fallen women and an Industrial School for girls. The Sisters of the Precious Blood have a convent, the Sisters of Misericorde a maternity hospital, and the Carmelite Sisters of the Divine Heart an institution to aid the welfare of the foreigners. Under lay management we have St. Elizabeth Nurses and Rosary Hall. Of the other institutions of the diocese we say nothing, confining ourselves to the field with which we began, the five parishes of Toronto as they were constituted fifty years ago.

There has been progress, and we thank God for it. We have likewise a debt of gratitude to the clergy and religious communities, to generous Catholic people by whose united efforts, under God, all this has been achieved.

The Debtor Christ.

“What, Woman, is my debt to thee,
That I should not deny
The boon Thou dost demand of me?”
“I gave Thee power to die!”

—Father Tabb

To Saint Anne

By M. S. PINE.

Spring, whence Mary flowed Immaculate!
Or the heavenly-crystalled gate
Which she passed in silvery state,
Speeding, leaping Orientward
To enshroud her King and Lord,
Veiling His immortal splendor
In a mist of snow-light tender.
Thou the gate or thou the spring
Whence such utter glory doth enring
Fallen, sad humanity,
With its sweet captivity.
Great St. Anne, with graces fraught
Seraphs wonder at, untaught;
Thou from whom God's Mother learned to pray,
All eyes turn to thee to-day,
Praise in thee thy Child's exalted sway.
Garland we thy image fair,
Rife our hearts' gardens to ensnare
Thy sweet glances at our prayer.

Anne, the gracious, Anne the royal, see!
Banners float and pilgrims line,
Many-mentioned, at thy shrine;
O'er the world soft breezes waft to thee
Vari-chorded harmony;
Altars echo thy great name
Through whose Child the Saviour came;

Golden censers fume, and high
Gleams the Host; while angels vie
Dropping graces from thy hands,
In the hearts of myriad bands,
Ere thy Mary's Son they fold
In their spirit's mystic hold.

Lady, purer than the light,
Heaven with us keeps solemn rite;
Jesus, Mary, round thee glories shed
They whose veins from thee were fed;
Vaster knowledge, bliss, thy soul invest,
Deluged from God's Essence unexpressed.
Mary's Mother, down through starry spaces
Flood us with to-day's mysterious graces!

Could not our convents and colleges utilize the Bible much more than they do? As a mere literary work, Charles A. Dana used to say that, of all the books essential to the journalist, it was the most indispensable, the most useful, the one whose knowledge is most effective. So, too, Maurice Francis Egan assures us that "there is no higher poetry on earth than *Isaias*, no higher prose than the *Parables of our Lord*." Are our college and convent graduates as familiar with these master-pieces as they might reasonably be expected to be?—Ave Marie.

Directresses of Catholic convents should not, we think, lose sight of the fact that their distinctive function in the education of the world is not so much to equal or surpass secular institutions in the social and cultural requirements of the pupils as to give to society young women whose characters have been moulded on religious lines, and whose lives radiate that influence of the supernatural which is so lamentably wanting in the world around us.

St. Anns de Beaupré

BY ROSE FERGUSON.

MUCH water has flowed down the mighty St. Lawrence since those Breton fishermen, being almost engulfed in the river, through sudden violence of a storm, called on good Ste. Anne for deliverance, and promised to erect a shrine at whatever point she should bring them to land. Nevertheless, in this, the third year of the great war, pious pilgrims have embarked on the same noble river—or taken advantage of the modern railway from Quebec—in order to invoke the aid of the Saint, even as did those simple Breton fishermen.

Since the first small, wooden chapel built in the early part of the seventeenth century, what phases of thought have come and gone, where no compass guides the Ship of Faith! From the scoffing materialism of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, a reaction towards things spiritual has set in, expressed thus by one prominent non-Catholic:

“A human life, lived only in the seen and felt, with no sense of the invisible, is a fatally impoverished life, a poor, blind, wingless life.” Another says: “The mystic union of the soul with God is the one underlying, all-determining truth of life.”

France of those earlier days professed the faith which she has “loved long since and lost awhile,” and we are shown a superb chasuble, presented by Anne of Austria, Queen of France and mother of Louis XIV., to that early Canadian shrine. The vestment is of a special interest now that descendants of those Breton fishermen fight side by side with their cousins of old France.

Later gifts—the altar, the organ and electric lights—were donated by a wealthy American lady, who was cured of a serious illness at the shrine, and later became a Catholic and was baptized in the Basilica. The chalices are of the melted-

down gold of rings and other trinkets, left in grateful memory of cures effected, while crutches and canes bear more obvious testimony of favours received. So do the ancient and modern, royalty and democracy, blend in things spiritual, while the star of faith shines on, though dimmed at times by gathering mists, or obscured by passing storms.

The village of Ste. Anne consists of two thousand people, with a couple of convents for educational purposes, an hospital for the poor who come to be cured (did Wilfred Grenfell know this when he penned those pathetic lines about the pilgrim from Labrador), and hotels to accommodate the two hundred thousand pilgrims of all nationalities who yearly visit the shrine. Not all pilgrims come to be cured, and not all who do are cured; but enough authentic cases are recorded to keep alive faith in good Ste. Anne, to whom, as mother of His blessed Mother, our Lord grants requests which will be for His honour and the good of souls.

Failure to obtain favours is generally attributed to lack of faith, and as Tennyson sings:

“We have but faith we cannot know,
For knowledge is of things we see.”

If we have faith and hope and love we shall at least be in a position to desire only what God wills, and so attain peace. Such thoughts are inspired by visits to the Shrines of God's holy ones; so, if temporal favours are not received, at least we trust our spiritual development is aided. A visit to Martyrs' Hill, near Waubaushe, where every rod of ground is watered by the blood of heroic explorers and intrepid missionaries, should be for all Canadians, and especially for our Ontario citizens, an incentive to patriotic as well as religious fervour. The writer is fortunate enough to have been at Martyrs Hill, the last summer of Father Nolin's life, and the flow of missionary stories, as well as the fervour of his prayers, will long remain a cherished memory, for the good old custodian of the shrines, was so unworthy successor to Breboeuf and Lalemant in his active life, and the end of that life was in truth a martyr's act.

Years earlier, we had visited Ste. Anne's for the first time, and below are given the impressions as then recorded. Times and circumstances change, but the mental and spiritual attitude during that early visit will still serve as a record of the present:

* * *

Many are the avocations, both religious and secular, carried out on the banks of the noble St. Lawrence, in the length of its majestic course to the sea. Perhaps no other new-world river can claim so much of the religious, as set forth in the magnificent churches, convents, colleges, seminaries and endless charitable institutions which grace its shores. But even these are not all it can boast of in things spiritual. A few miles on from the river's pride—quaint old Quebec—is situated another ancient place, favored of Nature and of God—the shrine of good Ste. Anne.

Much has been written of S. Anne's by experts in description, so this sketch will not pretend to give definite information, but rather, impressions during a short visit.

We had travelled all night from Montreal, so, on entering the Basilica, which we did at once, I fear the physical was far uppermost in me, for I felt there was not much use trying to be pious till we had breakfast, at least, if not some sleep. But it would require the intervention of the supernatural, I suppose, for robust health to feel otherwise.

The church is a magnificent building, and spacious enough to allow the explorations of curious tourists who merely stay long enough for a general view, and to examine the pyramids of crutches and other articles left as grateful offerings for cures effected without disturbing the devotions of pious pilgrims who surround the sanctuary. The altar is of white marble, and was decorated exclusively with white flowers, forming a halo round it. Just outside the altar rail is the beautiful statue of S. Anne and one of the relics. Here repair the clients for favours—invalids in Sedan chairs, the blind, lame, deaf and dumb, those in trouble of mind as well as body.

It is a sight never to be forgotten, and to a careless glance might suggest only the sensation of discomfort which health has in the presence of infirmity. But as the crust of worldliness becomes softened, a feeling of brotherhood and kinship with these poor sufferers takes possession of one, and the divine attribute of compassion, called up by the terribly realistic scenes in the sufferings of our Redeemer portrayed in painting and sculpture all around, surely helps one to a higher, holier frame of mind.

Everything at S. Anne's is "high" and "holy." One lodges at the Franciscan Convent, and climbs some seventy steps to reach its door. Over eighty steps reach from the street to the top of the Scala Sancta, but only about twenty of these are the holy steps, to be ascended on one's knees instead of ordinary fashion. This mode may be awkward and tiresome, but, ah, at the top one forgets the fatigue in contemplation of the groups representing the "Man of Sorrows." The demoniac expression of the soldiers in the "Scourging" arouses all one's wrath against—oneself. The agonized look on the faces of the Mother of Sorrows and S. John is not easily forgotten. The pathetic figure in the group, "Oh, God, look on the face of thy Christ!" would melt a heart of stone.

The stations of the Cross are planted on the mountain side, and are a little more difficult to make than one ordinarily finds that devotion.

But let us return to the Church. We may pass through a side door, and going through the lateral chapels, take our place in any part of the edifice, and always the same scene of incessant supplication with unswerving faith greets the eye. After the last morning train arrives, there is the veneration of the relic, when all go up to the altar-rail, and the priest applies the precious case to infirm portions of the body.

The good Redemptorists are busy workers. At all hours they are called on in their capacity of confessors, consolers and directors.

I think evening at S. Anne's is the time most in harmony with the spirit of the place.

“What joy to hear at evening's solemn hour,
The music of thy sweet-toned bells resound
O'er land and water, from thy lofty tower,
Inviting all to prayer.”

In answer to the invitation, the church was pretty well filled at benediction hour, though there was no special pilgrimage then at the shrine. And ah, the way those men sang the *Tantum Ergo* and other hymns without instrumental accompaniment! The rich notes soared along the lofty dome, and seemed an offering that must be heard by Heaven.

On passing from the church the bells rang out a joyous peal, rising and swelling, echoing far out over the calm waters of the St. Lawrence, and returning from the purple old mountains to the listeners who strolled along the shore. A beautiful, peaceful, blessed spot is this, and well fitted to be the shrine of one so well beloved of God—La Bonne Ste. Anne de Beaupré.

An Appreciation.

For the past few weeks we have been racking our brains for phrases sufficiently laudatory to do justice to the June issue of “St. Joseph Lilies” (St. Joseph's College Toronto, \$1.00 per annum). But we have given up in despair. The “Lilies” is above and beyond all praise. All the old-time favourites are represented in the June number. Rev. Dr. Dollard contributes a perfect poem; Dr. O'Hagan, a criticism of Francis Thompson; J. B. Kennedy an article on “American Catholic Journalism,” Rev. Dr. Kehoe, O.C.C., a paper on “Ordinary Mysticism,” and many other well-known writers, give of their best.—“Canadian Freeman,” Kingston.

Officers of the St. Joseph's College
Alumnae Association



1917—1918



Honorary Patron—The Very Rev. W. R. Harris, D.D., LL.D.

Spiritual Director—The Rev. E. Murray, C.S.B.

Honorary President—The Reverend Mother Superior of the
Community of St. Joseph.

President—Mrs. J. D. Warde.

Vice-Presidents—Mrs. T. F. McMahon, Mrs. L. J. Cosgrave,
Mrs. M. Healy, Mrs. R. W. Houston.

Counsellors—Miss N. Kennedy, Mrs. J. M. Landy, Mrs.
Fred. O'Connor, Mrs. F. P. Brazill.

Treasurer—Mrs. G. Griffin.

Recording Secretary—Miss Blaid Leonard.

City Recording Secretary—Mrs. J. A. Thompson.

Out-of-Town Secretary—Miss K. McCrohan.

Press Correspondent Secretary—Mrs. T. McCarron.

Historians—Mrs. Madden and Miss McBride.

Alumnae Items

The Annual Meeting and Election of Officers of the St. Joseph's College Alumnae Association took place at the College on Saturday, June 9, 1917.

At this meeting it was passed that the Alumnae Association shall provide a yearly scholarship of \$50.00 to the University Class of St. Joseph's College and St. Joseph's High School of Toronto. This scholarship will cover the fees and books for the first year University work—lectures to be taken at St. Joseph's College. Very gratifying reports of the year's work were read by the Secretaries and Treasurer. Mrs. Warde, the President, in her address, thanked the members for their loyal support and particularly the members of the Executive, who have shown such splendid interest in the Association, and most particularly our Honorary President, Reverend Mother Superior, for her kindness to us during the year. Votes of thanks were tendered to the President and to all the officers, especially the members of the Nomination Committee, Mesdames Day, McDonagh and Crowell, and to the Treasurer, Mrs. W. D. Barron, who has worked so untiringly in our interests. Mrs. Barron thanked the members for their appreciation and for their co-operation and expressed her regret that she will not be with them in person in future, as her duties will take her from Toronto this fall. She assured the members that her interests would still be theirs and that she would indeed miss the many enjoyable hours spent at her Alma Mater. We shall miss Mrs. Barron greatly, but hope she will visit us occasionally from across the border. After the elections Mrs. Warde, assisted by the members of the Executive Committee, received the guests. Tea was poured by Mrs. McDonagh and Mrs. Healy. The graduates of 1917 were our special guests and were welcomed into our Alumnae Association by the President and the members of the Association.

Gertrude Thompson, Recording Secretary.

(MRS. J. A. THOMPSON, 107 Howard St.)

The graduates of 1917 and the members of the Executive Committee of St. Joseph's College Alumnae Association spent a most enjoyable afternoon in June last, when the President, Mrs. J. D. Warde, gave a musicale and Tea, at her home, in their honour. Mrs. W. D. Barron, Miss Gertrude Heck and Miss Lavery sang and Miss Martin rendered some most exquisite piano numbers. Mrs. Petley and Mrs. Brazill poured tea.

* * *

One of the prettiest weddings of the season took place in July, at St. Monica's Church, when Miss Alma MacLaren, an alumna, became the bride of Captain Paul O'Sullivan, R.A.M.C., who has recently returned from the Front after serving two years. Miss Miriam Elmsley, also an alumna, acted as bridesmaid. Captain and Mrs. O'Sullivan left to spend the summer at Penetanguishene.

Summer.

And when the close of day
Reddens upon the hills
And washes the room with rose,
In the twilight hush
The summer comes to him
Ever so gently, unseen,
Touches him on the shoulder;
And with the departing sun
Our great funning friend is gone.

—Bliss Carman.

Autumn.

If I could paint you the Autumn colour,
The melting glow upon all things laid,
The violet haze of Indian summer, before its splendor begin to
fade,
When scarlet has reached its breathless moment, and gold the
hush of its glow now,
That were a mightier craft than Titian's, the heart to lift and
the head to bow.

Signal Honor for Dr. O'Hagan

FROM THE "CANADIAN FREEMAN," KINGSTON.

THE great Catholic University of Notre Dame, on the occasion of the celebration of its Diamond Jubilee, conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws on the distinguished Canadian Catholic poet, essayist and literary critic, Dr. Thomas O'Hagan. To be singled out among the notable Catholic laymen of America for the reception of such a signal honour on such a memorable occasion, is indeed a high tribute to the genius and achievement of Dr. O'Hagan, and "The Canadian Freeman," to whose columns he has contributed many valuable articles, joins with his hosts of admirers in extending to the Doctor its heartiest felicitations. In notifying Dr. O'Hagan of the decision of the Trustees and Faculty of Notre Dame to confer the Doctorate of Laws, the Rev. Dr. Cavanagh, the University's President, took occasion to eulogize his work for Catholic letters. "I need not tell you that the action of the Trustees and faculty of the University was a source of great satisfaction to me," said Dr. Cavanagh. "For twenty years I have been familiar with your literary work as poet, essayist, literary critic and journalist. What strikes me most of all is the wholesome, uncompromising Catholic tone of all that you write. No Bishop could be more devoted to the Church. No teacher of theology in a Seminary could be more scrupulous about the correct interpretation of Catholic teaching. "The service you have rendered to the Church both in the Dominion of Canada and in the United States entitles you to the gratitude of priests and people everywhere. And in offering you the Doctorate of the University of Notre Dame I feel that the University is interpreting the feelings of Catholics throughout the English-speaking world, and that its action will have the endorsement of Bishops, priests and people." A splendid tribute this, and one that enhances the Doctor's latest distinction a hundred fold. Dr. Cavanagh reads the Catholic pulse aright when he anticipates universal approval for the

University's action. Dr. O'Hagan is a past student of St. Michael's College, Toronto, and Ottawa University, M.A. of Ottawa, 1885. He pursued post-graduate courses at the University of Chicago and Cornell University, receiving the Doctorate of Philosophy in 1889. From Cornell he went to Louvain, Grenoble and Fribourg Universities, where he spent 18 months in the study of French, German, Italian and Spanish. He holds the Doctorate of Letters from Laval. Dr. O'Hagan is equally distinguished as poet, essayist, lecturer, literary critic and journalist. His published works include, "Essays on Catholic Life," "Essays, Literary, Critical, and Historical," "Studies in Poetry," "In the Heart of the Meadow," "Songs of the Settlement," "Songs of Heroic Days," etc. He is a member of the most important literary and historical societies of Europe and America. He edited the Chicago "New World" for several years.

"Saint Joseph Lilies" warmly unites its congratulations with those of the "Freeman," and ardently hopes that many, many years of service still await Dr. O'Hagan in the intellectual and literary world which he so ably adorns.

The Assumption.

"The Son went up the angels' ways,
His Passion ended; but, ah me!
Thou found'st the road of further days
A longer way of Calvary.
On the hard cross of hope deferred
Thou hungst in loving agony,
Until the mortal-dreaded word
Which chills our mirth, spake mirth to thee.
The angel Death from this cold tomb
Of life did roll the stone away;
And He thou barest in thy womb
Caught thee at last into the day,
Before the living throne of Whom
The Lights of Heaven burning pray."

—Francis Thompson.



Since our last issue, one school term has closed and another has begun. Many of our exchanges will have passed into the hands of new staffs before this number is published. To all, Saint Joseph Lilies sends greetings and sincere good wishes for a prosperous year.

* * *

Always very good, the **St. Peter's College Journal** for June has surpassed itself. Of several logical articles in the editorial column we select particularly the one entitled "Christianity's Triumph." It is a very clear answer to those who adduce the present war as a proof that Christianity is a failure. The following quotation will illustrate the line of argument: "They (the pagan practices indulged in and the barbaric methods employed) do not prove Christianity a failure, but are convincing arguments of its success. The very men who at the commencement of the war declared that this great international strife would destroy the last trace of Christianity, uprooting from the hearts of men a belief even in an all-provident God, have lived to find themselves, along with their comrades 'down on their knees,' praying to the Lord God of heaven and earth to have mercy on them for their past crimes."

The essays "The Freedom of the Seas and Peter's Bark," and "The Church and Democracy," show thought and careful preparation, and "From the Anvil of the Fates" is an interesting little story.

* * *

In the **Nardin Quarterly** for June we notice especially the short stories. Both are good, but we like better the one under the heading, "A Message from Heaven." "The Need of Prayer" ought to strike home to all readers of Catholic magazines; it contains a truth which should be evident to all.

* * *

Several interesting and instructive articles are found between the dainty covers of the Commencement Number of **Academia**. Chief among these we might mention the description of Manila to which the earlier Catholic history of the town lends a special interest.

* * *

The short poem seems to be a special feature of the **Labarum**, for in the August number we find several and all are very good. The serious articles show study and care, and the editorial deals with a subject that must appeal to all graduates of women's colleges—the duty to help the weak and wounded.

* * *

We have also received: "The Ave Maria," "Belmont Review," the "Collegian," "Duquesne Monthly," "The Laurel," "The College Spokesman," "St. Mary's Messenger," "The Fordham Monthly," "The Martian," "The Lamp," "The Canadian Freeman," "The Catholic Bulletin," "The North-West Review," "The Extension Magazine," "The Magnificat," "The Niagara Index," "Villa Sancta Scholastica Quarterly," "Echoes from the Mount," "Columbiad," "The Canisius Monthly," "The Loretine," "The Nazarine," "The Abbey Student," "St. Mary's Sentinel," "Trinity College Record," "Anselmian," "St. Vincent's College Journal," "Red and White."

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE DEPARTMENT EDITORIAL
STAFF.

Editor-in-Chief—Miss Eileen Dowdall.

Assistant Editors—The Misses Quigley, Muriel Gendron,
Madeline Murphy.

Local Editors—The Misses Helen Barry, Rita Ivory, Frances
O'Gorman, Elizabeth Bourke.

Music Editors—The Misses Mercedes Powell-Gomez, Yvonne
Lavery, Mary Tremblay, Albertine Martin.

Art Editors—The Misses Clothilde Prunty, Anna McKerrow,
Marion Graves.

The Housewife's Prayer

BLANCHE M. KELLY, from "The Valley of Vision."

Lady, who with tender ward
Didst keep the house of Christ the Lord,
Who didst set forth the bread and wine
Before the Living Wheat and Vine,
Reverently didst make the bed
Whereon was laid the holy Head
That such a cruel pillow prest,
For our behoof, on Calvary's crest:
Be beside me while I go
About my labours to and fro.
Speed the wheel and speed the loom,
Guide the needle and the broom.
Make my bread rise sweet and light,
Make my cheese come foamy white,
Yellow may my butter be
As cowslips blowing on the lea.
Homely though my tasks and small,
Be beside me at them all.
Then when I shall stand to face
Jesu in the judgment-place,
To me thy gracious help afford,
Who art the Handmaid of the Lord.

Salutatory

Most Reverend Archbishop, Your Lordship, Reverend Fathers and kind Friends, that day to which every other in our school year points, is with us again, and it is now our happy privilege to extend you a hearty welcome to our closing exercises. We should like to make you realize how pleased we are to have you here—that it is with true sincerity and joy we bid you “welcome.”

To-day, as we look back over this year now at an end, we feel that your presence among us is a circumstance which we cannot value too highly.

The evening of our school life is now come, the bright day which we once fancied would be all too long, is actually over. It has been such a bright, happy day that we must needs regret its closing, and the sunset to which we have so long looked forward is clouded and dim, for

To-day, this day can come but once
With all it brings of grief or bliss;
Others may come as rife with good,
As dear to us, but never this.

However, we are assured that this evening with its gloom and shadow of parting is only the prelude of another day into which we may bring the lovely flowers of the happy golden one we would fain keep in its passing. Surely if we obscure not its brightness, the sunlight of this new day which is about to dawn will be no less bright than that of the one we are now leaving, and we know that you all expect us to permit this sun to rise to its zenith. We purpose, then, dear friends, not to disappoint you. May you find us ever worthy of the kind interest you pledge us. Whatever pathway of life we tread may we be instinctively known as noble products of a noble Institute, true children of St. Joseph, women, who, having been taught to look to his Immaculate Spouse as their ideal, strive to be other

Marys, even in the midst of a world of pleasure, turmoil and struggle. If this be so, whether success or failure come to us, you must say the sunlight of our lives was never obscured.

Permit me, then, to express the gratitude of the whole College for the interest you show in being with us to-day, and especially do I express it on behalf of the Graduates of 1917. May the few hours you give us to-day be a pleasure to you, as to us, and indeed we feel confident they will be, for—

The cheery smile, the pleasant word,
The kindly deeds to others done,
Like bread upon the waters cast,
Float gently backward, one by one.

“If we work upon marble it will perish; if upon brass, time will efface our labour; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon immortal minds, if we imbue them with right principles, with the fear of God and the love of mankind—we engrave on these tablets something which will brighten to all eternity.”—Cardinal Newman.

Let us never voluntarily dwell upon the faults of others, when they present themselves to our minds; instead of dwelling on them let us at once consider what there is of good in these persons. No one should think or say anything of another which he would not wish thought or said of himself.—St. Theresa.

Graduates of 1917

Laurine Kavanaugh—Toronto.

“Blest with temper whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day.”

Miss Kavanaugh claims New York as her birthplace, but received her elementary education at St. Francis' School, Toronto.

In September, 1914, she entered First Form High School in St. Joseph's Convent, where she has made an excellent record, winning honours in Normal Entrance and Matriculation this year.

Next year Laurine hopes to continue a Post-Graduate course, as her ambition is to climb higher the steeps of knowledge.

May she fulfill her hopes and attain the zenith of success in every undertaking to that end!

* * *

Yvonne Lavery, New Westminster, B.C.

“She has wit, and song and sense,
Mirth, and sport and eloquence.”

“Blest with a temper whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day.”

From the far West came Yvonne to finish her education in St. Joseph's, where she has made a specialty of music, in which art she has obtained Senior University proficiency in both Instrumental and Vocal. Yvonne has a true, sweet voice, which on several occasions during the last year has been heard to advantage in the past-singing of the College Choral Class.



GRADUATES OF 1917.

A Commercial diploma has also been conferred on her, which proves that this enthusiastic and light-hearted young lady, who sets about her work and play with equal zeal, has not neglected the practical for the artistic. With her sunny disposition, her cheerfulness and amiability of spirit and her devotion to her chosen art, Yvonne will be welcome wherever she goes; of her it will truly be said:

“Her deep and thrilling song
Seem'd with its piercing melody to reach
The soul, and in mysterious union
Blend with all thoughts of gentleness and love.”

* * *

Henrietta Moloney, Powassen, Ont.

“The world external knows thee but in part,
Thy ways so winning, yet so pure from art;
Thy cordial reverence keen to all desert—
All save thine own.”

Miss Henrietta Moloney came from Powassen, her home town, to reside in St. Joseph's in Sept., 1914. Since then she has passed Lower School Entrance to Normal, Middle School with Honours, and Junior Matriculation examinations, winning the Class Medal in her second year. In Henrietta we find such a combination of graceful simplicity and frankness and friendliness of accost as is rarely met with. Happiness seems to radiate from her as beams of light from the purest gem. Most heartily do the best wishes of all attend her. May her rare talents and golden qualities lead her to the zenith of success!

* * *

Marguerite O'Donnell.

“A smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires.”

Miss O'Donnell is a native of Mimico, where she received her preparatory education. She began her secondary work at St. Joseph's High School, where she obtained her Lower School

standing. Becoming a student at St. Joseph's in January, 1915, she was successful in the Normal Entrance and Matriculation Examinations of 1916.

Both in the class-room and recreation hall Marguerite's bright and genial manner has won her many friends. Desirous of higher honours, she has now entered the College Course, where we wish her every success.

* * *

Frances O'Gorman.

"In action faithful
And in soul sincere."

Eastern Ontario has the honour of being the birth-place of Miss Frances O'Gorman. Her early years of school life were passed at Eganville. Later she was a pupil in the Convent of the Congregational nuns, Ottawa, and prior to coming to St. Joseph's in 1915, attended Renfrew Collegiate Institute.

Frances has proved herself an earnest student, has shown considerable talent in art and won laurels in more than one class-debate. She obtained Normal Entrance Standing this year, and her many friends feel assured that, whether she follow the teaching profession at once or return to "Alma Mater" to take the College Course, her gentle manner and amiable disposition will ever continue to make life a more pleasant place for others.

* * *

Clotilde Prunty, Kearney, Ont.

"A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet."

"Quiet and calm, of gentle mien,
And unassuming grace."

Having obtained her Lower School with the Sisters of St. Joseph, Douglas, Clotilde came to the College in 1914. Since then she has been successful in Normal Entrance and has made

considerable progress in elocutionary and dramatic art. On the College stage, she distinguished herself as Portia; in class debates she upheld her opinions in a clear, convincing manner, and as Valedictorian of her class, she evoked favourable comments on her delivery. In the Art Department Clotilde has given evidence of high qualities, winning the gold medal in the senior class of 1916. Her gentleness, her unvarying sweetness or disposition and graciousness of manner, have endeared her to all, and will win for her life-long friends, wherever duty calls her.

* * *

Helen Spellman, Toronto.

“And her smile it seems half holy,
As if drawn from thoughts more far
Than our common jestings are.”

Having received her elementary education in St. Mary's School, Helen entered the Collegiate Course at St. Joseph's in 1912. She early gave evidence of remarkable versatility, obtaining her Intermediate Piano during the first year of her High School career.

After completing the matriculation course and continuing her studies for Honour Matriculation, Helen surprised her teachers and classmates at the Graduation exercises by her soulful rendering of The Moszkowski Scherzo Valse.

Alma Mater wishes her success in whatever walk of life she may choose.

* * *

Veronica Tolley, Toronto.

“A maid whose manners are retired,
Who patient waits to be admired,
Though unperceived, perhaps a while,
Her modest worth must win a smile.”

Miss Veronica Tolley received her early training with the Trinitarian nuns, Kidderminster, England, later with the Sisters of Mercy in New York City. Three years ago she joined

the Fifth Form Class at St. Joseph's and has easily been among the first in every class she has entered since then. Veronica's talents are varied, and she has a fund of resources which will always claim for her unfailing success. Her present standing includes Lower School and Middle School Entrance to Normal training and Junior Matriculation. She hopes in due time to attain to the Bachelor's Degree. All pleasure and honour attend her efforts to the goal of her fair ambition!

* * *

Mae Trombley, Belle Ewart, Ont.

"Hers is a spirit gay and free,
Her heart hath known no guile."

Belle Ewart is a favourite summer resort on Lake Simcoe, but it lays claim to another distinction as well, that of being the birth-place of Miss Mae Trombley, who graced the school of this pretty hamlet with her presence, till the completion of her elementary studies. After attending Bradford High School for two years, Mae came to St. Joseph's in 1914, where she obtained Lower School Standing in 1915 and Normal Entrance and Partial Matriculation in 1917. Besides her academic work, Mae has proved her efficiency in Music and China Painting and since her first appearance at St. Joseph's, has been a general favourite with her companions and a satisfactory pupil to her teachers. May she carry through life that bright cheerfulness and sweet simplicity of manner which have endeared her to one and all. St. Joseph's wishes her success.

The Assumption.

Nor Bethlehem nor Nazareth
Apart from Mary's care,
Nor Heaven itself a home for Him,
Were not His Mother there.

—Father Tabb.

St. Joseph's Closing

THE large assembly hall of St. Joseph's Academy was crowded to the doors on Thursday afternoon, June 7th, when the parents and friends of the students gathered to enjoy a very carefully prepared and well-rendered programme of music, reading, and song. A remarkable precision and exquisite taste characterized the various numbers presented, both by individual performers and by the school en masse. The students in uniform, wearing school colours, were grouped tier above tier on the stage. Nine fair, white-gowned graduates, attended by dainty, radiant, little flower-girls, filled the foreground of a picture of rare beauty. The opening chorus, "On Silvery Waves," was well rendered, and the greeting of welcome was clearly and distinctly pronounced by one of the graduates, Miss Henrietta Maloney. The piano and vocal solos were brilliant, Miss Martin and Miss Lavery showing exceptional talent and proficiency. The Part Song from "Paradise and the Peri," was particularly pleasing. The Valedictory, read by Miss Clothilde Prunty, gave evidence that her pleasant associations with St. Joseph's had inspired her with a deep affection, an enthusiastic devotion for her Alma Mater. The Right Rev. A. MacDonald, Bishop of Victoria, presided, and a large number of the clergy were present. At the close of the programme the Rev. R. McBrady, C.S.B., College Chaplain, thanked the students on behalf of those present for their agreeable and excellent entertainment. The Rev. M. Cline also expressed his satisfaction.

List of Honours.

Papal Medal for Christian Doctrine and Church History—
Competed for in Senior Department, awarded to Miss Mercedes Powell-Gomez.

Graduating Medals and Diplomas—Awarded to: The Misses Mary Trombley, Belle Ewart; Clothilde Prunty, Kearney; Henrietta Maloney, Powassen; Yvonne Lavery, New Westminster, B.C.; Helen Spellman, Toronto; Marguerite O'Donnell, Toronto; Veronica Tolley, Toronto; Laurine Kavanagh, Toronto; Frances O'Gorman, Toronto.

Governor-General's Medal, presented by His Excellency, the Duke of Devonshire, for English Literature—Awarded to Miss Cleonia Coghlan.

TO-DAY.

We shall do so much in years to come,
 But what have we done to-day?
 We shall give our gold in a princely sum,
 But what did we give to-day?
 We shall lift the heart and dry the tear,
 We shall plant a hope in the place of fear,
 We shall speak the words of love and cheer,
 But what did we speak to-day?

We shall be so kind in the afterwhile,
 But what have we been to-day?
 We shall bring to each lonely life a smile,
 But what have we brought to-day?
 We shall give to truth a grander birth,
 And to steadfast faith a deeper worth,
 We shall feed the hungering souls of earth,
 But whom have we fed to-day?

We shall reap the joys in the bye-and-bye,
 But what have we sown to-day?
 We shall build us mansions in the sky,
 But what have we built to-day?
 'Tis sweet in idle dreams to bask,
 But here and now do we do our task,
 Yes, this is the thing our souls must ask:
 What have we done to-day?

Valedictory

THE last grains of golden sand which in the hour-glass of time have marked the course of our happy school days, are falling, one by one, into the crystal vase prepared by memory for their reception; and oh! how gladly would we, who so often grew impatient at the slow flight of time, now arrest its ceaseless, rapid course for even one short hour. Borne onward by the swift-flowing current of time, we have to-day arrived at the close of our school career, and we stand, as it were, on the threshold of a new and wonderful life. Behind us lie the happy, care-free years of childhood and youth; before us stretches the dim, uncertain future. Tranquilly, joyfully, happily, the sweet May-day of our lives has glided imperceptibly by within the precincts of these hallowed walls, where all has combined to prepare us for that opening June, whose beauties are still hidden behind the impenetrable veil of the future. The time has come to take our place in the ranks of Christian womanhood, to play our part in the great drama of life. What that part will be, we do not know, but of this, at least, we are certain—it shall be—it must be—the role of noble, self-sacrificing, valiant Catholic women; this the crisis of the present day demands; this the careful training of our Alma Mater deserves; this the debt that each young woman graduate owes mankind.

“And thus, dear Alma Mater, we must go,

Thus part from scenes where dwells sweet bliss alone,
The flowers that on thy tender bosom blow,
Sweet duty calls to grace the world's great throne.”

But sad regret is not the only emotion that surges through our hearts to-day. Gratitude, that sweet music of the human heart, would fain break forth in a strain of harmony whose dulcet tones would reach to heaven, drawing thence celestial benedictions on those dear ones, who through many years have

laboured to form our hearts to the love and practice of virtue, and to store our minds with the flowers of knowledge destined to embellish our future career.

To our Reverend Father Chaplain we owe a debt we may never hope to pay; but like unto those plants, which retain their pristine freshness even beneath December snows, so shall our gratitude live on, to bloom with renewed beauty and vigour in the Spring-tide of a happy eternity.

To our dear Mistress and Teachers, we bid a fond farewell. Often in the course of coming years, when the burdens of life press heavily upon us, shall we recall their kind words of encouragement and advice.

At times perhaps a cloudlet chanced to stray
Across our path and cast its shadow there,
The little cross our shoulders bore that day,
Gave strength Life's sterner future things to bear.

How oft from 'neath restraint's protecting arm
Our youthful passions struggled to be free,
And yet from every breeze that whispered harm,
Our childish hearts in fear fled back to thee.

Ah! and so it will still be. Fitted for the struggle by their excellent training and followed through life by their holy prayers, may our frail bark afloat on the world's broad sea weather the storms and arrive safe in the Port of our Home above.

And now, dear Alma Mater, fare thee well. Ever shall the hearts of thy children turn to thee, as the sure guide of their existence. Memory shall ever revert with pleasure to the happy hours spent within thy walls. To our wishes for thee we join our prayers for their realization. May prosperity ever unfurl her banner above thee. May the hearts of thy children ever bless thee with the hearts' best gift-gratitude. May the sweet angels of peace and love ever hover o'er thee, while down the coming years thou shalt continue to dispense to others as thou

hast so prodigally dispensed to us, the blessings of solid and religious education.

“ ’Tis thus, dear Mother, with reluctant heart,
Thy full-blown flowers leave thy tender care,
But though from thee heart-lonely they depart,
Their glance still rests upon thy portals fair.

Sweet Girlhood's blissful days have passed away,
The summer breeze has rung their parting knell,
Each mortal life has but one hour for play—
My Alma Mater, cherished, loved, Farewell!”

No college can be all it should be or do all it should do unless it has around it a strong body of local supporters who have been its own students. They can make a sympathetic atmosphere about it that no others can understand, not to say supply—they can be helpful financially—they can aid in making known to other people what it has been accomplishing in the past and what it could do in the future, if it were kept up in the highest practicable state of efficiency. They can attend its great gatherings and they impart eclat to its public functions.—University Addresses.

Ill temper is often the one blot on an otherwise noble character . . . For embittering life, for breaking up communities, for destroying the most sacred relationships, for devastating homes, for withering up men and women, for taking the bloom of childhood, in short, for sheer gratuitous misery-producing power, ill temper stands alone.—Drummond.

I shall pass through this world but once, any good thing therefore that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer it or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.—From the French.

A Catholic Bach

BY ALBERTINE MARTIN.

THE famous musician Giovanni da Pierlnigi da Palestrina, who did so much for the purification of our church music, was born of humble parentage, about the year 1525. The lack of early biographical material regarding the man who became at once the culmination of Flemish school, and the founder of the pure Italian school, has led to the invention of many a doubtful tale, regarding his beginnings in the art of music. At the age of fifteen, Palestrina went to Rome to study music. He returned some years after to his home, where he became the organist and director in the choir.

Three years later he married Lucrezia de Goris, a wealthy woman who proved a devoted wife to the master, and a tender mother to his four sons. In 1580 Palestrina's wife died, and the following year we find the master in Rome, a successful teacher of the boy singers, in the Capella della Basilica Vaticana. While employed at this post he composed a set of four and five-voiced masses, dedicated to Pope Julius III. The Church, who up to this time had relied almost wholly upon Flemish composers for her musical works, now accepted that of the Italian musician, and as an acknowledgment appointed him a member of the Papal choir. Shortly after the accession of Paul II. he lost his lucrative post as director of the Papal choir and for some time had difficulty in supporting his family.

About this time he produced many important sacred works, among which were his volume of "Improperia," a wonderful eight-voiced "Crux Fideles," and his "Lamentations." For ten years he was director of the Church of St. Maria, and during this time, an event occurred that spread his fame through all the Catholic nations of the earth. Church music had for a long time lapsed from the dignity which should have been its chief characteristic. The Flemish composers were in a large degree responsible for this; they had placed their ingenuity

above religious earnestness, and in order to show their contrapuntal skill, frequently chose some well-known secular song as the "Cantus Firmus" of their masses, and weave their counterpoint around this as a core.

Palestrina was blessed with many true and steadfast admirers who must have atoned in some degree for the jealousies of his brother musicians. His wife was devoted to him; the Cardinal d'Este was his friend; but the great solace of Palestrina's career was the close companionship of the musical and devout St. Philip Neri. It is not too much to imagine that Palestrini helped the founder of the oratory with advice and music, and thus must have assisted at the birth of the loftiest religious form of the later times.

In 1593 Palestrina, now an old man, became musical director to Cardinal Aldelrandini. Even to the musician's very last days he produced works which remain monuments of his energy; and his activity continued unabated almost up to his decease. His last work was thirty "Spiritual Madrigals" for five voices, in praise of the Blessed Virgin. Shortly after this he was attacked by pleurisy. Death became imminent, Extreme Unction was administered, and in a few days the great old master gave up his soul to his Maker.

Palestrina is buried in St. Peter's in the chapel of Sts. Simon and Jude. The simple inscription on his tomb runs:

JOHANNES PETRUS ALOYSIUS PRAENESTINUS,

Music Princeps.

How earnestly this great composer regarded his art, and how deeply he felt his responsibilities, may be gathered from his own words:

"Music exerts a great influence upon the minds of mankind, and is intended not only to cheer these, but also to guide and control them, a statement which has only been made by the ancient, but which is found equally true to-day. The sharper blame, therefore, do these deserve who misemploy so great and splendid a gift of God in light or unworthy things, and thereby excite men, who of themselves are inclined to all evil, to sin

and misdoing. As regards myself, I have from youth been affrighted at such misuse, and anxiously have avoided giving forth anything which could lead anyone to become more wicked or godless. All the more should I now that I have attained to riper years, and am not far removed from old age, place my entire thoughts of lofty, earnest things such as are worthy of a Christian."

With these words does Palestrina dedicate his first book of Motettes to Cardinal d'Este, Duke of Ferrara, and no historian or reviewer could give a truer summing up of Palestrina's character and its influence on his music than he has done for himself.

"I pant for the music which is divine,
My heart in its thirst is a dying flower;
Pour forth the sound like enchanted wine,
Loosen the notes in a silver shower."

Friends who love each other, and keep together, grow like one another, because they love the same sort of things, and do the same sort of things, and talk of the same sort of things, and think of the same sort of things. Are you growing like Jesus Christ, or are you growing like the devil? You can judge by your habits.—John Ayseough.

There is one kind of trouble in the world which God never sends, and which never brings a blessing with it, it is the borrowed trouble which people get by worrying about to-morrow instead of being content to bear the burden of to-day. Most of the worry in this world is over trouble that never comes; and what is more foolish than to brood over troubles in anticipation of their coming?

The mother who shapes the soul of a child into the likeness of Christ is a greater sculptor than Michael Angelo. His works will die before or at the end of the world, her work will live for all eternity.

The Examination Results

The certificates awarded August, 1917, by the Ontario Department of Education to the students of St. Joseph's College, are as follows:

Upper School Entrance to Faculty.—M. M. Coumans (Part I.), W. Kearney (Part "C" with Alg. of Part "A"), E. O'Meara (Part "C" Honours).

Honour Matriculation.—K. Gray, German 111, Latin 111, H. Spellman, Latin 111.

Junior Matriculation.—C. V. Coghlan, E. Horan, R. M. Ivory, L. Kavanaugh, H. Maloney, A. McDonagh, S. McCormick, M. O'Brien, V. Tolley.

Partial Matriculation.—V. Ashbrook, M. Trombley.

Middle School Entrance to Normal.—V. Armstrong, C. V. Coghlan (Honours), G. Daly, L. Hart, E. Horan (Honours), R. M. Ivory, L. Kavanaugh (Honours), A. Kelly, H. Maloney (Honours), A. McDonagh, J. A. McDougall, M. O'Brien (Honours), C. Prunty, F. O'Gorman, M. Trombley, V. Tolley, H. Walsh.

Lower School Entrance to Normal.—Josephine Fenn (Honours), Prima Maurice (Honours), Dorothy Agnew (Honours), Kathleen Halford (Honours), Teresa Asselin, Stella Brunelle, Loretto Christie, Mary Cairo, Mary Frawley, Marguerite Gaudet, Carmel Kelly, Gladys Lawrence, Monita MacDonnell, Isla Mackey, Margaret Malone, Estelle McGuire, Rita Morgan, Bertha Morrissey, Eileen Murphy, May Nolan, Mercedes Powell-Gomez, Frances Redican (Geog.), Agnes Simpson, Monica Stock, Dorothy Young.

The following students have obtained their Normal School Teachers' Certificates: Marcella Meyers, F. Forestell, B. Real, B. McGinn, M. Harrison, M. O'Connor, C. McBrady, E. Thompson, A. Quinn, E. Sims, P. Morrow, F. Walsh, B. Hayes.

Limited—L. Lohrmann, S. O'Neil, U. Roszel, R. Cronin.

Music Department—University of Toronto.

Intermediate Vocal.—Honours, Miss Yvonne Lavery.

Junior Piano.—Pass, Miss Yvonne Carrier, Miss Agnes Perry.

Primary Piano.—Pass, Miss Margaret Carrier.

Junior Theory.—First Class Honours—Miss Helen Matthews.
Pass—Miss Teresa Keogh, Miss Mary McCormack, Miss Ivy Powell-Gomez.

Toronto College of Music.

Third Piano.—Honours: Miss Ursula Christopher.

Senior First Piano.—First Class Honours: Miss Dorothy Agnew. Honours: Miss Marie Murphy, Miss Mary Noonan, Miss Theresa St. Denis. Pass: Miss Kathleen Collinson.

Primary Piano.—Honours: Miss Cecilia Carey.

Medals.

Gold Medal, presented by the Most Reverend Neil McNeil, Archbishop of Toronto, for superiority in Languages, awarded to Miss S. McCormack.

Presented by the Right Reverend Monsignor Whelan, for Essay Writing, awarded to Miss Rita Morgan.

Presented by the Right Reverend Monsignor Kidd, for Church History in Middle School, awarded to Miss Ivy Powell-Gomez.

Presented by the Very Reverend Dean Moyna, for Highest Standing in Honour Matriculation, awarded to Miss Kathleen Grey.

Presented by the Reverend W. A. McCann, for Highest Standing in Junior VI. Class, awarded to Miss Dorothy Agnew.

Presented by the Reverend M. Cline, for Highest Standing in Fifth Form, awarded to Miss Ivy Powell-Gomez.

The Gold Medal presented annually by the Reverend G. A. Williams, for Superiority in First Year Arts, is not awarded,

as the young lady who merits it has obtained a scholarship. In future this prize will be given as a scholarship.

Presented by the Reverend J. A. Trayling, for Highest Standing in Commercial Class, awarded to Miss Kathleen Collinson.

Presented by the Reverend Dr. O'Leary, for Highest Standing in Entrance Class, awarded to Miss Helen Kernahan.

Presented by the Reverend L. Minehan, for Speed in Typewriting, awarded to Miss Jane Boucher.

Presented by the Reverend T. O'Donnell, for General Proficiency in Academic Class, awarded to Miss Albertine Martin.

Presented by the Reverend P. Flanagan, for Painting, awarded to Miss Loretto Lynch.

First Prize for China Painting, awarded to Miss Mary Ferland.

Presented by the Heintzman Company, for Superiority in Music, awarded to Miss Albertine Martin.

Silver Medal presented by Mr. F. Emery, for Music, awarded to Miss Ursula Christopher.

Presented by the Ambrose Kent Company, for Silk and Linen Embroidery, awarded to Miss Mary Noonan.

Gold Thimble, presented by the Reverend J. R. Quigley, for Art Needlework, awarded to Miss Marie Baechler.

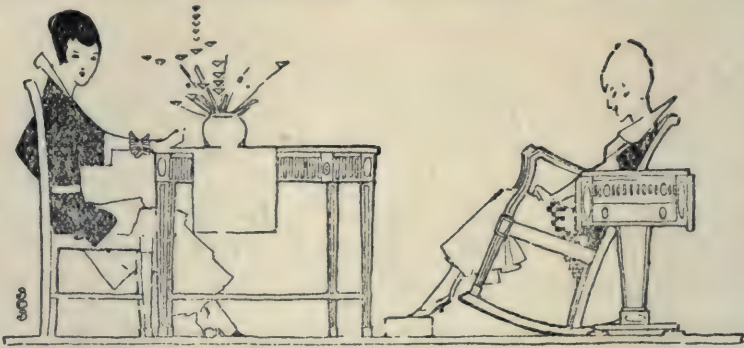
Silver Medal for Christian Doctrine, in Lower School, presented by the Reverend J. P. Treacy, D.D., awarded to Miss Nora Foy.

Special Prize in St. Cecilia's Choir, for Fidelity and Improvement, merited by twenty-five members of choir, obtained by Miss Marjorie Krausmann.

Crown for Charity in Conversation, by vote of Companions: In First Course, Miss Mercedes Powell-Gomez; in Second Course, Miss Prima Maurice.

Crown for Amiability, by vote of Companions: In First Course, Rita Ivory; in Second Course, Miss Teresa St. Denis.

ST. JOSEPH LILIES.



WE FURNISH THE HOME AND CLOTHE THE FAMILY ON EASY CREDIT TERMS

The cool air of Autumn, the turning leaves, presage a long, delightful season of fireside enjoyment, and it is at this time of the year that special thought should be given to the comforts of the home. Perhaps just one piece of furniture is needed to give that final touch of coziness. No matter what the requirement we stand ready to serve you.

BY OPENING A CHARGE ACCOUNT

You may have the use of the goods and pay for them in small weekly or monthly instalments.

STORE OPEN EVENINGS

HOME

FURNITURE CARPET CO. LTD.

343-345 QUEEN STREET EAST

PLEASE PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS.

JOHN J. FEE

Wholesale Butter ^a _d Eggs

**Special Attention to Table Butter
and New Laid Eggs**

64 Front Street East,

TORONTO

ONTARIO

TELEPHONES: Adelaide 133 and 134

Shop Telephone North 3765

House Telephone 3762

GEO. M. BRYAN

MANUFACTURER OF

Galvanized Iron Cornices, Skylights,
Metal Roofing and Ceilings and
all other Sheet Metal Trimmings
for Buildings. : : : :

SLATE, FELT and GRAVEL
ROOFING and REPAIRING

Jobbing Promptly Attended To. Furnace Work

**503 YONGE STREET
TORONTO**

Main 1589

Ferrier & Co.

**WHOLESALE
POTATO DEALERS**

**62 COLBORNE STREET
TORONTO**

Car Lots a Specialty

Try a Good Thing

Every bottle of Acme Dairy Milk is pure, clean, and wholesome. It is pasteurized to make it doubly safe. A high-class dairy with a high-class product, and it costs no more than ordinary milk.

Acme Dairy

R. W. DOCKERAY, Prop.

Telephone Hillcrest 1134.

THE

Rembrandt

STUDIO

318 Yonge Street, TORONTO

ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHY

**FROM MINIATURE TO
LIFE SIZE PORTRAITS**

**A. E. WARNICA,
ARTIST**

Phone Adel. 2893

Ask Your Stationer About
Swansdown

Note Paper
Envelopes
Tablets
Papetries
Correspondence
Cards
Visiting Cards

MADE IN CANADA

The Copp Clark Co. Limited

"The House at Portland Square" TORONTO

Klim

"The Modern Milk"
IN POWDER FORM

PURE—
ECONOMICAL—
CONVENIENT

ASK YOUR GROCER
Canadian Milk Products
LIMITED
TORONTO

BRANCH OFFICE - MONTREAL

Buy an Efficient Gas Range
AND COOKING WILL BE A PLEASURE



YES--A



of course, because you know they have been making stoves for seventy-five years, therefore their gas ranges are simply perfection.

OUR gas range line is complete. Everything from a little two-burner, one-oven cooker to the larger, compact cabinet, as illustrated.

You will be interested in our gas catalogue, and a copy is yours for the asking.

THE GURNEY FOUNDRY CO.

LIMITED
TORONTO

Also at MONTREAL WINNIPEG CALGARY VANCOUVER

ST. JOSEPH LILIES.

Royal Assurance Co. Ltd.

OF ENGLAND

Largest Fire Insurance Co. in the World.

PERCY J. QUINN
Local Manager.

WM. A. LEE & SON

GENERAL AGENTS

26 VICTORIA STREET, - - TORONTO

Phone Main 592

Residence Phone Park 667

Western Assurance Co.

INCORPORATED 1851

Assets over	\$ 3,000,000
Losses paid since organization over.....	\$61,000,000

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO, ONT.

W. R. BROCK, *President.*

W. B. MEIKLE, *Vice-President and Managing Director.*

WM. A. LEE & SON

GENERAL AGENTS

26 VICTORIA STREET, - - TORONTO

Phone Main 592

Residence Phone Park 667

PLEASE PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS.

St. Michael's College

Toronto, - Ontario

FEDERATED WITH THE

University of Toronto

COURSES:

Arts, High School, Commercial

FOR INFORMATION APPLY TO THE SUPERIOR

The HEALING and EMOLIENT Properties of **"VERGINE"** brand Olive Oil

are recognized by physicians and skin specialists everywhere. Nothing is so soothing for skins that become chafed by exposure to sun or wind, as an occasional application of olive oil to the affected parts.

SOLD IN

Half-pint,
Pint, Quart,
Half-gallon, and
Gallon Tins.

MOREOVER, olive oil is not only good for outward application, but it is much more valuable as a food. Doctors recommend it for children and for young men and women during adolescence. It is wonderfully strengthening and enriches and purifies the blood.

But be sure to order "VERGINE" Brand Olive Oil when you want the best and the absolutely pure olive oil. If you cannot get it conveniently from your druggist or grocer, write to

THE CHARLES CICERI CO. LTD.

Toronto

Naples, Italy

Montreal

AYTON DAIRY

FRANK McGARRY : ; Proprietor

**Milk and
Buttermilk**

45 MUIR AVE.

Phone Park. 4575

Laundry Machinery

Manufactures Full Line
SUPPLIES, STARCH
SOAP, BLUE, ETC.



MEYER BROS.

99-101 Queen St. East, Toronto
423 St. James St., Montreal

C. A. RISK

DENTIST

Yonge & Ann Sts.

**PAINLESS
EXTRACTING
A SPECIALTY**

Office Hours 8 to 5 Phone Main 49

**KNICKERBOCKER
ICE CO.**

..ICE..

81 ESPLANADE EAST

Phone Main 576

Telephone Main 1034

Funeral Chapel and
Private Mortuary

H. Rozar
Undertaker

180 Sherbourne Street
(Cor. Shuter Street)
Toronto

James E. Day

John M. Ferguson

James M. Adam

E. F. McDonald

J. P. Walsh

**Day, Ferguson &
McDonald**

—◆—
BARRISTERS
—◆—

26 Adelaide Street West,
TORONTO.

Phone North 1680

Chas. A. Connors

—
Funeral Director
and Embalmer
—

505 Yonge Street - Toronto, Ont.

Phone M. 2838

Phone Junc. 3618

McCabe & Co.

UNDERTAKERS

—
222 Queen St. East
268 St. Clarens Ave.

The Bank of Hamilton

is now in its forty-fifth year, and from a small beginning it now has a paid-up capital of Three Million Dollars, with a reserve fund and undivided profits of \$3,509,556.57, making a total of Six Million Five Hundred Thousand Dollars as security to its depositors. Its deposits are over Forty-five Million Dollars. During the past year its deposits from the public have increased over Seven Million Dollars, which is a striking evidence of the confidence it enjoys in the community.

Its directors are men noted for their integrity and business acumen, whose policy has been always to keep the resources of the Bank in such shape as to withstand all financial and business vicissitudes, while at the same time ready and willing to assist in a legitimate way the needs of its customers and the development of business enterprises.

It respectfully solicits your account and can promise you courteous attention and treatment.

Sir John Hendrie, Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, President.

J. P. Bell, General Manager.

BRANCHES IN TORONTO:

Cor. Yonge and Gould Sts.

Cor. Yonge and Colborne Sts., M. C. Hart,
Manager.

Cor. College St. and Ossington Ave.

Cor. Queen and Spadina Ave., J. W. McCabe,
Manager.

Dundas Street.

BUTTER AND EGGS

(PASTEURIZED)

(IN CARTONS)

ARE THE BEST

Treat Yourself Right—Use No Other on Your Table

A Sewing Machine Offer

We want to put a **SINGER** Sewing Machine into your home for a free, fair, full trial.

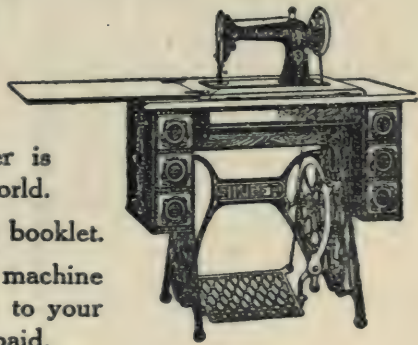
We want every woman to see for herself why the Singer is recognized as the best in the world.

Send a postal for our free booklet.

Select from it the type of machine you would like to have sent to your home for free trial, all charges paid.

If you decide to buy it, terms will be made to please you.

If you don't want it, it will be taken back at our expense. Write for the booklet now. Address,



SINGER SEWING MACHINE CO.

EXCELSIOR LIFE BUILDING, TORONTO.

Cambridge Clothes for Men of Every Build

One of the features of the Cambridge Clothes Shop that adapt us for every man's needs is our scope for fitting different types of figures. We can supply you with a PERSONAL suit or topcoat ready to wear that will fit well, wear well, and please you with its smart, new lines; from \$15 to \$35.

FITZPATRICK & O'CONNELL
254 Yonge Street LIMITED

ANTHONY MOLE

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
HARDWARE MERCHANT
PAINTS, OILS, WINDOW GLASS, ETC.
PRICES RIGHT. DELIVERY PROMPT
534 QUEEN ST. W., TORONTO

Elevator Specialty Company, Limited

*Our Specialty is Repair
Work on Elevators and
Electrical Machinery*

DAY PHONE NIGHT PHONES
Main 2201 Adel. 3013
Adel. 4161

36-38 Lombard St.

WEAVER COAL CO.

WHOLESALE

COAL
COKE AND
ANTHRACITE
COAL

Royal Bank Bldg.
TORONTO

SELLERS-GOUGH

The Largest Exclusive Fur
House in the British Empire

FURS

We manufacture everything we sell. We guarantee the quality. We show the most exclusive designs. Our values are the best. Our prices are the most moderate. We show the largest collection of fine manufactured FURS in CANADA. All the year through.

SELLERS - GOUGH FUR CO.,
LIMITED

244-250 Yonge Street, Toronto

J. Brotherton



BOOTS AND SHOES

PHONE NORTH 2092
578 Yonge Street Toronto

"Piccadilly" Wrist Watch

This is a marvel both as to value and satisfaction. Mounted on an improved expansion bracelet it costs:—

14 Kt. gold	\$45.00
10 Kt. gold	\$35.00
Gold Filled	\$20.00

RYRIE BROS. LIMITED

134-136-138 Yonge Street
TORONTO

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT

Faye's Restaurant

W. FAYE : : PROPRIETOR

OUR SPECIALTY IS
QUALITY
— AND —
QUANTITY

140 King Street West
PHONE ADELAIDE 2483

MYERS & BRODIE

Prescription Opticians
OCULISTS' PRESCRIPTIONS ACCURATELY
AND PROMPTLY FILLED

Special discount to Religious Communities
and their Students.

JAMES FOSTER

699 Yonge St., Toronto Tel. North 1977
Established 1866 Res. Beach 1855

LENSES GROUND ON THE PREMISES

A Great Remedy

DR. HENDERSON'S Herb Treatment,
in tablet form, will cure rheumatism,
constipation, eczema, stomach trouble, kid-
ney and liver trouble; three months'
treatment with our certified guarantee,
for one dollar, postpaid. Henderson Herb
Co., 173 Spadina Avenue, Toronto; agents
wanted.

ST. JOSEPH LILIES.



"THE SPECIALTY SHOP."

We are displaying to-day Early Shipments of the modes in

**HIGH CLASS AND EXCLUSIVE
APPAREL FOR WOMEN**

The stocks represent the creations of the most noted of the world's fashions, and we never offered greater values in

**Suits, Coats, Dresses, Blouses,
Hats, Gloves, Hosiery, Undermuslins**

FAIRWEATHERS LIMITED

Montreal

84-86 YONGE ST., TORONTO

Winnipeg

**THE VOICE TRAVELS 300 FEET
WHILE YOU ARE THINKING OF TAKING A STEP**

Whether there be one or two, fifteen or fifty departments, with which you should be in touch each day, a Private Telephone System will pay for itself in Time Saved, during the first year. The expensive part of carrying a message across a hundred foot floor is the "returning empty handed."

Write for Bulletin No. 7, showing a type for every purpose.

Canadian Independent Telephone Co., Limited

263 ADELAIDE ST. W., TORONTO

PLEASE PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS.

JAMES H. WICKETT, Pres. JOHN WICKETT, Vice-Pres. JOHN J. WICKETT, Sec.-Treas.
35 Deer Park Crescent
Phone Belmont 152

Wickett Bros., Limited

: : GENERAL : :
CONTRACTORS

ESTIMATES FURNISHED

35 Deer Park Crescent : : Toronto

**The Canadian Laundry
Machinery Co. Limited**
47-49 Sterling Rd., Toronto

**Modern
Laundry
Machinery and
Appliances**
for large and small
INSTITUTIONS

**Catalogues, Plans, Estimates
cheerfully furnished**

Day :
Telephone Main 5428, 5429, 5430
Night :
Telephone Main 2566

**The M. Doyle
Fish Co. Ltd.**

—
OYSTERS & FISH

26 West Market Street
Toronto

Sole Agents for A. Booth & Co.'s
Oval Brand Oysters.

ST. JOSEPH LILIES.

There is always great
pleasure in a pipeful of

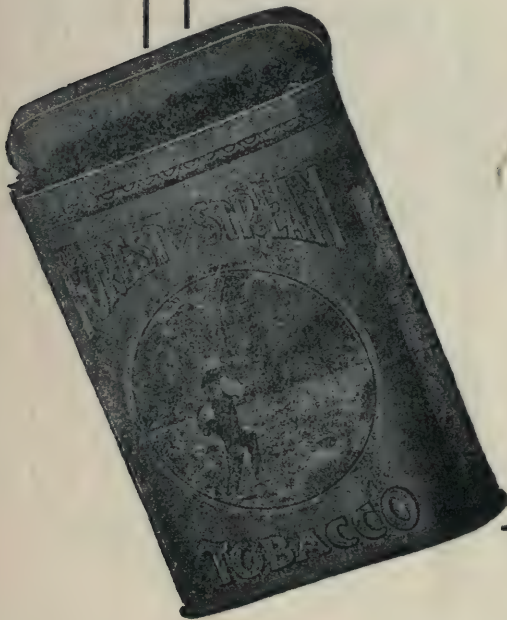
FOREST & STREAM TOBACCO

Because it is cool,
fragrant and
satisfying

Put up in neat
and handy tins

SOLD
EVERYWHERE

10c. a Tin



SAINT JOSEPH LILIES



DECEMBER, 1917

SAINT JOSEPH'S COLLEGE,
TORONTO. ONTARIO. CANADA.

The entire advertisement is framed by a highly decorative border. At the top, a horizontal bar contains the brand name 'Queen Quality' in a large, elegant script, with 'SHOE' in a smaller, bold, sans-serif font to its right. Below this bar is a small crown emblem. The sides of the frame are composed of vertical bars with diagonal hatching, topped and bottomed by ornate finials. At the bottom, two large, symmetrical decorative elements resembling stylized horse heads or griffins flank a central banner. The banner itself has a decorative, slightly wavy border.

Queen Quality **SHOE**

Queen Quality Shoe Styles

change ever so often—they set the pace and are looked upon by the shoe-working-world as the standard of style authority. But the quality never changes—always you'll find that unvarying par-excellence of *quality*, *fit* and *appearance* that have made the Queen Quality Shoe what it is to-day—universally the most popular women's shoe, and incidentally the least expensive, quality considered.

Obtainable in Toronto only at

SIMPSON'S

The **SIMPSON** Company
Robert Limited

ST. JOSEPH LILIES

Alumnae and Friends

PLEASE SEND YOUR ANNUAL
SUBSCRIPTION OF ONE DOLLAR

TO

St. Joseph's College

St. Alban's Street, Toronto

FOR

St. Joseph Lilies

Published Quarterly

**J U N E
S E P T E M B E R
D E C E M B E R
M A R C H**

Single Copies, 30 Cents

SEND TO-DAY! Subscribers kindly
send prompt notice
of change of address TO THE COLLEGE

CONTENTS ON PAGES 1 AND 2

College and Academy of St. Joseph

ST. ALBAN STREET, TORONTO.



RESIDENTIAL AND DAY SCHOOL

—FOR—

Young Ladies and Little Girls.

St. Joseph's College is Affiliated to the University of Toronto Through the Federated College of St. Michael.

St. Joseph's Curricula:

- 1—College Course of Four Years—Classical, Moderns, English, and History, and General Courses, leading to Degrees.
 - 2—The Collegiate Course (Upper, Middle, and Lower Schools), in which pupils are prepared for Honour and Pass Matriculation, for Entrance to Faculty of Education and Normal School.
 - 3—The Academic Course. In this course special attention is paid to Modern Languages, Music, Expression, Art, and Needlework. In this Department students are prepared for Music Examinations (Instrumental and Vocal) at the University of Toronto and the Toronto College of Music.
 - 4—The Commercial Course (Affiliated to the Dominion Business College) prepares students for Commercial Certificates and for Diplomas in Stenography and Typewriting.
 - 5—The Preparatory Course includes the usual Elementary Subjects, also French, Drawing, Plain Sewing, Physical Culture, and Singing.
- For Prospectus apply to

THE MOTHER SUPERIOR.

ST. JOSEPH LILIES.

NEW ACADEMIC WING, SAINT JOSEPH'S COLLEGE



ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE AND ACADEMY

ST. ALBAN STREET, TORONTO

RESIDENTIAL AND DAY SCHOOL
FOR YOUNG LADIES

COLLEGE, ACADEMIC, COLLEGIATE, COMMERCIAL and
PREPARATORY COURSES

Under the Direction of teachers holding University degrees.

For Prospectus, apply to the MOTHER SUPERIOR

PLEASE PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISEES.



St. Michael's Hospital

BOND STREET

TORONTO

This fine Hospital is among the best of its kind in Canada. It was founded in 1892. Its excellent record in both medical and surgical lines has made it known throughout the Dominion and in many parts of the United States. Patients come from near and far to benefit by its medical staff, its nursing Sisters, and its skillful nurses. Its surgical wing is unsurpassed in equipment. On March 19, 1912, a magnificent Medical wing was opened to 150 patients, who took possession of the new wards and private suites. The Hospital is within a drive of ten minutes from the Union Station, and but a block away from St. Michael's Cathedral, some of whose priests act as chaplains to the Hospital. The Hospital has a pleasant outlook secured by the beautiful grounds and trees of churches in the vicinity. The institution is in charge of the Community of the Sisters of St. Joseph.

ST. JOSEPH LILIES.



WE FURNISH THE HOME AND CLOTHE THE FAMILY ON EASY TERMS

You don't have to wait till you have enough cash saved up. We will trust you. Just choose what you wish and we will arrange the terms of payment to suit your convenience.

**STORE OPEN
EVENINGS**



**COLUMBIA
GRAFONOLAS**

HOME

FURNITURE CARPET CO. LTD.

343-345 QUEEN STREET EAST

PLEASE PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS.

ST. JOSEPH LILIES.

Royal Assurance Co. Ltd.

OF ENGLAND

Largest Fire Insurance Co. in the World.

PERCY J. QUINN

Local Manager.

WM. A. LEE & SON

GENERAL AGENTS

26 VICTORIA STREET,

- - TORONTO

Phone Main 592

Residence Phone Park 667

Western Assurance Co.

INCORPORATED 1851

Assets over \$ 3,000,000

Losses paid since organization over..... \$61,000,000

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO, ONT.

W. R. BROCK, *President.*

W. B. MEIKLE, *Vice-President and Managing Director.*

WM. A. LEE & SON

GENERAL AGENTS

26 VICTORIA STREET,

- - TORONTO

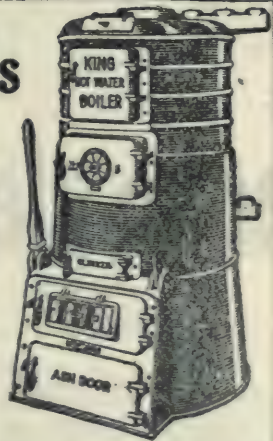
Phone Main 592

Residence Phone Park 667

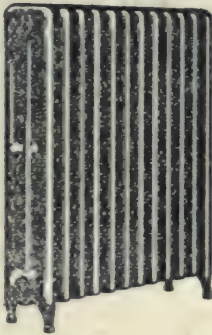
PLEASE PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS.

Your Home Needs Hot Water Heating

Old fashioned heating methods are *expensive*, *unsanitary*, and *unsatisfactory*. Stoves and hot air furnaces are being abandoned. Real Estate men find it hard to sell houses that have not hot water heating because people will no longer put up with the inconvenience and inefficiency of old methods. If your house does not have Hot Water Heating, it will pay you in *Health*, *Comfort* and in *Money* to take out the old and put in the newer and better kind.



KING HOT WATER ***BOILERS*** ***AND*** ***IMPERIAL RADIATORS***



The most improved ideas in generation and radiation of heat are combined in King Boilers and Imperial Radiators. If you are interested, let us send you our descriptive literature. We will be pleased to supply you with information as to size and cost, without obligation. Write us NOW.

STEEL AND RADIATION. LIMITED

Manufacturers of Hot Water and Steam Boilers and Radiators, Fenestra Steel Sash and Concrete Reinforcing

13 Fraser Ave., Toronto

JOHN J. FEE

Wholesale Butter ^and Eggs

**Special Attention to Table Butter
and New Laid Eggs**

64 Front Street East,

TORONTO

ONTARIO

TELEPHONES: Adelaide 133 and 134

A Sewing Machine Offer

We want to put a **SINGER** Sewing Machine into your home for a free, fair, full trial.

We want every woman to see for herself why the Singer is recognized as the best in the world.

Send a postal for our free booklet.

Select from it the type of machine you would like to have sent to your home for free trial, all charges paid.

If you decide to buy it, terms will be made to please you.

If you don't want it, it will be taken back at our expense. Write for the booklet now. Address,



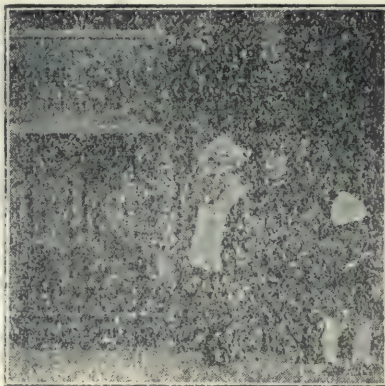
SINGER SEWING MACHINE CO.

EXCELSIOR LIFE BUILDING, TORONTO.

THE HOME BANK OF CANADA

Original
Charter 1854

Five and ten cents saved here and there soon amounts to a dollar, and a dollar at a time, applied toward a savings account, shortly gives its possessor an added source of income.



“Save an extra dollar. You will need it in the future. **”**

While your money on deposit in a savings account with the Bank is always readily available for withdrawal, any hour of any business day, it is just far enough away to be out of reach for careless spending



Head Offices and Nine Branches in Toronto
HEAD OFFICE. 8-10 KING ST. WEST
78 Church Street
Cor. Queen West and Bathurst
Cor. Queen East and Ontario
1220 Yonge St. Subway, Cor. Alcorn Ave.
Cor. Bloor West and Bathurst
236 Broadview, Cor. Wilton Ave.
1871 Dundas St., Cor. High Park Ave.

Branches and Connections Throughout Canada.

John Sloan & Co.,

WHOLESALE GROCERS

TORONTO

BELLEVILLE

KITCHENER

The HEALING and EMOLIENT Properties of
“VERGINE”
brand Olive Oil

are recognized by physicians and skin specialists everywhere. Nothing is so soothing for skins that become chafed by exposure to sun or wind, as an occasional application of olive oil to the affected parts.

SOLD IN

Half-pint,
Pint, Quart,
Half-gallon, and
Gallon Tins.

THE CHARLES CICERI CO. LTD.

Toronto

Naples, Italy

Montreal

MOREOVER, olive oil is not only good for outward application, but it is much more valuable as a food. Doctors recommend it for children and for young men and women during adolescence. It is wonderfully strengthening and enriches and purifies the blood.

But be sure to order “VERGINE” Brand Olive Oil when you want the best and the absolutely pure olive oil. If you cannot get it conveniently from your druggist or grocer, write to

Merchants' Bank of Canada

ESTABLISHED 1864

Authorized Capital.....	\$10,000,000
Capital Paid Up.....	\$ 7,000,000
Reserve Fund.....	\$ 7,000,000
Total Assets over.....	\$80,000,000

DIRECTORS :

SIR H. MONTAGUE ALLAN, *President.* K. W. B. CACKELL, *Vice-President*
THOS. LONG, ANDREW J. DAWES, F. HAWARD WILSON, ALEX. BARNET,
F. ORR LEWIS, FARQUHAR ROBERTSON, ANDREW A. ALLAN,
GEORGE L. CAINS, C. C. BALLANTYNE, A. B. EVANS.

HEAD OFFICE, MONTREAL

E. F. HEBDEN, *General Manager.*

T. E. MERRETT, *Superintendent of Branches and Chief Inspector.*

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

We give special attention to Savings Accounts. One Dollar only is necessary to open an account. Interest allowed at highest Bank Rate, and added twice a year without application or presentation of Pass-Book.

No delay in withdrawals. Two or more persons may open a Joint Account, and either party can with-draw money.

GENERAL BUSINESS

Commercial Letters of Credit Issued, available in Europe, China, Japan and other countries.

Travellers' Letters of Credit issued, available in all parts of the world.

Travellers' Cheques issued in convenient denominations, available in all parts of the world.

Bank Money Orders sold at all Branches; payable at the office of any Chartered Bank in Canada.

Loans made to Merchants, Manufacturers, Farmers, Live Stock Dealers, Municipalities and School Sections.

We cash cheques, drafts, express orders, postal money orders, etc.

Remittances to Great Britain can be easily and safely made by purchasing a draft on our London Agents. We have ample facilities for transmitting money to all other European countries also.

THE MAPLES

We Are Originators of

**MAPLE BUTTER
SWEET NUT BUTTER
PEANUT BUTTER
OLD Tyme
PURE MAPLE SYRUP**

MAPLES LIMITED, TORONTO

E. J. RYAN

**Wholesale
Potatoes**

Main 7586 86 Colborne St.

NITROGEN AND TUNGSTEN

Electric
Fixtures

LAMPS

Electric
Supplies

DUGGAN & LEVY

Show Rooms

166 KING STREET W.

Phone Ad. 2258 TORONTO, ONT.

***SUBSCRIBE TO*
THE CATHOLIC REGISTER
AND EXTENSION**

Orders for All Kinds of Printing
promptly attended to

✦ ~

EXTENSION PRINT

67 Bond Street
Toronto

INGRAM

&

BELL

**LIMITED
TORONTO**

**Mail or Phone Orders,
or
Ask for Our Representative to Call**

**HOSPITALS
NURSES
SCHOOLS
CONVENTS
ORPHANAGES
SEMINARIES**

Patronize Us

FOR

**DRUGS
SURGICAL DRESSINGS
SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS
HOSPITAL EQUIPMENTS
WHEEL CHAIRS
TRUSSES
ETC., ETC.**

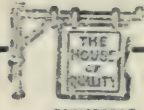
City Dairy

CITY DAIRY BABY'S MILK

Prof. Dr. Gaetner's.

**NEXT TO MOTHER'S MILK, THE IDEAL FOOD FOR BABY.
FRESH MILK CHANGED TO RESEMBLE MOTHER'S MILK
IN ALL ESSENTIAL QUALITIES AND QUANTITIES—
NOTHING IN IT FOREIGN TO COW'S MILK.
PASTEURIZED IN THE BOTTLE BABY FEEDS FROM.**

PHONE COLLEGE 2040.



"THE SPECIALTY SHOP."

We are displaying to-day Early Shipments of the modes in
**HIGH CLASS AND EXCLUSIVE
APPAREL FOR WOMEN**

The stocks represent the creations of the most noted of the world's fashions, and we never offered greater values in

**Suits, Coats, Dresses, Blouses,
Hats, Gloves, Hosiery, Undermuslins**

FAIRWEATHERS LIMITED

Montreal

84-86 YONGE ST., TORONTO

Winnipeg

**THE VOICE TRAVELS 300 FEET
WHILE YOU ARE THINKING OF TAKING A STEP**

Whether there be one or two, fifteen or fifty departments, with which you should be in touch each day, a Private Telephone System will pay for itself in Time Saved, during the first year. The expensive part of carrying a message across a hundred foot floor is the "returning empty handed."

Write for Bulletin No. 7, showing a type for every purpose.

Canadian Independent Telephone Co., Limited

263 ADELAIDE ST. W., TORONTO

CONTENTS

The Divine Child and His Virgin Mother (Portrait).....	4
A Flower of Yule—C. D. Swan	5
The Manufacture of Literary Reputation—Rev. Dr. J Talbot Smith	6
In Bethlehem of Jewry—Rev. Dr. Dollard	24
His Christmas Revenge—Gerald Carlyle Whitney	26
Trust—M. S. Pine	42
Ireland—Rev. Dr. Codd	43
The Lonely Heart—Rev. D. A. Casey	45
A Rose for St. Joseph's	46
Scattering Roses (Portrait)	47
Catholic Footsteps in Old London—E. R. Wilson	52
A Murillo—C. D. Swan	62
The Graves in the Cloister of San Giovanni Decollato— Monsignor Cruise	63
Mater Admirabilis—Rev. M. J. Watson, S.J.	71
South African Reminiscences—H. V. Ferguson	72
An Irish Soldier's Prayer	82
Joyce Kilmer's Latest Book Reviewed—Rev. Dr. Dollard..	83
A Little Child Shall Lead (Portrait)	88
A Little Child Shall Lead—S.A.C.M.	89
A Christmas Chant—Father Ryan	99
The Officials of St. Joseph's College Alumnae	100
Alumnae Items	101
Kind Words for the Lilies	104
The Very Rev. Dean Hand (Portrait)	110
A Quarter of a Century's Devoted Pastorate	111
A Source of Great Uplift—F. B. Fenton	113
Lost in A Snowdrift—M. A. M.	116
Under the Banner of the Divine Child—Rev. Bro. Simon..	119
Exchanges	123
St. Joseph's College Department	125
Crib and Cross (Portrait)	126
Primitive Music of the Eastern Nations—A. Martin	128
In Memory of E. F. Mulligan—J. A. M.	131
Antonio and Shylock on the Rialto—A. McDonald.....	133
The World in Fifty Years from Now—A. Moloney.....	135
How I Spent My Summer Holidays—M. McDonnell	137
College Notes	139



THE DIVINE CHILD AND HIS VIRGIN MOTHER

Saint Joseph Lilies

Pro Deo et Alma Matre.

VOL. VI.

TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1917

NO. 3

A Flower of Hyle

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

A pallid Christmas rose hung poised a-gleam,
Its ruddy stem damp with December's snow,
And charmed us with its sweet, audacious glow
As 'twere some lovely phantom of a dream.
"Nay," soft it said, "I bring a thought supreme!
I am reality. My life's o'erflow,
Its delicate quintessence shining so,
Clings ever to the one celestial theme.

I sing the Jesus-Babe, the Virgin-Born,
Beloved of men and angels numberless!
Pure as my own white petals, bright as morn
First shining on the Syrian wilderness,
He comes, Who is our Love, our Light, our All!"
—King and Redeemer, at Thy feet we fall.

The Manufacture of Literary Reputations

BY THE REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH, LL.D.

IN the golden days of 1870 everyone read Mary J. Holmes' novels in America, and in London the novels of William Black. What is now called "the best sellers" was as well known then as to-day. Mrs. Holmes and Mr. Black earned their reputations by a process which at that time was rather obscure even to the publishers. It was a natural process, but no one thought of analyzing it. The public was delighted with the books sent out by the authors, and called for more. Neither writer was of the first rank, or of any rank, except that their books held public interest. Mrs. Holmes died while still popular, and her books are still read. Mr. Black saw his vogue disappear and died a disappointed man, as he had a right to die, losing a beautiful income as well as the attention and flattery of the critics. Men wondered why certain writers gained tremendous popularity and splendid incomes, while writers of lofty style earned no income at all. The problem remained unsolved. It was gravely concluded that genuine literary power never appeals to the literary market, that the mob buys only what suits its simple tastes, and that the flashy, the over-sweet, the gushing, the strained, must be ingredients in the book which is bought by the million.

They were quite wrong in this conclusion, and the modern publisher has proved them wrong. He has discovered the process of nature, by which a writer, an actor, a singer, an artist, a journalist, arrives at early fame, wide popularity, and a noble income. He has undertaken successfully to imitate and even to improve upon it. There are publishers who have built up a large business on their own single recipe for producing popular authors. It would perhaps be more exact to say that they manufacture popularity. They know the styles that appeal to the multitude, and they can produce authors who

can affect those styles. They know what enchantments are in the air at various times, and their writers work in harmony with the enchantments. The present world war is an illustration. The popular magazines are filled with aeroplane, submarine, spy and battle stories. The process by which certain authors are continually presented to the public is forever in action. So that the old-timer, aware of the tricks of the trade, is no longer startled by the flash of a meteor across the literary skies. He does not even examine the title-pages of his books. He finds out who is backing him. That is enough. It will never be necessary to read his books should he become as popular as Jack London. They may be decent and interesting, but they are not literary, and will never count as influences.

Of the fixed stars in the literary sky, and even of the host that once made the literary Milky Way interesting, tales are told of their fight for recognition. Many of them died of starvation, of broken hearts, or other misfortune. That process is still going on, but quite masked by this other, the imitation. Hence it is very needful for readers and journalists to be able to distinguish the real from the artificial, the sound reputation from the veneered, so as not to make the blunders so common nowadays. When a college journal, or a local Catholic paper, prints a review in praise of Jack London, or Sir Conan Doyle, or Owen Johnson, or any other of thirty "best-sellers," the judicious know what's rotten in the state of Denmark! These writers are not entitled to space, except to point out just what they are. Who would think of praising the common features of the average vaudeville? These writers are mere entertainers, without literary grace or power, or any moral beauty. With so many fine authors on the lists of publishers, only ignorance will give these writers notice. Their popularity is artificial, founded on nothing stronger than a recipe, and is bound to fade. It is a commercial product, not literary. Their books take rank with the canned stuff in the market. In order to see how well founded are these statements, let me place before my readers a few examples of the

artificial process by which a literary reputation is made. I shall take great names, the names of people with world-reputation like Hugo, Zola, Maeterlinck, Ibsen, along with mountebanks like Maxim Gorki, whose name is legion.

Victor Hugo is still a name to conjure with, but in 1870 he was a constellation in Europe. He reached America by way of England. At that date the United States was becoming interested in Europe, chiefly from a desire to pay back the score which England and France had earned by their hostile attitude in the Civil War. On his merits Hugo could never have secured a hearing in America. He was of the romantic School and French Romanticism is even now most hateful to the American spirit. No matter why. I mention it just to show what obstacles publishers had to encounter in popularizing Hugo. The sentimental Victor had become a hero in England by his verbal onslaughts on Napoleon III., had been in exile in the Island of Jersey, and thus become a proper object for the schemes of publishers. His fantastic, powerful, and interesting *Les Misérables* won the English public, and opened the way for an entire series of his stories, which did not suit the same public at all. The anti-Catholic hatefulness of *Notre Dame* gave that book some vogue. All the rest were comparative failures. They were bombastic in the French style, which neither the English nor the Americans can abide. However, the English success induced the American publisher to introduce Hugo to America, and he began with *Les Misérables*. The press worked its tom-toms fairly well for a first attempt. You could not open a literary review, or a literary department in any paper, or read a common editorial on the wheat crop, or listen to a street orator, or attend a lecture anywhere, or look in a picture store window, or attend an opera or a theatre, but the name of Hugo reached eye and ear with unction and resonance. A thousand lecturers shouted his greatness from one hundred thousand platforms. It was the day of the lecture bureau. His plays were produced here and there, some of them absurd, and doubly so to American taste. No reader could escape Hugo from 1870 to 1885.

Where is he to-day? As far as Americans are concerned, nowhere. As a novelist his imagination bordered on insanity, his finest expression ran at last into verbiage, and his knowledge of life and history was as foolish as Robert Ingersoll's. I am not deciding his genius, or his place in literature. I leave that to the French critics. I am speaking of him only in relation to publishers and the American public. Financially, Victor Hugo was a success in the English tongue. His books were and are printed by the ton, in every possible form, and are given away as inducements to subscribers to certain periodicals. His success opened the road for similar ventures, and led finally to the discovery of a recipe for making a literary reputation. Emile Zola came next, and was introduced in the same fashion as Hugo had been. He was called a realist. He was all that Hugo was not. The publishers who steered his bark into American seas were experienced men. They set the tom-toms of the press going in harmony with all that had been said of Hugo: Our relations with France; American gratitude to the nation which helped us to independence; Zola a rebel against ancient forms; a believer in things as they are; a matchless teller of tales like Hugo, but from the natural viewpoint; and the changes were rung on these statements for years. One play of Zola was produced in New York, but nobody liked it. He was too literal, too diffuse, piled up mountains of words like Hugo, but without the iridescence of Hugo. His verbal ranges looked like ash-heaps. As much of a success as was Hugo, Zola was a failure. The publishers had a better understanding of the recipe for making a reputation, but the public found no interest in him. He went out, like a torch in the water, with a splutter and a smell. He lives still in this fashion, that critics and readers allude to him, as if he were of literary or social importance; or they express surprise if listeners cannot recall his fame or his works. Nevertheless, he brought the publishers nearer their Eldorado, the discovery of the recipe for producing popularity.

After Zola came Hendryk Ibsen, the Norwegian dramatist and poet. It would be difficult to say just when this gentleman

arrived in America. A finer hand dealt with his advent, and one morning in New York we found ourselves simply thinking of the Norwegian as an old friend. Investigating this phenomenon, we all recalled that his plays had been produced at matinees in London, that William Archer had written forewords, and preludes, and articles, had made little speeches and remarks at banquets, had complimented actresses for their cleverness in Ibsen parts; that notes and sayings had found their way into the literary reviews about Ibsen and Archer; then someone made known that George Brandes, well-known critic, had discovered him and had said so to the whole world; and at once we were all ashamed that so many impressions had to be made upon us before we woke up; and we all woke up together and began to call out, "author!" as they do at first productions of plays. Ibsen had all this time been "carrying on" in our subconsciousness, which was the aim of his promoters. Anyway, he was intrenched in New York, he had publishers at his command, they had a host of reviews, reviewers, a regular clique, to keep the tom-toms going, some one dramatised Peer Gynt for Richard Mansfield, and Richard almost died trying to convince his public it was actable, and unutterable, and high art, "highbrow stuff" for short, and that all should fall down and adore. Most people did. Once on a raw day in winter I met a pinched boy of twenty with Ibsen in his hand, some insane drama, out of which he was drawing consolation. I remarked humorously that a dark, freezing day was hardly the day on which to read Ibsen, who inked the darkness and frosted the ice of life and trouble. The lad angrily defended his idol. "What do you find in him?" said I. Oh, he found truth, sincerity, the acceptance of the worst in a sublime spirit, and so on through the litany of fine phrases invented by hired journalists for circulation in the reviews. Later, in a debate on the value (or worthlessness) of dramatic criticism in New York, half the audience objected fervently to my statement that Ibsen had no value in America. The discussion which followed led to the comfortable discovery that Ibsen's defenders had never read him in his entirety. They

had read the plays presented in New York, such as *Ghosts*, *Hedda*, *Gabler*, *The Master Builder* and *Little Eylof*, but knew nothing of *Brand*, *Peer Gynt*, *Emperor* and *Galilean*, the works which contain the rather obfuscated theory of life held by *Hendryk*. They were really shocked to learn that *Ibsen* was anti-Christian when he meant anything, and a very ordinary dunderhead when he didn't. In that particular set we never heard a word about *Ibsen* afterward. Where is *Ibsen* to-day? Where he belongs, on the shelves of time, a very dead influence in America. His books sell for what they are actually worth as literature, but on no other account.

Between times several publishers undertook to float other European celebrities, because they were lured by the reported successes of their brethren. The Italian novelist, *Matilda Serao*, failed to attract interest. *Gabriel d'Annunzio* occupied large space in the journals for a year, an Italian actress introduced his insane plays, intrigues were invented for him, also romantic stories of love; but the American public refused to be charmed, or even to listen. For some reason the tom-toms are still kept going in his regard, and we are often reminded that the gentleman is at the front fighting for his country. *Maurice Maeterlinck* got a better reception. A finer hand was engaged for his presentation to the American public. His folly had not a criminal strain like *d'Annunzio*. People could laugh at the repetitions in *Pelleas and Melisande*, for the sake of the tale. He found his way into opera, in which any insanity goes, if the spice is strong enough. He almost reached the common mind and heart in *The Bluebird*, where the children seek to catch the lovely creature, and are intended to typify the human race in its search for happiness. The tom-toms are still playing for *Maeterlinck*, and mayhap he will arrive in due time. To sum up, all these ventures finally developed the infallible recipe for the manufacture of a literary reputation. They blazed the way as pioneers. Shrewd men studied their success and their failure, and hit upon the exact formula for making a clever author famous and profitable. This recipe was first tried on a splendid scale in the celebrated case of

Maxim Gorki. If you never heard of Gorki or his case or the recipe, you have rare entertainment in store. Let me tell it to you as it happened to me. This will take longer, but the interest and excitement will give greater pleasure.

I have become so accustomed to the tricks of the enterprising publisher that they no longer have the charm of novelty. For that reason I may not tell this story with the same interest which its development aroused in me. One day I read a (supposed) cablegram in the morning paper. In two lines it informed me that Maxim Gorki was about to leave Russia for the sake of his health. It was dated St. Petersburg. Naturally I concluded that Maxim must be very distinguished to have a cablegram inform the world that his health was not good and that travel was about to make it good. I had never heard the name before, but from that instant I never escaped it. The reviews informed me in notes, gossip, pictures, short articles, that Maxim was the greatest realist of modern times. The news columns of the papers kept me informed of his travels, his residences, his health, his dress, his habits, his ways of life, his friends, his sayings. In six months I knew Maxim better than Longfellow or Dickens or Dante. I could not help knowing him. He met me at meal-time and reading-time. People in the same circle demanded of me precise information as to his literary merit. They were referred to certain translations of his works. One day a revolution broke out in Russia. In the light of after events it would be more correct to say that this Russian revolution broke out simultaneously in the London Times and the New York Times. No other journal bothered much about this revolution, but for six weeks these two papers printed pages describing its course, columns with picture headings, accounts of awful slaughter in St. Petersburg and Moscow, stories of barricades, heroes, heroines, self-sacrifice, wonderful tales of human heroism and devotion to liberty. Precisely at the end of the sixth week the Russian revolution ended in both papers, and from that day to this neither Lord Northcliffe nor Mr. Ochs has alluded to it. But this is another

story, as Rudyard the Extinguished would say. Incidentally there had been no revolution.

My friend Maxim Gorki headed the Russian revolution in the New York Times; he led the troops in the streets of St. Petersburg; he was wounded in Moscow; he was captured and exiled to Finland; no, he was imprisoned in the Kremlin and was dying of consumption; he had willed all his property to the cause of liberty; he was like Washington's headquarters, everywhere! When the revolution ended in the Times of London and New York, Gorki suffered no eclipse. The literati of New York city, headed by such lights as Mark Twain and Richard Watson Gilder, drew up a petition to the Czar, asking him in his nobility to save to the world its greatest realist, to release Maxim and let tuberculosis kill him outside the Kremlin. This petition must have been the finishing touch, for almost immediately it was announced that Maxim was about to make a lecture tour in America. I never discovered if the Czar acted on the petition; nor how Maxim got out of the Kremlin prison; nor how the tuberculosis got out of him. For two years I had followed his career, from that first announcement, and knew that I had found its complement in the last. Because you see, dear reader, the publisher who inserted that supposed cablegram from St. Petersburg two years previous, did it to prepare the way for the other. It was the announcement of the lecture tour rather than the other that held his great mind.

But why the lecture tour? If I remember rightly, Gorki spoke only his native Russian, and the language is not well understood in America. Well, the lecture tour was intended to introduce Maxim personally to hosts of readers. One always finds a book more interesting if one knows and has seen the author. So Maxim came to the United States and landed in New York about October, 1910. I forget the exact date. He received an honorable reception. A banquet was given in his honor by the literary circle which petitioned for his release from the Kremlin. Mark Twain made his best Russian speech as only Mark could do it. Perhaps poems were read, for on

these great occasions New York hacks are ready to commit themselves. Then Maxim went to live in the Hotel Bellecaire on Broadway and to dream of his laurels and checks from the lecture tour. Very likely he had part of the emoluments already in his bank account, but not all. Then the unexpected, the perfectly awful and terrible happened. A wicked journal in the metropolis known as *The World*, next day published the painful fact that the proprietors of the hotel had dismissed the Gorkis from their hostelry on the ground that the supposed Mrs. Gorki was not really Mrs. Gorki, but quite another person. And the party had to go because the fact was a fact which no one could deny. Maxim was astonished at the effect of so trivial an incident upon American nerves and upon his own fortunes. New York laughed, and declined to go to his lectures. The tour had to be cancelled. In vain did a Columbia professor open his house to the greatest realist of his day! Even Mark Twain had to dispense with Maxim, and the Russian left America with curses on his lips and only half the money in his pocket.

To what does all this lead? It is an illustration of the working of the recipe for producing a literary reputation. Nobody reads Maxim Gorki in this country. His works had all been translated into English, set up in electrotypes, and printed in unbound copies, which lay on the shelves awaiting that moment when Gorki's popularity in America would provide a demand for them. The bubble burst at the wrong moment. Two years of artistic advertising by a shrewd American publisher, two years of gratuitous lying, the expense of the books, the money paid in advance to Maxim Gorki, all were lost in the crash. Had the *World* printed nothing, quite likely at this moment a respectable mob would be worshipping Gorki, as their ancestors, other mobs had worshipped Hugo and Zola and their successors. You can now see the process of producing popularity at its best; steady praise in the press for a little while; connection, if possible, with some popular movement; then a lecture tour, or some form of personal publicity, so to speak; last of all the books themselves. When one puts the

recipe on paper it looks absurd; when one reads the Gorki illustration of the recipe it sounds incredible; yet the story is true, all the characters are living; only, the translated works of the "greatest realist" have passed into the paper-mill. What is more astonishing, the working of the recipe is still going on, with variations to suit the particular author and situation. Let us now proceed to display its workings in the productions of Gene Stratton Porter, John Galsworthy and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

The works of the lady who signs herself Gene Stratton Porter sell by the hundred thousand. A novel called *The Harvester* at last accounts had run close to a sale of one million copies. The populace seems never to tire of that peculiar love story. Later books of hers have not done so well, but all concerned are well satisfied with the financial results. *The Harvester* introduces a hero with a turn for market gardening, a dreamer, something of a poet, and what the rustic population would call a "gusher." He spouts love, romance, botany and nature lore, artistic carpentry and altruism by the barrel. We used to laugh at the Catholic pious story of years ago, in which the author had his characters take out their beads or visit a nearby shrine whenever the plot halted. Mrs. Porter plunges her hero into a bed of violets or casts him on his face by a tiny pond to wallow in the beauty of vegetation known only to the experts, in every chapter. To vary the monotony of nature lore she has him build a house for his lady love, in which all the beautiful woods of the forest are mingled; to vary the monotony of courting, she makes the girl as stubborn as a woman can possibly become, and the man as sloppy as words can do it; and nature slops over everything meanwhile in a perfect deluge. The people like it, revel in it, recommend it to their friends, and the publishers smile and smile and smile at the splendid profits. All this is human and nothing can be said about it. It's luck of a kind. But the output of Mrs. Porter is simply gush-and-mush, without sense or beauty in it. Do the reviewers tell us so? What! With the splendid advertising of the author's publishers in their pages? Never! They

tell us sweet things, evasive things, when their consciences turn, but never the truth. One day it occurred to Mrs. Porter to name a book "Michael O'Halloran." The story was partly concerned with a street boy of that name, who might better have been named Riram Mossback for all the Irish that was in him. The amount of slush which the author poured out on Michael and his protégée, a crippled girl, must have dried up the springs of slush for a year. The reviewers praised the book, readers wept over it, but it did not sell as handsomely as its predecessors. No one appraised it at its proper value. No one advised the author that her undoubted talent for story-writing was scattering in the swamps of gush-and-mush. She and her public will go on probably, until that hour when sweetness cloy and they part forever.

John Galsworthy is an English writer of merit and daring. He has a few good novels to his credit, and many that the world can do without. His fame reached the public delicately and in regular order, much like Ibsen's. It came in, not like a meteor, bounding and rebounding across the sky, but like a flower in the market-place, gentle, sweet, unobtrusive, but insistent. Since then we have not been able to escape John. He abounds even as the Gold Dust Twins. The critics speak of him discreetly, in an off-hand way, as an institution always to be with us, but they never stop. There must have been a hitch in his onward march, from the publisher's point of view, because John took to writing sensual things in the problem style. When a literary star does that it is because his sales are diminishing. Now, the chief quality of a popular novelist should be interest. Galsworthy has it not. The second should be distinction of style. Galsworthy is without it. Why, then, does this gentleman receive from the critics and reviewers attention and analysis and praise which they deny to far worthier writers? Because his publishers see to it that they never overlook him. I know no reading so wearisome as poring over the pages of John Galsworthy. I know no reading so iridescent, so winning, so compelling, as the descriptions of his novels by the reviewers. Do you see the point? It is quite dif-

ferent with Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, who has withdrawn from the limelight long enough to recover from the odium brought upon his writing by his invention of the famous detective, Sherlock Homes. After a varied effort, Doyle arrived at a small pinnacle, which lifted him somewhat above his fellows. He has one book to his credit, "The White Company," which is worth while, in spite of the fact that he went out of his way to belittle the religion of his fathers. He seems to have been born for high achievement, but one day he invented Sherlock Homes, his Frankenstein, and that wretch has driven him into temporary retirement. The public could never get enough of the new character, and the creator evidently could not get enough money. Readers and publishers and author worked overtime. The public exhausted even Sherlock's ingenuity, but the parties concerned could not resist the handsome rewards offered for every new trick of his fictitious detective. At the last Doyle had to kill off Sherlock, had to fight for his own freedom both publishers and public, but it is a question if he can save his former reputation for fine work. The mob still shrieks for Sherlock Holmes, and can find no charm in anything else from the author's pen. What a false position for Sir Arthur Conan Doyle! And for John Galsworthy!

Evidently the forcing of literary reputations, or the making of such reputations on a false, or unnatural basis, is attended with serious consequences. Nature takes curious revenge at times. The first serious consequence is the decay of criticism. It may be said freely that the great mass of reviews and criticisms of current books is like so much sawdust, mere waste stuff cumbering the bosom of the literary stream. The wise rarely read it; those who must, reject it; its condemnations are as mean as its praise; it is the expression of venality, or of the advertising page; it is claptrap, slop, anything but useful. It breeds in its purveyors such a decay of tissue that even when they would speak the truth they cannot. When that noblest of books, *Quo Vadis*, made its first appearance twenty years ago, without other than honest advertising, the unbribed, uninstructed reviewers damned it with faint praise, or affected

hesitation in admitting its merits. In their parrot phrase, "it smelled of the midnight oil." The average book notice is usually a trap for buyers, or a kick for an author who did not advertise, or a bit of incompetency. No one denies this in the market. Whether it be in a high-class review or the New York Herald, it is equally insincere, sometimes odorous. Austin Dobson once wrote for "The Nineteenth Century," a review of a popular novelist, in which one paragraph of three hundred words, discussing the author's most celebrated book, began with the sentence: "I have never read this story and I never will." And three hundred words after that! In fact so glaring became the dishonesty, the venality, the incompetency and the carelessness of reviewers of all classes that John Churton Collins, professor of literature in the University of Liverpool, devoted a volume to the exposure of their sins. "Ephemera Critica" made amusing reading for the crowd, but it must have irritated the critics. The publishers have done their utmost to destroy criticism and have all but succeeded. No one puts any trust in current criticism from the usual sources.

The overpraise of even good writers induces various tribulations. After Tennyson's death the judicious wondered at the speed with which his reputation fell from heaven, and the professional reviewers wrote articles to prove that the death of an author always produces a reaction against him. Why should it? The death of a true painter enhances the value of his paintings, and, therefore, of his reputation. Now, Tennyson is a fixed star. It was not his reputation went down, but the sale of his fat and varied editions. The scrapheap publishers, the gentlemen who get together all the junk which a popular poet threw into his cellar, and sell it to the credulous in sumptuous bindings, they went out of business when he died, and declared him to blame. The reviewers who drew annual stipends for keeping the tom-toms sounding, lost stipends and interest together. The silence was interrupted as the descent of Tennyson's vogue. The market was silent because the tom-toms were at rest. Kipling faded when the tom-toms stopped, but the Kipling who charmed the world in his days of success

can never wholly fade. He would not have vanished so utterly had his publishers been more discreet at the beginning.

A third serious consequence is that fine writers are kept in the background. The average publisher will do nothing for an author but accept his manuscript, until the public shows its liking by sweeping a few editions off the book-stalls. Now the public has a stomach and an appetite like a city goat. It will devour anything with a new name or disguised in a new flavor. The pretence of the publishers that this book or that will not go because of this or that peculiarity is mere pretence. Could three people be more diverse in production than George Bernard Shaw, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Mrs. Humphrey Ward? Yet the three are "best sellers." The truth is that the publishers are blinded by their own recipes for popularity. They seem never able to recognize another recipe. They are like the dramatic managers of New York, who follow one successful pattern as long as the public will stand it, and take up a new one only when an adventurer from outside has proved it attractive to the public. Because the new author, with a fine book, has written something different from the recipe, the publisher will give him only half a chance. One is often astonished by picking up a book which had no advertising, to learn its immense superiority over the popular books of the hour. One wonders why the publisher did not coddle this author, and by encouragement induce him to write again and again. Because the book did not develop wings in the first edition there was an end to it.

A fourth consequence is that rising authors are kept to one character or one style, which has taken the popular fancy. This happened to Doyle with Sherlock Holmes. The grand majority of readers, some with brains, others without them, would read nothing but Sherlock Holmes from Doyle's pen. From Jack London they would take nothing but rainbows from the frozen north. Zane Grey must now write exclusively of the desert. A score of well-known writers are confined to specialties. Mrs. Porter must devote her life henceforth to mush-and-gush stories. Wells escaped from his wonder stories

with extreme difficulty. Rider Haggard, who has a vivid imagination, confined its working to popular tales for the sake of an income. Marion Crawford did the same, telling stories for the sake of the income necessary to a poor man. The specialty is a sure investment for author, publisher and public. It is never literature—just the marked commodity. No one need object to it, but one may regret the conditions, and these conditions breed things worse than themselves. They have brought into existence the Recipe firm, by which I mean the publishers who do all their business on the recipe for producing popularity. They are a curious lot, and worth studying. Advertising is their main principle; their second is a big name, but they do not make this too strict; their third is a novel or an essay cut to suit the mentality or tastes of their public. The late Mollie Elliot Seawell, a writer of charming style, wrote a novel for this class of publisher some years ago. A study of it showed just what the Recipe firm thought its public needed. It was a sketchy tale of the great Napoleon, high-colored, romantic, piquant, dramatic; but all the exquisite description of which Miss Seawell was capable was carefully left out. What sort of readers demanded such a story it would be difficult to tell. There seemed to be nothing in it to suit any taste. However, the Recipe firm knew its own children. I do not think Miss Seawell ever wrote for them again. Sawing wood, it seems to me, would be pleasanter and more healthful than such work. The Recipe firm is at work daily, making money, unmaking authors, catering to the public, advertising generously, and finding imitators.

From this feature to fraud is not a long step. Fifty years ago an English lady used to turn out gush stories for the weekly story papers, until she acquired a good following of readers who revelled in the golden lives and deeds of the British aristocracy. Enthusiastic inquirers as to her personality never could discover her whereabouts, except the general statement that ill health confined her to her own home. Later an English lady brought suit against a publisher in London for royalties on her books, alleging that this gentleman had sold her

stories to American publishers for immense sums of money, whereas he paid her only for the same stories as printed in the home magazine. It was not the day of international copyright, but the dishonest publisher had to disgorge. Then the American following learned why her identity had been kept such a secret from her admirers. In due time the authoress died, but her stories kept right on like Tennyson's brook and found a host of readers. I was surprised at this phenomenon and made inquiries. The American publisher had found two young people to take up her work and to turn out stories in imitation of hers whenever needed. The public did not mind, so long as its entertainment went on. The publishers were highly amused by their success in "putting one over" in the style of Barnum.

The sixth consequence of the situation is perhaps unavoidable, regrettable as it is. The party with a popular reputation becomes a prophet to his own generation, is consulted by the press for his opinions on anything, and becomes a leader in the nation. His popularity endows him with wisdom, eloquence and leadership. The crowd swallows his lightest word, and is guided by it, although there may not be enough sense in it to guide a simpleton. Thus George Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells. Rudyard Kipling, Conan Doyle, Gilbert Parker, in England, are quoted regularly, although the common sense of these clever or distinguished men is notably lacking. In the United States the most quoted authors are those whose hats are still in the ring, to quote Mr. Roosevelt. It matters little whether they be atheists, materialists, sensualists, secretly infamous and openly respectable, they are asked to instruct the whole people on the strength of their popularity. No one cares what they talk about, so long as it is they who talk. Therefore, it has come to pass that we are prophet-ridden. It is a slight advantage that the prophets vanish swiftly as their vogue fades, but others as foolish take their places in the literary circus, for honestly it cannot be called the literary field. Spangled and painted, in the glare of a gorgeous publicity, they ride their sorry steeds around the sawdust ring; the press band blares and bangs its loud cymbals; the clowns trumpet their achievements; all goes

well, except that in the morning the circus has vanished and only the field remains. This is an exact figure. One must carefully distinguish between the literary circus and the literary field.

Here is a contrast which will help the judicious to distinguish. Hugo and Zola and Maeterlinck and Ibsen and all their tribe came to the American public under the patronage of the literary circus. Read now how the greatest novelist of the time came to America. Hendryk Sienkiewicz, the Polish writer who died at the beginning of the year, overcome with the sorrows and sufferings of his people, was introduced to us some twenty years ago through the translations of Dr. Jeremiah Curtin and the publishing firm of Little, Brown & Co. of Boston. They began with that wonderful story of the early Christians, "*Quo Vadis*." For obscure reasons the critics did not like the book. They sneered at it politely. Protestant ministers denounce it occasionally from the pulpit because it gave St. Peter precedence of St. Paul. Catholic purists denounced it as dangerous in its scenes of Roman luxury. Altogether the book had a serious time seeking favour. The people took to it by the thousand, its pageant is so splendid, its incidents so wonderful, its spirit so fine. All novels on the same theme fade before it. Silently it made its way into universal favour. Behind it came the author himself to put the world forever in his debt by the magnificent and unapproachable tales of the Trilogy, three novels that have not their equal in all the novels of history. *Quo Vadis* enjoyed great success as a novel, as a play, and recently as a motion-picture. As a piece of literary craft it holds the first place among the world-novels; as an inmost view of Roman life and character it is the only thing of its kind; as a novel it ranks second to the Trilogy by the same author, and second to nothing else. Andrew Lang sneered at it. Austin Dobson would not even read it, the rank and file of critics adopted like attitudes, because they have not enough brains or culture or spirit for anything greater. Without a favourable word from the press, directed by an honest publisher, it made its way into public favor, and took its right-

ful place, perpetual in the hall of fame. Look on that picture and then on this, and recognize at sight the difference between the literary circus and the literary field. Of course the reading world of intelligence knows that the printing of books is both an art and a game. The latter is played as they play the financial game in Wall Street, with the same frauds and the same hypocrisy. They call it finance, but it is grand larceny, and they call themselves the backbone of the nation, whereas they are high-class thieves. The book business is now become more of a game than an art, and readers must take care that they deal with the art and not with the gamblers, that they praise artists and not mountebanks or confidence men, and that they admit into their homes real authors of real books, while closing the door to gush-and-mush, recipe-written deformities in masquerade.



You may put no beauty into your book that has not first passed through your own soul.

* * *

I do not know
Where falls the seed that I have tried to sow
With greatest care;
But I shall know
The meaning of each waiting hour below
Sometime, somewhere!

* * *

“Consider what is the most marked characteristic of the popular literature and art of the present time, and think, whether it is not exactly to be described as “the abomination of desolation in the holy places.”—Coventry Patmore.

In Bethlehem of Jewry

BY THE REV. J. B. DOLLARD, LITT.D.

In Bethlehem of Jewry
Has dawned a wondrous day,
A Child Divine is born
To take all sins away.

The shepherds out by Mamre
Hearkened a heavenly hymn,
God's angels spoke a message
While yet the morn was dim.

"Go down," they said, "to Bethl'em,
Hasten and you shall see
A beauteous Babe new-born
Your star of hope to be."

In Bethlehem of Jewry
All in a manger laid,
Behold the shining Infant
And near, the Mother-Maid!

Behold the pious Joseph;
The gentle kine are there,
And over all a portent,
A golden star shines fair!

Rejoice, rejoice, ye Gentiles,
O, sad world, dead in sin,
Open your gates of gladness
A Saviour enters in!

Rejoice all ye that mourn,
Rejoice all ye that weep,
This skyey Babe was born
Your souls to bless and keep!

Sweet balm is now in Gilead,
Balsam and myrrh are found;
And for repentant sinners
Mercy and love abound.

The earth is bathed in brightness
Where erst was night abhorred;
The far-stretched plains and oceans
Cry out to greet their Lord!

Out, out from Pagan bondage
The ransomed races surge,
No more to worship idol,
Demon or demiurge.

In Bethlehem of Jewry
Since this has happened true,
The blossomed fields are fairer,
The skies of heaven more blue.

In Bethlehem of Jewry
The Flower of Love has blown—
Rejoice, ye Just, for Jesus
Hath come to claim His own.

His Christmas Revenge

BY GERALD CARLYSLE WHITNEY.

IT was Christmas eve, and as he sat at his desk looking meditatively into space, he seemed a cold, calculating, unsympathetic man. The greenish light reflected from the shade of his study lamp emphasized the precision of his well-defined features, and brought into bolder relief the resolute determination stamped upon his face. The poise of his head was proud, and the firm, set mouth, and narrow, compressed lips showed he could be heartless and cynical, yet, withal, there was a trace of tenderness in the soft brilliancy of his dark eyes. His long, thin fingers, as they played nervously with the toy dagger of his desk set, seemed formed to deal with mysteries, and appeared as though they might unravel the Veil of Isis or pry out the secret of the Sphinx. A singular character, indeed, was this Kenneth Gaskin. He was one of those unfortunate persons whose life's course had been halted abruptly just as it was speeding on to its fullest expansion. By nature his impulses were noble and generous, and his temperament energetic and cheerful, but an untoward event had so changed his natural disposition that one could scarcely imagine him to have been anything but apathetic and morose.

A little less than fifteen years before he had stepped from the halls of a celebrated law school wearing the laurels of its honors; and, as he then stood on the threshold of his life journey, its path stretched out before him in vistas gay with the fairest promises the most propitious prophet could forecast. From the very commencement of his career it became evident that these promises were to be not merely elusive hopes beguiling him along like some Will-o'-the-wisp, but that they were to be realities bringing with them the fulfillment of his noblest ambitions. The keenness of his intellect, the correctness of his judgment, the accuracy of his insight into the character of people were as conspicuous as his ready knowledge of law and

precedent; and soon the attention of judge and jurist was centred upon him. And he himself knew that he was being noticed; that his star was in the ascendancy and that, as it rose, it shot out its beams brighter and farther; but this knowledge did not pervert his broad mind with notions of vain conceit, or lead him to regard with an air of supercilious snobbery those who were not so gifted as himself.

Among those who watched young Gaskin with growing interest was James Morgall, of Morgall and Morgall, Broadway. A shrewd observer of men, he had become a close analyst of character. Seldom was he mistaken in the estimate he formed of their worth. Quick to detect excellence, he was equally ready to appreciate it; like the connoisseur who selects the rarest gems of art to adorn his own galleries, he was always alert to secure for his own business exceptional talent and genius when discovered. Perceiving Gaskin's uncommon abilities, he offered him an advantageous position, and held out as an inducement to accept it, the no remote probability of being admitted as a permanent member of the firm. Kenneth saw in this proposal the opportunity of his life, and he welcomed it with all the elation of one who sees within his reach the object of his aspirations. He was well aware that the Law and Brokerage House of Morgall and Morgall was reckoned among the most reliable in the country, and their clientele was the largest and the best. Association with it would put him in touch with the kings of finance, and gave him an entrée into the most exclusive concerns in the mercantile and professional world. Thus a new world opened up to his large ambitions; when he entered upon his position he brought to it all the enthusiasm and activity of his vigorous and energetic nature. It was inevitable that, in environments so congenial to his tastes, his fine genius would gradually assert itself. The spirit of work and conquest now hovered about him, and its whisperings pressed him on till his entire being tingled with eagerness to reach the mountain tops of success. Thus, as each day came and went the excellence of his work and the superiority of his mind became more and more apparent, and raised

him so high in the esteem of his employers that they entrusted to him even their most important affairs.

Several other aspiring young men were associated with Gaskin in the offices of the Morgalls. They, too, were hopeful and ambitious, and they labored unstintingly for advancement. All were his seniors in the employ of the firm, and they expected recognition accordingly. Hence, they could not but feel more or less disappointment when they saw him preferred, although they well knew that, with James Morgall, the rule of promotion was merit, not seniority.

These feelings of chagrin ran deepest in the heart of Oscar Brewell. His was a highly sensitive nature, and his character weak and vacillating. On sufficient provocation he might rise to the noblest deed, and he might stoop also to an act the most dastardly. His mental equipment was not beyond the average, and the contrast between him and Gaskin was decidedly marked. He had obtained his position through deference to his father who was one of the distinguished clients of the Morgalls and whose patronage it was their interest to maintain. The unimportance of the affairs confided to him by the company soon made him realize his deficiencies; and, like most others of his construction, he was keenly sensitive to everything that wore even the semblance of a slight. Hence, he regarded Gaskin's preferment as a reflection upon himself, and his soul winced under the humiliation. He was clever enough, however, to conceal the bitterness in his heart even from those he knew shared his resentment. He would dismiss their criticisms with a shrug of his shoulders and an arching of his brows, and go about his work with a half suppressed whistle. All the while Kenneth Gaskin worked vigorously and unrelentingly, hardly adverting to the distinction he had won, and entirely unsuspecting the adverse sentiments that very distinction had provoked.

It seems to be the inevitable fate of every ambitious, enthusiastic man to encounter adversity just at the most critical moment of his career. What appears an insuperable barrier suddenly rises up in his way to block all further progress; or the

very persons upon whom he most relies, unexpectedly turn against him to defeat his efforts. Such a moment, usually, is a decisive one. Sometimes it summons forth from the soul a latent courage which imparts to the will the strength of a giant to smash in pieces the towering obstacle; or, spurning all patronage and relying solely upon the force of his own merit, he obstinately defies every foe and masters the situation. Sometimes, too, it becomes a temptation to lose trust in humanity, to cut oneself off from one's fellow-men and live a life of solitude or selfish indifference. In one short day things may happen that can change a man from a serf to a king, or from the very happiest to the saddest and most embittered.

The hour of trial for Kenneth Gaskin had come. For some weeks he had been engaged on a case, the most important he had as yet handled. With his wonted skill and tact he had managed it to the entire satisfaction of all concerned, and was finishing the final details when, suddenly, all the papers pertaining to it mysteriously disappeared. Gaskin had placed them in the safe the evening before; the next morning they were gone. No clue as to how they had disappeared could be discovered. The other contents of the safe were left intact, though many of them were of great value. The combination of the lock was known only to the Morgalls, to Kenneth himself and to Oscar Brewell, whose position as clerk of the office made it necessary for him to have this knowledge. Brewell had left some days previous for a hunting trip in Maine; the day following the discovery of the loss a letter from him bearing the post-mark of Caribou, Maine, and the date of the preceding day, had arrived at the office, thus removing all suspicion from him. Gaskin was dismayed over what had happened; but, like most geniuses who suffer under a great calamity, the dismay was chiefly in his mind and soul. Externally, it did not seem to disturb him to any extraordinary degree. After the first excitement had subdued, he became pensive and silent. This seeming indifference surprised and annoyed James Morgall. He was a hot-headed man, brusque and quick to anger. The loss inflicted upon his client and the blame his

firm had to assume nettled him; when, a few days later, gossip whispered a rumor that Kenneth had been "bought to lose the papers," impetuously he summoned the young lawyer and challenged him to clear himself of the charge. At first Gaskin was bewildered at such an impeachment of his honor; then all the wounded pride of his superb manhood burst forth in a torrent of indignation. A stormy scene between the two men ensued, and the interview ended with Gaskin resigning his position and irrevocably severing all connection with the Morgalls. He left the office incensed, hurt, crushed and puzzled. He was disgusted; his soul was sick and sore. Men appeared to him now as they had never appeared before. The folly and uncertainty of resting his hopes on them was seared deep upon his heart. He had given the best that was in him to the Morgalls, and he felt he had a right to their esteem and confidence. But he had been deceived; the illusion broke around him in piercing fragments that tortured him with agony. In one hour they had forgotten all his faithful service; one idle rumor had sufficed to make them suspect him, to attack his honor in its tenderest spot—to stigmatize it with the vilest of stains. And so life loomed up before him as it loomed up before Solomon: "Vanity of vanities and all is vanity, and there is nothing lasting under the sun." He looked about him and saw the fair castles of his hopes shattered in ruins, and his day dreams vanished into the night. The laurels of his success had withered on his brow and the sunshine of his ambitions had turned to gray shadows; he stood alone face to face with the world's cold and stern realities. He thought of the words of the poet:

In the world each ideal
That shines like a star on life's wave,
Is wrecked on the shores of the real
And sleeps like a dream in a grave.

It seemed to him as though life had been emptied of everything and lay at his feet like a hollow shell cast up by the drifting tide. He resolved to come apart from the selfish crowd

and leave it to its sordid ways. And although, a month later, the missing papers had been returned as mysteriously as they had disappeared, and James Morgall had offered a manly apology for the unjust attack he had made under the strong impulse of a vexing predicament, Kenneth obstinately declined to resume his position. He settled himself to a life of retirement and seclusion. A nice competence had been left him by his father which relieved him from the anxiety of providing a livelihood. As the weeks and months and years sped on, he shrank more and more from men and their affairs. He wrapped himself more and more closely in himself, and developed into the cold, calculating, unsympathetic person we described at the beginning of this narrative.

One thing alone saved him from a state of utter morbidity. His inquisitive and curious mind delighted in investigating mysteries and disentangling complicated situations. The few friends he admitted to the privacy of his home were, mostly, men noted in the legal profession; and they gave him opportunities, more than enough, to indulge his peculiar fancy by submitting to his scrutiny the evidence for the criminal prosecutions they were conducting. The results of his investigations he invariably recorded and preserved carefully, with the thought that, some day, he might use them to advantage in compiling a book of criminal curiosities he contemplated producing. For several weeks prior to this Christmas eve he had been exceptionally interested in a case concerning the divulging of the secret business transactions of a large ammunition factory. The information given out was startling and entailed great financial losses. Every agency that might lead to the discovery of the informant had been set in operation, and had failed. Instead of becoming clearer, the mystery seemed to darken. The affair had been brought to the notice of Gaskin by Oscar Brewell, who had left the Morgalls and, through the influence of his father, had been taken into the employ of the Powderly Ammunition Company as manager of the order department. His abilities proved him better fitted for this kind of work than for legal pursuits, and he showed

himself quite competent in discharging this part of the Company's extensive business. It was from his department the secret information regarding the Company's transactions seemed to emanate, and he felt that the responsibility of uncovering it rested largely with him. After Kenneth Gaskin had retired into seclusion, Oscar Brewell had almost forced himself upon his privacy. He had manifested genuine sympathy over the injustice Gaskin had suffered, and seemed anxious to lend him every assistance and comfort. What thus began as an intrusion upon Kenneth's retirement, ended in a real friendship. His calls became more and more frequent until, at last, they were almost daily. Gaskin was one of the first to whom Brewell confided what had happened to his Company, and day by day, they had discussed the affair and collaborated their plans for the discovery of the culprit.

"Phyllis," said Gaskin, as he tossed the toy dagger aside, "will you please give me the data of that Powderly Ammunition affair? It seems so strange how we are baffled at every attempt to discover the guilty party. I had hoped the whole thing would be cleared up by this time." And he turned with an air of disappointment to the woman he had addressed.

Phyllis Burton was seated at her typewriter in a corner of the room. As she raised her head, her face caught the light, and it was evident she had passed the days of girlhood. There was a girlish freshness about her, however, that was delightful and far more appealing than mere physical beauty. The simplicity of her attire—a waist of some soft, pale material and a dark skirt—was in harmony with the plainness of her features. Deep, dark eyes that flashed both warning and tenderness, and a subtle expression of conscious power that rested upon her face, were the only things that made her appearance remarkable. A moment's observation would suffice one that she could exercise a wonderful influence over a man—that she could take him by the hand and, unresisting, he would follow. This look in her eyes and this expression on her face had an indescribable effect upon Gaskin's soul. They seemed to hold him, and make him feel as though he were in the presence

of a being mightier than himself. He had met her first at the Morgalls, where she had been employed as a stenographer. Ill health had obliged her to give up this occupation shortly after the occurrence of the unfortunate incident that had marred Gaskin's career. When, some two or three years later, Gaskin felt the need of a secretary to assist him in copying and tabulating the material he intended to embody in his proposed book; and having learned that Phyllis, being restored to health, was prepared to take such a position, he gladly accepted her services. Thus she became his confidant in all his affairs. He observed that she had become particularly interested of late in this case Brewell had presented to him, and that she had enquired daily about its development. He noticed, also, that Brewell's attentions to her were becoming quite marked, and that she reciprocated them. Wherefore, he was led to suspect that something more than mere friendship existed between them.

"Have you heard from Oscar to-day?" enquired Phyllis as she handed Gaskin the papers he had requested.

"No. I have not seen him since Monday. You remember I was not at home when he called yesterday. I think if he had discovered anything worth while he would have informed me immediately."

Phyllis dropped her eyes; and Kenneth thought he had seen a strange expression in them. He could not define its significance, but he was confident there was something unusual in her mind.

"Did Oscar say he would call this evening?"

"Yes; and I am expecting him any minute." And there was a little tremor in her voice. Gaskin observed it. Phyllis returned to her place and resumed her typewriting. Gaskin eyed her for a moment or two; then walking to the window, he stood looking upon the snow as it fell in thick flakes and bedecked the trees and shrubs, as with white and glinting tinsel, for the morrow's feast. His thoughts were trying to account for that expression he had caught in her eyes.

Just then the familiar tap of Oscar was heard, a tap that

was more like the soft and rapid playing of finger tips, than a rap or knock. The door opened, and he threw back the big collar of his fur coat, his slight figure seemed full of animation. He cast a furtive but meaning glance at Phyllis, and throwing his coat and gloves upon a chair, with a tone of excitement in his voice, he exclaimed: "Well, Gaskin, I've discovered the mystery at last."

Kenneth started, and a mingled look of surprise and triumph came into his eyes.

"What!"

"Yes; I have a line on the whole thing now. And it came about in the most unexpected way." He dropped into a large chair, and Kenneth seated himself at his desk. The two men looked at each other eagerly and intently.

"Yesterday morning the customary package of mail came and, taking what belonged to me, I distributed the rest to the fellows in the office. I noticed that Jack Howard seemed a little surprised when he found there was none for him; and, two or three times during the day, he enquired rather anxiously whether a letter had come for him. I then recalled that he had been getting mail quite often, but paid no attention to it, as it is a thing of common occurrence for the boys to have their letters addressed to the office. As I was about to leave the office last evening I saw a letter floating in the jardiniere I keep at the side of my desk and close to the radiator to give moisture to the air. It was addressed to Jack Howard, and must have dropped from my desk as I was going over the mail. I lifted it from the water and as I did so, the stamps—there were two one-cent stamps—slipped in my fingers, and, to my great surprise, I saw some writing on the spot that had been covered by the stamps. It was very small, and was blurred by the water. With the help of my magnifying glass I deciphered it, and it read: "Sent word to P. Watch shipments. Tell orders for F." I opened the envelope and found enclosed just a few friendly lines of no significance, and signed "Elvidge." Here it is; look at it yourself."

He put his hand into the inner pocket of his coat, and drew

forth a water-stained letter. Gaskin read it eagerly, and then scrutinized the message on the corner of the envelope.

"Do you know who this Elvidge is?" he asked.

"Yes; he is an agent for the Blackdale concern that has been opposing us right along."

"You have said nothing to Howard about this?"

"Nothing whatever."

"Well, don't. The trick is not entirely new, but it is clever. Keep a close watch on all the correspondence of Howard, but see that all his mail reaches him. Otherwise he will suspect his mail is being intercepted, and then our little game will be over."

Brewell moved nervously in his chair as he replied:

"Yes; we must move cautiously. Now that we have found the key to the mystery, it ought to be an easy thing to unlock it."

"Not so easy, perhaps, as you imagine."

"Well, I hand the whole thing over to you. I want you to have the satisfaction of unmasking this secret that has puzzled the best detectives in this city. Besides, I feel that I owe it to you."

"You owe it to me."

"Yes, I owe it to you."

"How?"

Oscar hung his head for a moment and pressed his thin lips tightly together. Resting his arms on his knees, he struck one clenched hand against the palm of the other. Then, raising his head, he said with a sigh: "Gaskin, I have come here to-night to make a confession; and I want to make it in the presence of Phyllis."

He paused. There was an agitated quickness in his breath and his eyes looked appealingly towards Phyllis. Then with a steady stare he fixed them upon Kenneth, who looked at him with anxious expectancy.

"Gaskin," he said, and his voice was clear and his words deliberate, "for ten years I have been the most miserable, the most desperately miserable man in all the world. Night and

day I have been haunted by the ghost of a crime that has ruined another man's life; and that man is you. I have made you what you are to-day. I have wrecked your life. I stole the papers."

He broke down for a moment and was silent. Gaskin drew his breath quickly; his blood began to tingle and his heart to throb, but he repressed the feelings surging up within him, and gazed in mute astonishment.

"All these years I have dared to come into your home dragging my guilt with me. I have accepted your welcome with a smile, have grasped your hand without a quiver, have looked into your face like an honest man, and have even shared your confidence like a trusted friend. And all the while I have been a coward and a knave—a dastardly hypocrite. I have stood by and watched the golden moments of your life squandered in unavailing regret; I have seen your genius and your talents blighted; I have seen your ambitions soar as high as the morning star, and I dragged them down and doomed them to disappointment; I have brought bitterness into your life and loneliness; have made you distrust your fellow men, and have driven love from out your heart; have barred your way to the joys of home and family, have imprisoned you here in this life of solitude—all this I have done. And I come here to-night to acknowledge it all, to stand like a criminal at your judgment seat and await your sentence. What shall it be?"

Then followed a tense pause in which Oscar and Kenneth eyed each other steadily. The pause was only for a moment, but in that moment all the memories of fifteen years were revived in Gaskin's mind. He lived over again all his blighted hopes, all his disappointment, all his bitterness; and it seemed all the pent-up emotions of his soul would be held on longer by the restraints which, hitherto, had kept them in check. A fiery indignation was kindling in his veins; it mounted in hot flames to his cheek and shot out in flashes from his eye. The passion for life he had subdued so long was now breaking from its bondage, and his whole frame quivered under the strain. A profound sense of his own personality, of what was due to

it, and what had been done to it, seized him and replaced the coldness and indifference that had made him drowse away his manhood all these years. He looked at Brewell and saw that his attitude was calm and the expression of his face fixed and rigid, and that very expression seemed to exasperate him the more. A terrible feeling came over him, a feeling to clutch him by the throat and press his life from him, breath by breath and gasp by gasp. He sprang from his chair and stood with clenched hands and glaring eyes over Oscar, who still gazed at him with a cold and piercing stare.

"So you are the man who has wrecked my life!" His voice was raspy and the words came from a parched throat and dry lips. "Brewell, you have done a dangerous thing to come here to-night and remind me of all this. You have stirred within me feelings I can no longer control. The manhood that has been chained within me so long has broken its shackles and clamors to me for vengeance, and it impels me to—"

He felt a light, but firm, touch on his arm; and as he turned he saw it was Phyllis. She was motionless. Her face was calm but very white; and that peculiar expression that had always held him was now in her eyes and he seemed to quail before her.

"Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, and I will repay!" She spoke the words slowly and with a solemnity that made them seem as though they had fallen from the lips of some saint in a hallowed shrine. Each word fell like a blow upon Gaskin, and he almost staggered as he drew back. He stared at her as if she had woven around him some nameless spell while she continued in the same slow and solemn tone:

"'Tis Christmas Eve, the blessed night when men recall the birth of Him Whose only vengeance for their crimes against Him was forgiveness and peace. Mr. Gaskin, you have sinned against Him even as Oscar has sinned against you. And as you hope for mercy from Him, be you also merciful."

Gaskin dropped his eyes, and as they saw his hands he recoiled in horror from the terrible sensation that tingled in his arms and fingers. A look of intense pain crept over his countenance, and a touching pathos came into his voice.

“Brewell, why did you do it? What had I done to you that made you inflict such disaster upon me, disaster beyond repair? Think what all these years have meant to me. The longing to live—to live fully—to live out what is best and noblest in my manhood, was the one all-absorbing passion and interest of my life; you have defeated it; you have made me kill my best impulses and bury them away in this life of solitary inactivity.

“I have thought of it all, times without number, and I know what it all has meant to you; and I feel no punishment is too severe for me. I have presented my deed to you in all its naked infamy. I have not tried to cloak it over with excuses. Gaskin, I don’t want to palliate the crime I have committed. The keenest part of the torture I have suffered comes from the realization that I can never adequately compensate for it. I repent, yes, God knows I do, from the innermost recesses of my soul. But I do want to explain; I want you to know why and how I came to do this awful thing. You know what I was when both of us were in the office of the Morgalls. It was my first real experience with life. I began it much as an untried boy begins a race against seasoned experts, and who entertains every assurance of winning the prize because he has been flattered and cajoled into thinking so by those who pretend to be his friends. I went through my college and university course under a sort of patronage. My father had money and influence and that seemed to count for almost everything. I was flattered and favored and made to feel that I had brains, and I was too stupid to see through the deception they practised on me. But I was full of hope and ambition; and when I went to the Morgalls I was confident that I should carry everything before me. It was not long, however, until I was disillusioned. I saw the other fellows surpass me, and I was left behind. Then all the shame and indignation and bitterness that come from the realization that one has been duped and tricked and victimized, overwhelmed me and drove me almost to desperation. I had been mortally wounded in the most sensitive part of my nature—in my pride; and wounded pride

is the most desperate and treacherous element with which a man has to deal. Your magnificent successes, and the ferment and praise and notoriety they brought you, galled me; not because I envied you, but because they emphasized my own deficiency and my own folly in having allowed myself to be fooled. When my own family held you up to me, and taunted and ridiculed me because I could not compete with you, my mind was driven almost to distraction, and my soul became so embittered that I hardly knew myself. Then the dastardly thought came to my mind to do something that would crush you and make you experience the humiliation of my own soul. At first I shrank from the thought in horror, but an indescribable something took hold of me and irresistably rushed me on. Only some demon could have planned in my mind the stealing of those papers. I know you were accustomed to put them in the safe, and so I determined to get them, knowing that thus the biggest thing you had ever attempted would end in defeat and in your disgrace. To shield myself from all suspicion, I asked to go on that hunting trip. I went, as you know, with my brother. When we reached Caribou I told him I wanted to run on to Quebec for a couple of days to see some friends. I mailed the letter I sent to the office that evening, knowing that it would not leave the town until the next day. Ostensibly I left for Quebec, but in reality for New York. I arrived in the city at night, disguised, and it was an easy thing to get into the office unobserved. I stole the papers and then boarded the midnight train for Quebec, and thence immediately to Caribou. We started the next day on our hunting expedition, and travelled far into the wilderness. We were gone two weeks, and on our return to New York we were informed of the theft. Externally, I acted my part well. You remember how I feigned surprise, indignation, solicitude; but, Gaskin, my soul was tortured with the remorse of the damned. I had hardly done the deed than it loomed up before me in all its appalling heinousness, and I trembled with fear. The farther we penetrated into the wilds of the forest, the closer my guilt followed me, and at every report of the rifle, my fear

became more terrible. I closed my eyes at night in the vain hope that sleep would bring rest to my soul, but sleep would not come. When I returned to the office I worked and smiled, but my mind and heart were agonized, and I realized for the first time the truth of the words I had often heard: "Sin becometh pleasantly, but in the end it will bite like a snake." I craved to tell the world the dark secret locked up in my mind, but I was afraid—terribly afraid. At length I could endure the agony no longer, and one evening I unburdened my misery to Phyllis, for even then I loved her and trusted her and was confident she would sympathize with me and give me some comfort in my sore distress. She was horror-stricken at my story; but, noble little girl that she was, she tried to induce me to repair the evil I had done by going to you like a man and telling you what had happened. But, I could not; I had not the courage to face you. Then she forced me to put the papers back in the safe, thus repairing the harm that had come to the Morgalls and their client. And my secret she has guarded until now. All the while my whole soul went out to you in sympathy. I wanted to retrieve the injury I had brought upon you, and so I tried to befriend you in every way. During these ten years I have hoped that something might occur which would give me courage to bare my conscience to you, something, too, that might be some reparation for what I had done. Yesterday, when I discovered the clue to the mystery that interested you so much, I thought the opportunity had come at last; and when I remembered that the Christmas message of peace to men of good will rang through the air and gladdened every heart, I resolved to come to you and throw myself upon your pity. But, I was still afraid. Last evening I told Phyllis of the discovery and of my resolve to do what I should have done so long ago. She urged me to do it; persuaded me to come here to-night and make this confession. She assured me she would stand by me and, if need be, defend me from the anger I felt my confession would arouse within you and which I feared so much. Now I have done. I have bared my misery and my guilt, and again I ask you what shall my sentence be?"

The hard lines on Gaskin's face had relaxed, and the look

of tenderness in his eyes had replaced the glare that had burned in them a few moments before. He glanced at Phyllis and repeated the words she had uttered, "You have sinned against Him even as Oscar has sinned against you. And as you hope for mercy from Him, be you also merciful."

"Brewell," he said, "that is your sentence! Conscience is a more exacting judge than God or man; and your conscience has passed sentence on you long ago and you have paid the penalty in full. I have suffered, yes, but you have suffered too. It is fitting, then, that you and I should rejoice in the joy and gladness this blessed Christmas brings to men of good will. Here clasp my hand as a pledge of my good will to you and of yours to me; and may the peace this night has brought be the sweetened memory of our life, brightening with its radiance the future, and obscuring with its shadow the past."

"Mr. Gaskin!" This time it was Phyllis who spoke. "There is something else. Oscar is to be baptized to-night, and will receive his first Communion to-morrow."

"Yes," interrupted Brewell, "and there is something more. For ten years I have sought to make Phyllis my wife. She promised she would be mine when I did two things—square myself with you and become a Catholic. The inspiration of her life has helped me to do both. I now hold her to her promise."

"Then a Merry Christmas, indeed, will it be for us all." And the old smile that had brightened Kenneth's face fifteen years ago, and the old light that had gleamed in his eyes came back. All the bitter memories were fading away in happier feelings of joy and trust, and Kenneth Gaskin was a changed man. His spirits overflowed in the exuberance of his newly restored life. Taking Oscar and Phyllis by the hand he said: "God bless you both, and a Merry Christmas to you. Run along, now, and don't keep the priest waiting. It's a busy night."

"But, we want you to act as Oscar's sponsor."

"Well, now! What next! Such a Christmas Eve! Wait till I get my hat and coat, and I'll be with you."

And that was his Christmas Revenge.

Trust

BY M. S. PINE.

Unthrifty soul! look out from thine own dwelling,
Nor fix thy gaze so steadfast on the field
Of thine own heart—weeping the barren yield,
The stones and weeds thy constant care compelling,
The water, light and heat, thy strength excelling,
That thou must furnish—tools that thou must wield,
As if thy heart were but a hot-house sealed.
Look up! the founts of Heaven for thee are welling.

The living sun pours down his rays of gold,
And freshening dews shall rise while thou dost sleep.
Trust in the Heavenly Gardener! and thy plants
Shall grow in grace and beauty—shall unfold
In loveliest blossoms where no worm shall creep;
And He will tread with thee thy fragrant haunts.

Ireland

BY THE REV. W. CODD, D.D.

THE island of Ireland may be regarded as an advanced bastion of the Continent of Europe. It is flung out into the Atlantic Ocean, where it withstands the ceaseless onset in the war which the waters wage against the land. And rarely is the deep, resonant tone of the billows subdued to silence on its western and southern shores. The contour of the coast line on the west and south bears eloquent witness to the severity of the struggle between sea and land. Many a bay and inlet mark the victory of the ocean, while the bold headlands and rocky cliffs proclaim the stuff they are made of which enabled them to resist for centuries the assault of the thundering billows. The eastern coast lying in the lee of the island is generally flat and sandy, affording many long stretches of excellent strand. The most notable exception is found on the north-east, where the basaltic cliffs of Antrim form the well-known Giants' Causeway.

Ireland is like a saucer—flat in the interior where the great limestone plain extends, and elevated near the edges where the mountain systems are found. The character of the mountain scenery of Ireland is very attractive by reason of the softness of its lines and the sense of homeliness which seizes upon the imagination of the beholder. To gaze upon its rounded hummocks is a source of infinite satisfaction, and few can look upon its noble forms bathed in an atmosphere characteristic of the land without yielding to the spell of its magic charm.

Scarcely less entrancing are the many beautiful lakes and rivers with their contrast of repose and movement and their varied woodland scenery which form so many vistas of surpassing beauty.

And almost all are associated with historical events that mark the varied life of the past inhabitants of the country.

The shrines of sanctity are numerous and full of vivid interest and the ruins that remain of the works of man are shrouded in an antiquity that they seem to hold in common with the land itself.

For Ireland is an old country, and being separated by the sea from the mainland of Europe, to which it is supposed to have been united in the misty ages of the past, it contains many forms of vegetable and animal life which still survive there and which are rare or extinct on the Continent itself. What a happy hunting ground for the Entomologist—to mention but one subject of research! What possibilities of discovering rare and beautiful specimens of such frail forms of life as butterflies and moths that there find their last sanctuary before extinction in the struggle for existence!

The people, too, of Ireland, like its hills and its valleys, its fauna and flora, are an old and venerable people. Notwithstanding the vicissitudes they have experienced in the development of their religious and social life, they still seem to be the fitting inhabitants of that ancient land. The charm of their country has its counterpart in the character of the people. In the agricultural population there is a wide-spread peacefulness and repose and contentment. If it is better to know how to live than how to make a living, then the genial Irish peasant may be the possessor of a boon from the hands of Providence to which many in modern days are strangers. For he leads a natural life. No doubt the time for further economic and industrial development will yet come. It may be at hand. But meanwhile we may rest assured that the human race is enriched as long as the Irish people remain firmly rooted on the hills and valleys of their land.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE: Rev. Dr. Codd was for many years President of St. Peter's College in Wexford. He has lately, for reasons of health, accepted an important country parish. He was educated in the Irish College in Rome, and the Schools of the Propaganda. He has a great turn for natural science, and has established an astronomical observatory at his new home, which is the parish of Blackwater, Enniscorthy, County Wexford.

The Lonely Heart

BY THE REV. D. A. CASEY.

It is not so long in the toll of years,
But if heartbreaks count and the bitter tears,
Ah, then it is years and years ago
Since, pulse o' my heart, I saw you go.

I smiled in your face as I said farewell,
But not all the volume of words can tell
The crushing weight of the aching pain,
As my bleeding heart was rent in twain.

I smiled in your face as I said good-bye,
(May God in His mercy forgive the lie)
I would not add to your load of grief,
Though one salt tear would have meant relief.

And you answered back with a sickly smile,
(No angel recorded the loving guile)
Your white lips fashioned the cheering word,
Though well I knew 'twas a two-edged sword.

I would it had been to the lone corpse Mass
That over the threshold I saw you pass,
For pulse o' my heart, the hungry wave
Is colder far than the silent grave.

Through a mist of tears and a heart full sore
Did I watch you pass from the cabin door;
And many a weary hour since then
Have I waited here till your ship comes in.

And I'm waiting here for you still, mavrone,
God pity the mothers that wait alone!
I wonder I live with the weight of woe
That has sat with me since I saw you go.

A Rose for St. Joseph's

“And when little souls are saddest
Downward comes this gracious Queen,
Brings—herself—to earth the roses;
Earth is Eden then, I ween.

Thus she keeps her promise daring:
“I—the Floweret shy of yore—
Heaven shall spend in sweet well-doing,
Rose-queen be till Earth's no more.”

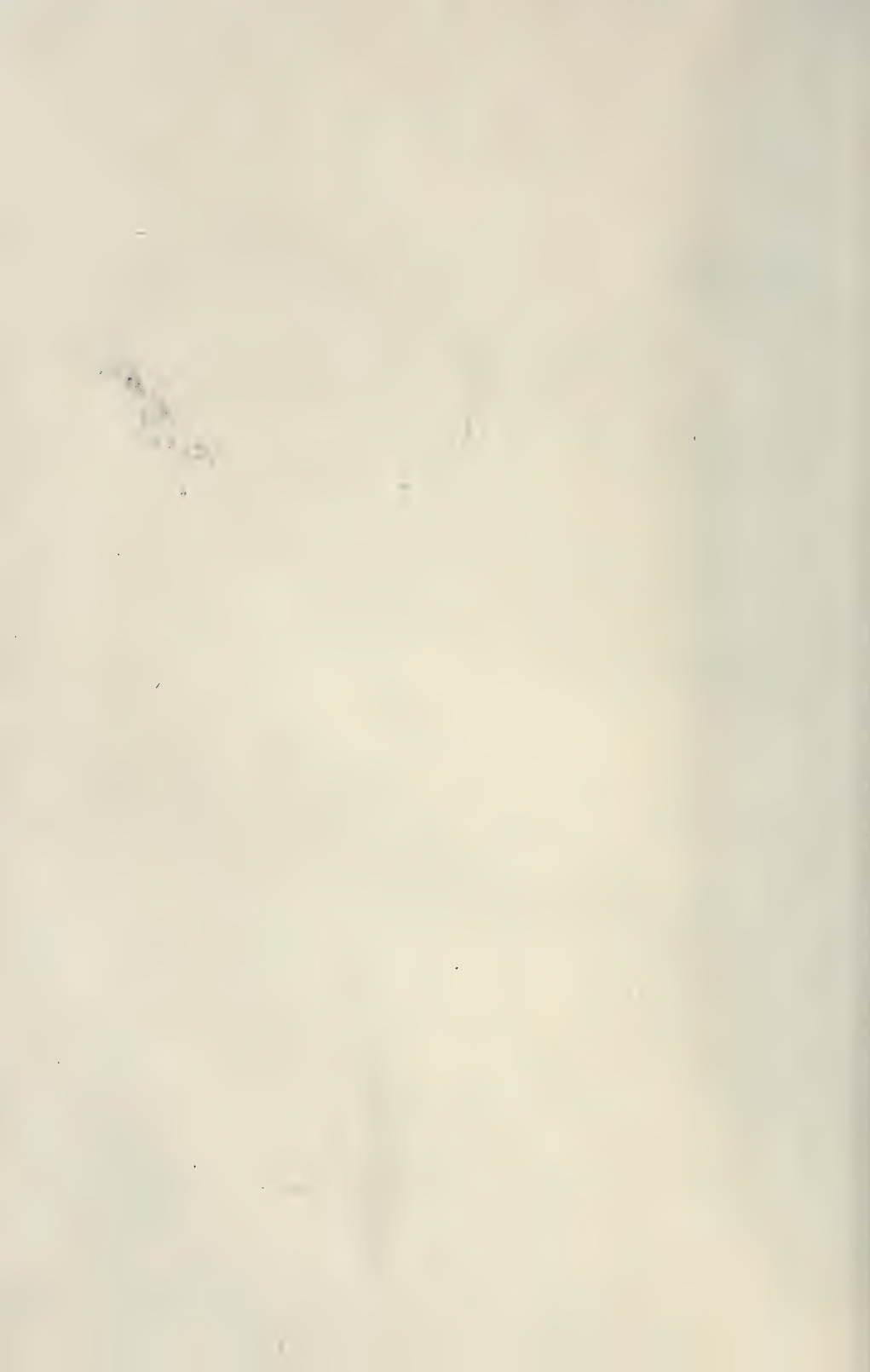
To write of Sister Thérèse of Lisieux, the Little Flower of Jesus, for the readers of Saint Joseph Lilies, is like carrying coals to Newcastle. All have heard of her, all have read of her who has been justly called the seraph of a family of saints. Her portrait smiles down upon us from mansion and cottage wall; her wondrously beautiful face, chiseled features and lustrous eyes betoken the peace that passeth understanding. Before her saintly death she uttered the prophetic words: “I will spend my heaven in doing good upon earth” and “after my death I will let fall a shower of roses.” Sweet as it is to read of her scattering her roses in such profusion that their pathway well nigh encircles the globe; sweeter is it to the family of St. Joseph to hear of their petals falling upon their own very home. Hence it is with whole-hearted pleasure we insert the following interesting and edifying account of the cure in our Community of a young Italian postulant, which has been sent us by our Sisters in England who write as follows: “We will give you the account of a miracle that happened at one of our Convents in Italy, Christmas Eve last. The mistress of novices there was for some years mistress of novices here at Newport, and it is she who narrates the following”:

Reverend Sister Anna's Account of the Miracle Worked at Aosta on Christmas Eve, 1916.

Our little Sister Raphael is a postulant, twenty-one years of age. This dear child entered religion contrary to the wishes



“SCATTERING THE ROSES”



of her father, who later came to the convent to create a scene and to take her away. Sister, however, held out, remaining constant in her vocation. Nevertheless, her health suffered from the effects of the mental strain. But she continued her studies and attended the city Normal Course. She was in the third and final year of examinations and wished to finish creditably. Our good God tried her, as very often during the scholastic term she was obliged to absent herself from the classes on account of illness. For more than a week in the beginning of December she was prostrated by fever. Owing to the care lavished upon her and our prayers, she recovered for a few days, but only for a few days, as on the nineteenth of the month she returned to the convent from school suffering so severely that she was obliged to go to the infirmary immediately. So grave did the physician find the case that he prescribed no remedy and held out no hope of recovery. Our Reverend Mother Superior was greatly troubled. She had been counting on Sister Raphael to replace the Sister who at the end of the year was to take up my work. "We must have a miracle," Reverend Mother said to me. "Begin at once at the novitiate a novena to Little Sister Thérèse of the Infant Jesus." We commenced it the next morning and we made it double; that is to say, we made it twice a day. The novena consisted of three Paters, Aves, and Glorias with the prayer for the beatification of the Little Flower and the ejaculation, "Good Little Sister Thérèse of the Infant Jesus hear us." While reciting the prayers we had our arms extended in the form of a cross. The dear little saint allowed things to reach a clamax. The fever continued alarmingly to the infirmarian's very great anxiety. On the twenty-fourth the patient asked to see her companions. The request was granted. On the evening of the same day the priest administered to her the last Sacraments, gave her the plenary indulgence and received her profession, after which she enjoyed much peace and calm; she was happy to go to heaven. On Christmas Eve she grew decidedly worse, but we lost none of our confidence and on that day recited our novena as often as three times. At the Midnight Mass our fer-

your was intense; we wanted a miracle and unknown to us the miracle took place. Exactly at midnight the sick Sister heard a voice saying: "Raphael!" "Who calls me?" the invalid asked. The Sister infirmarian had just gone out; another sick Sister was in the room, but she was asleep, and the voice continued: "You were to go; now you must wait. Arise; go to Mass, but await the permission of the infirmarian. Courage! I am looking after you." At these words, a picture with a relic, which I myself had fastened to the curtain in front of the patient, detached itself and went towards the invalid, who received it in her hands. At the same moment something indescribable took place within her; she was cured. The Sister infirmarian was not long in returning. She listened to the above recital, and was convinced of the Sister's cure. On Christmas morning as soon as we had arisen, someone said to our Mother, to Mother Assistant and to me: "Sister Raphael is asking for you, she has something to tell you." Oh, that joyous something! We could scarcely tear ourselves away from listening to the happy details. Sister Raphael arose for the third Mass, received Holy Communion and joined her voice with ours in singing the Magnificat. During the night the Community had not heard the good news. The cure was told by our Chaplain, who had been asked to say the Mass in thanksgiving. He was so moved that only with difficulty could he be understood. At breakfast, Sister Raphael was appointed to read the life of the saint, after which our Mother desired her to relate what had happened. She did so timidly, but very simply. Then she took her breakfast with a hearty appetite. (For eight days she had taken only milk mixed with water) and for the remainder of the day she partook of the same food as the rest of the Community, taking things which for a long time she had been unable to touch. Nothing made her ill. The day was a very laborious one for her; Sisters and boarders wished to see her and to hear her. It was not until very late on Christmas morning that she rejoined us in the novitiate; she was welcomed with mixed feelings of joy and gratitude. The Magnificat and the Te Deum were heard from time to time. The latter was

sung again at the Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament and the Gloria Patri was on our lips constantly. On the twenty-sixth, Sister Raphael resumed her studies with her accustomed ardour; she even remained up until half-past two in the morning to prepare for a term examination, experiencing no fatigue later. She is really very well and says herself that she is much better than before. Glory to God and to the dear Little Sister Thérèse! Very soon the account of this cure will be sent to Lisieux and the portrait of the Little Flower will be placed in the novitiate that she may continue to protect it first spiritually, then temporally.

(Signed) SISTER ANNA REVIL.



"The Little Flower's Act of Love"

That my life may be one of perfect love, I offer myself as a victim of holocaust to Thy Merciful Love, imploring Thee to consume me unceasingly, and to allow the floods of infinite tenderness gathered up in Thee to overflow into my soul, that so I may become a very martyr of Thy love, O my God! May this martyrdom, after having prepared me to appear in Thy presence, free me from this life at the last, and may my soul take its flight, without delay, into the Eternal Embrace of Thy merciful love! O my Beloved, I desire at every beat of my heart to renew this offering an infinite number of times, until the shadows flee away, and everlastingly I can tell Thee my love face to face.

Catholic Footsteps in Old London

BY EDITH R. WILSON, M.A.

TO the devout Catholic, a journey through Continental Europe (apart, of course, from these awful days of warfare and bloodshed) must always have partaken somewhat of the nature of a pilgrimage, and he himself have become temporarily what a well-known religious (Mother Janet Stuart of the Sacred Heart) recently said all Catholic should be throughout life, "A pilgrim rather than a tourist." But when he turned his footsteps to the great commercial centres of Northern Europe, where, even in lands still Catholic, the memorials of the Faith are largely hidden by the ever fresh encroachments of 20th century activities, he might well be tempted to feel that his pilgrimage was at an end. Yet in some of those very cities where Protestantism has triumphed for centuries, as well as in those in which Catholic life has been, as it were, submerged beneath the rising tide of modern commercialism, or pleasure-seeking, a rich harvest of Catholic memorials may still be gleaned—more than sufficient, perhaps, to absorb our traveller's allotted days of sojourn. We will begin our search for such past witnesses to the Faith (and for many present tokens of growing Catholic life as well) in the monster metropolis of Protestant England; that great sea of modern life, London. We will take our stand amid the din and hubbub of Charing Cross Station, since this is the point of arrival for all tourists from the Continent, and here, precisely, is the centre, or heart, of the great, palpitating town. As we emerge from the confines of the famous terminal, our eyes fall on a huge stone cross, erected directly opposite. It is intended as a reproduction of one far more ancient, one which a Catholic king, grief-stricken at the death of his dear queen, raised to her memory on the spot where her funeral cortège paused on its approach to "London Town." Thus we find at our very entrance, the crowded metropolis still

cherishing in its heart the memory of the Catholic and Crusading King, Edward I., and his love for his Spanish bride, Eleanor of Castile, the word "Charing" being, as is supposed, but a corruption of the French, "*chère reine*," or "dear queen," Edward being a Norman, French-speaking prince. The original cross, an extremely noble one, was destroyed in 1647 by the bigotry of the puritans, to the great grief of the common people. Unfortunately, when its modern successor was raised, the exact site of the original memorial was found preoccupied by a statue to Charles I., which monarch had also fallen a victim to puritan zeal.

As a city, old London far antedates, however, the days of even King Edward and his "dear queen." Its origin is shrouded in mystery. If we would "begin our story at the beginning," as one author tells us, "we must wing our way across the dark abyss of time for full two thousand years." Mythically, London owes its foundation to King Lud, a British prince whose name is still preserved in that of Ludgate-hill, on whose summit St. Paul's Cathedral stands, usurping the place, as we shall see later, of an early British Church, the first of many successors. Ludgate itself constituted one of the six strong gates of old London. It was removed in 1760 though its site may still be seen at the foot of Ludgate Hill where it opens into Fleet St. This crossing was once marked by a bridge, when the "Fleet," from which the street is named, was an open river. Centuries of *débris* have now covered it, and it pursues its stealthy way underground, as a common sewer. With the removal of Ludgate, passed away another memento of Catholic piety, for upon the gate-house chapel was an inscription calling upon all devout passers-by to pray for the soul of the "late" Lord Mayor, Stephen Forster, and his lady, Dame Agnes, who had built beside this gate, in the days of King Henry VI., a lodging-house for poor debtors, formerly confined in the neighboring jail. It may add a spice of romance to the inscription to know that the "late" Lord Mayor had once been an inmate of this debtors' jail, from whose noisome recesses he had been rescued by "Dame Agnes"

herself, for, seeing him, once, through the grating, she had taken pity on the "comely youth" and paid his debt. The sequel of their espousals scarcely needs further explanation. Returning to more serious themes, it is certain, even if we regretfully disclaim King Lud, who is said to have "encircled the town with walls and adorned it with fayre buildings and towers," that a British foundation of some sort existed at London before the Romans came in A.D. 43 to establish their "Colonia Augusta." In A.D. 61 Tacitus describes it as a "town of mark, full of merchants and their wares." The old chronicler, Geoffrey of Monmouth, would have us credit its foundation to another mythical prince, Brutè, in 1108 B.C., while Milton, who "changed his dwelling-place so often that he ought to have known the city well," hails it as founded by "Dardanian hands." But keeping ourselves resolutely on terra firma, we know, at least, that when the Roman walls were completed, between 350 and 369 A.D., they were about three miles in circumference and marked by gates at six strong points. Several fragments of this old Roman wall, as rebuilt in mediaeval times, still remain to be seen. The most important being those in the street called "London Wall" and in the churchyard of St. Giles Cripplegate, respectively. Of Saxon London, refounded by Ethelbert about 610 A.D., the Venerable Bede writes, as being in his own days, "a great emporium of many nations, who arrived thither by land and sea."

Bearing these early details in mind, we turn from Charing Cross to enter the great highways of the Strand, which once, as its name implies, really followed the bank of the Thames, and led from the royal palace at Westminster to that on the Fleet, a branch of the Thames. As a royal route, the Strand soon became popular, though long continuing "full of pits and sloughs," "very perilous and noisome," for both man and beast. But notwithstanding its bad pavement, or lack of the same, it gradually became a street of stately palaces, and even before this, was dotted with houses, public or other, gay with signs which lent a vastly more picturesque aspect to the scene than do the prosaic numbers of to-day. Here Chaucer wooed

his beautiful Philippa; here Shakespeare often wandered; while it is said the great Thomas à Becket was here known, in his youth, as "Thomas of the Snipe," from the emblem of the house in which he was born. Gone are the stately palaces of the Strand, linked with the names of so many Catholic prelates and nobles! Only Northumberland House, last of its race, remained until recent years, to fall at last, like its brethren, a victim to that great iconoclast, 20th century commerce! Yet here rose York House and Durham, here the glories of the Savoy were reflected on the bosom of the Thames and Arundel and Essex House had each its own sad tragedy to tell. Taking them in order, we pass the site of York House first, just east of Charing Cross Station. This palace was the gift of Mary Tudor to the Archbishops of York, given to repair the loss of York Place, afterwards White Hall, which had been taken from them by the great Cardinal Wolsey. Their possession, however, was of brief duration, for in Elizabethan days it became the residence of the keeper of the royal seal and so the birth-place of the famous Chancellor and philosopher, Sir Francis Bacon, while, later, under James I., its magnificence was still further secularized and degraded by becoming the scene of the luxurious dissipations of that king's worthless favorite, the Duke of Buckingham. Of all its grandeur but one remnant now remains, the "Watergate of York House," which may be reached from Villiers St., leading us down to the Thames Embankment. It has now lost its use and meaning, but once actually led down to the water and formed one of a long series of gateways which gave access to these proud mansions of England's Catholic past.

Close by "Coutts and Co., Bankers," we reach the site of Durham House, once the dwelling of no less a personage than the hardy crusader and great Earl, Simon de Montfort. Part of its gardens are now occupied by the Adelphi Terrace. By Edward I. it was given to the Bishop of Durham. But in Protestant days, was seized by the proud Duke of Northumberland and from hence his unfortunate daughter, Lady Jane, set out for her brief pageant of royalty,

so soon to end in imprisonment and death. We have now reached a spot still richer in Catholic memories. The Church and Churchyard of St. Mary-le-Savoy, the only surviving memorial of the palace of that name. Turning aside by a narrow street upon the right of the Strand, we find ourselves suddenly and completely removed from the noise and bustle of the crowded thoroughfare, in the peaceful solitude of an ancient graveyard. The church stands on a little eminence amidst its quiet graves. In the distance we catch the gleam of the river, hemmed in by its embankment. The Towers of Westminster Abbey and the giant outlines of the Houses of Parliament rise like solemn sentinels against the pale sky. The silent monuments of the dead are shaded by leafy plane trees and perfumed by lilac blossoms—a scene to wean our thoughts from the din of the nearby traffic, to days long past! Proudest of Strand Palaces, the Savoy was originally built in 1245 by Count Peter of Savoy, brother of Archbishop Boniface and uncle of Eleanor of Provence, wife of Henry III. The Count bequeathed it to the monks of Mountjoy. But, like many another ecclesiastical foundation, it soon passed into secular hands, becoming finally the residence of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, “a palace,” says Stowe, to which none in the realm was to be compared in beauty and state liness. It was this Duke who became the friend and patron of the poet Chaucer, and here the poet was wedded to Philippa de Ruet, a maid of honor to the Duchess. John of Gaunt was also, alas! as is well known, the protector and patron of Wycliffe, with whom he was joined in an unholy alliance to rob the Church. Even Protestant writers tell us, “It was Lancaster’s thirst for fresh spoils, wherewith to maintain his regal state, that brought the Duke into his strange alliance with the genius of Wycliffe; no more opposite motives could have actuated them in their co-operation against a common enemy—the aim of Lancaster was robbery undisguised.”* When Wycliffe was cited to appear before the Bishop of London, the “arrogant

*Romance of Old London; Edwin Oliver.

Duke'' returned so violent an answer that he was pelted with mud for his irreverence, by the indignant populace. Infuriated, he demanded of Parliament a repeal of all the city's privileges, whereupon the Londoners rose in arms, swept down upon the Savoy, and nearly succeeded in taking its master prisoner. Naturally the man who did not reverence his Church did not spare the poor. Again his greed so enraged the people that they wreaked a terrible vengeance upon the proud palace, which was thoroughly sacked and finally given over to the flames. The gorgeous hangings were torn to shreds, the massive gold and silver plate thrown into the Thames. The Savoy never again raised its head as a palace. True, it was rebuilt by Henry VII. as a hospital, only to be suppressed by Edward VI., and alternately reopened and closed, under Mary and Elizabeth, until it finally sank to be the scene of the surrender, by the more churchly Anglicans, of the last shred of their Catholic heritage, in order to adapt their liturgy to the views of the non-conforming party. A useless sacrifice, euphemistically known as the "Savoy Conference." Yet the little church still preserves some Catholic memorials. It is of perpendicular gothic, the beautifully panelled roof being an exact reproduction of the original one; a few Catholic tombs remain. We note the brass on the pavement covering the tomb of Gawain Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld, who is introduced by Scott into his Marmion, as wedding De Wilton with the Lady Clare; a more important fact being, as the poet admits, that he was an eminent scholar and translator of Virgil.

"A bishop at the altar stood,
A noble lord of Douglas blood,
With mitre sheen, and rocquet white;
Yet showed his meek and thoughtful eye
But little pride of prelacy;
More pleased that, in a barbarous age,
He gave to Scotland Virgil's page
Than that beneath his rule he held
The bishopric of fair Dunkeld."

Over the font we note the central panel of a triptych, originally painted for the Savoy in the 14th century, stolen in the 17th, and recovered in the 19th. Continuing our journey along the Strand beyond Wellington street, we pause before the gloomy portals of the modern Somerset House, a series of government offices, built to replace the earlier mansion. As we gaze we recall the admonition of Taine, in his "Notes on England." "If you would see something quite dreadful, go to the enormous palace on the Strand, called Somerset House." The criticism is not undeserved, yet we as Catholics have little reason to regret the demolition of the "wicked palace," one of the later of the Strand dwellings. Built by the unscrupulous Duke of Somerset, Lord Protector during the reign of the Protestant Edward, churches and bishop's houses were ruthlessly destroyed to make room for it. St. Margaret's, Westminster and St. John of Jerusalem were torn down to supply stones for its walls, until the work of desecration was forcibly stopped by the indignant populace. To crown the iniquity, the genius of John of Padua, Henry VIII's Italian architect, was suborned for the design of the palace. That the wicked Duke never lived to inhabit it, seems just retribution. Its Catholic traditions cluster around the person of Henrietta Maria, the French Queen of Charles I., whose dwelling it became. At a time when the Catholic religion was proscribed, she caused her private chapel to be built here and served by Capuchin monks. Here many of her French attendants lie buried, in vaults under the present courtyard. At the time of the Commonwealth, Somerset House was seized by Cromwell, who, later, "lay here in state." But with the restoration, Henrietta regained possession, finally bequeathing Somerset House to the pious, but neglected Queen of Charles II., Catherine of Braganza. During her life occurred the terrors of the so-called "popish plot," when so many innocent Catholics lost their lives under the iniquitous Judge, Titus Oates. The poor Queen is said often to have trembled in her chapel, hearing the voices of the frenzied mob without, shouting "No popery." But Charles, careless and pleasure loving as he was, would never

for a moment, suffer any accusation to be made against the queen.

Escaping from such memories with some relief, we will be interested as Catholics in slipping down the queer little alley just beyond, known as Strand Lane. Here, at the sign of the "Old Roman Spring Bath," on the left, we will find a truly wonderful relic of both Roman and mediæval times. We enter a vaulted room, containing an extremely ancient bath, enclosed in what is supposed to be Roman masonry. The cold, crystal-clear water that filled it, however, was reputed to proceed from a miraculous well, near the Church of St. Clement-Danes, which we will shortly visit. This belief gave its name to the neighboring Holywell (street). Up to the time of the Protestant Reformation, both bath and well were greatly resorted to for cures, and even the puritan Earl of Essex was inconsistent enough to patronize the bath (indeed he built a special one for his own use), while scoffing at the saint who obtained for it its virtue. Before leaving Strand Lane, we must glance up at the Church of St. Mary-le-Strand, which rises in the midst of the quaint street. The modern church is one of 50 whose erection was ordered by Queen Anne to remove the stigma of godlessness which had fallen upon Protestant London in consequence of the wholesale destruction of her glorious Catholic churches. The original St. Mary's was one of those which had fallen before the greed of Somerset, and dated back to the days of King Stephen during whose reign its rector was no less a personage than St. Thomas à Becket! Repressing a sigh, we turn into Drury Lane, facing the east side of the church. This court was formerly known as "May-pole Alley." Here, in the good old days, when England was "Merrie England," indeed, rose a famous May-pole, 134 feet high, around which both youths and maidens, and sometimes their elders, were wont to dance in the glad May evenings, ere such sports were frowned down by a gloomy and morose pietism, mistaken for piety. The Puritans pulled it down, of course, as a last remnant of "vile heathenism and an idol of the people." However, it was re-erected with great pomp in the

days of Charles II., when the people were at least allowed to amuse themselves; then, as an old tract tells us, "The little children did much rejoice and ancient people did clap their hands, saying golden days began to appear." It was finally permanently removed in 1717; the spirit of innocent gaiety finding little place in commercial, modern England. We have, however, the satisfaction of knowing that the pole which caused such grave displeasure to Puritan divines, was seized upon by Sir Isaac Newton and utilized for the raising of his telescope at Wanstead. We must not neglect now to walk a few paces down Holywell street, although the rows of old clothes vendors with their display of second-hand garments swaying in the breeze, render it anything but attractive. We can scarce realize that here once gushed forth the waters of St. Clement's Well, "sweete, wholesome, and cleere," while the street itself was much frequented "by schollers and youths of the citie, in summer evenings, when they walk forth to take the aire." We will cross the Strand again, passing by the site of an old inn, which, if still standing, would carry us back beyond the days of Henry IV., and points the way to Butchers' Row, where, covered with roses, fleur de lys and dragons, once rose the old timber house of the French Ambassadors. We have now arrived

"Where the fair columns of St. Clement stand,"

"Whose straitened bounds eneroach upon the Strand."

The present St. Clement's is one of Wren's famous buildings, but the old St. Clement-Danes dates back, as its name shows, to the Danish invasion of England. The Chronicler, Stow, attributes its title directly to the quarrel between Harold and Hardicanute, the two sons of the Danish monarch, Canute. Harold had usurped his brother's throne, but died after a reign of three months, whereupon his vindictive brother threw his body into the Thames. From such ignominious sepulchre, it was rescued by a poor fisherman, who buried it reverently on the site of the future church. The historian, Stryke, however, assures us the name is due to the fact that King Alfred, of happy memory, after his expulsion of the Danes.

permitted such as had married English wives, to remain and settle in this neighborhood. As the two stories do not conflict, both may have been true. Here rose the head waters of St. Clement's Well, degraded in Protestant times, to fulfil the office of a street pump, and finally filled in altogether and forgotten! Yet not so; one tell-tale memorial survives to this day in St. Clement's Inn—standing to the left, at the entrance to Wych street. It is now an "Inn of Court," and the haunt of lawyers, but was originally an infirmary for the use of pilgrims coming to be healed by the prayers of St. Clement and the waters of his well. It will repay us to enter its quiet courts, to find another little solitude, close to the bustling Strand. Through the brick archway we have a glimpse of trees and flowers and a pleasant garden square. In the antique chapel an anchor commemorates the holy Pope, who, tied to an anchor, was thrown into the sea. Shakespeare alludes to this Inn, making his famous Justice Shallow a student there.

Shallow—"I was once of Clement's Inn, where I think they will talk of mad Shallow yet."

Silence—"You were called lusty Shallow, then, Cousin."

Shallow—"By the Mass, I was called anything and would have done anything, indeed, and roundly too."

—Henry IV., Part II.

On either side of St. Clement-Dane's lies the site of a former palace. That of Arundel, which the Poet Jay writes was "forcibly stolen" from the Bishops of Bath by the unprincipled Admiral Seymour, who married Catharine Parr, widow of Henry VIII., only, it was popularly believed, to poison her, that he might sue for the hand of the young Princess Elizabeth. Here, later, died the guilty Countess of Nottingham, who withheld from Elizabeth, then Queen, the fatal ring, the presentation of which would have secured the pardon of her headstrong favorite, Essex. Of Arundel House no vestige remains. But of Essex House, just beyond, a pair of stone pillars are still standing, which probably mark its watergate, once so proud a feature of all these palaces. Essex House, originally the gift

of Edward II., to the See of Exeter, had been, like its confrères, seized and secularized and finally fell into the hands of Elizabeth's favorite, the Earl of Leicester, who, "after committing every possible villainy," had the unmerited good fortune to die in his bed. The next inmate of the palace was the "Virgin Queen's" last favorite, the unfortunate Essex, whose name is still perpetuated in the adjoining Essex street and Devereux Court. In the latter may still be seen, high up on a wall, a bust of the once gallant Earl.

(To be continued.)



A Murillo

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

Sweet Jesus and Saint Anthony! I ween
That Blessed Twain must have been close at hand
And guided thy great brush with full command,
Murillo of the Spaniards! Thou hast seen
The tender brow and lips, the clasp serene
Yet firm as adamant, the love-light bland
In eyes wherein the Holy Babe hath scanned
His own fair Self reflected, naught between.

Behold the Christmas mystery made clear!
To saintly souls the Christ-love ever clings
Soft as His baby arms, as close anear,
As sweet, as full of comfort. Angel wings,
Sky melodies, seraphic glow of bliss,
All outer joy, is naught compared with this.

The Graves in the Cloister of San Giovanni Decollato

BY THE RT. REV. MGR. CRUISE, D.D.

CAN anything new be written about Rome? Not easily. Is there any sight or ceremony of this famous city, which has not been described in detail a hundred times? However, I have not found in Baedeker or Murray, in "Hare's Walks in Rome," or even in Chandlery's "Pilgrim Walks in Rome," any reference to a function still performed annually in suffrage of the souls of those who were executed in Rome, in the days when the Popes were kings. Doubtless the season in which this service takes place has much to do with its being unknown to the foreigner and to the tourist. For it is on the Feast of the Beheading of St. John the Baptist, the 29th of August, when all who can leave the capital, have gone to the cooler resorts, that "Absolution" is given at the tombs of the executed dead—the "Giustiziati," as they are called in Italian.

Perhaps most of those who read this have seen pictures of a little pagan temple, standing on the banks of the Tiber, and called the Temple of Vesta. Archaeologists say that the temple was in fact dedicated to another idol. I, personally, am not even faintly interested in that question, but only mention the temple to give to those who have not visited Rome, an idea of the place where the church of the Beheading of St. John the Baptist stands, within a few yards of which criminals were executed in the latter days of the Papal monarchy. In this church of San Giovanni Decollato, near the Temple of Vesta, the Brethren of the Confraternity of Mercy still meet, as in ancient times. The Confraternity called "The Company of Mercy" was instituted at the end of the fifteenth century, and soon had branches in all the towns of Europe. Its principal object was to assist and comfort those condemned to death. So great was the esteem in which this Confraternity was held that the Popes, in addition to many spiritual favours, granted

it the faculty of pardoning every year one criminal who had been convicted of a capital offence.

When an individual had received the fatal sentence, the Governor of the Confraternity appointed two brethren who remained with the condemned from that moment until his agony was over. Their duties were to dispose him to resignation and to help him to receive worthily the last Sacraments. We must remember that in those days execution followed closely on condemnation, as it does now in the case of judgment given by a court martial. The day before the execution placards were posted at the church doors, exhorting the people to pray for the criminal who was about to die. The Blessed Sacrament was exposed in the church of the Agonizing, and remained exposed until the conclusion of the execution. When the dread hour had arrived, the Company of Mercy, vested in black robes, with cords around their waists like Capuchin Friars, hooded and masked, preceded by a Crucifix, went to the prison. The criminal was brought out and placed in a rude car, in which sat also his confessor and the two brethren who had watched and prayed with the condemned man during the night. At the place of execution a species of tent had been erected for the occasion, draped with black cloth. This was called the *Conforteria*. Into this the priest and the dying man entered. A last absolution was given. The condemned then mounted the scaffold, accompanied and assisted by the priest and the two members of the Confraternity. There was now no last speech, no *ex-tempore* prayer recited in solemn tones by the priest, for the edification of the bystanders. Whilst the brethren with the priest called upon the names of Jesus and Mary, that they might be the last sounds the criminal should hear, his head fell instantly into the sack attached to the guillotine. The Confraternity then brought the body to their church and buried it in the cloister.

Though the Brethren of Mercy no longer accompany criminals to execution, for Italy has abolished the death penalty, they continue to pray for those who were victims of the law in olden days. They also give aid to the families of convicts.

help prisoners discharged from jail to obtain employment, distribute pious books to the various penitentiaries and so observe the spirit, if not the letter, of their founders' statutes. As in former times, many members of the Roman nobility belong to this Confraternity. The present Governor or head of the Congregation is the Marquis Clement Sacchetti. On a framed card which was placed near the altar of the Confraternity chapel, I noted the list of the Brethren for the year 1915. Amongst the names were Barberini, Chigi, Ricci, Paraciani, Casali, Cattanei, and others famous in Roman and Florentine history. In the cloister over the graves, I read the following inscription: "Offer your prayers for the repose of the soul of the Prince Don Mario Chigi-Albani, Governor of this Archconfraternity. He loved his country, he venerated religion, he lived doing good. O God, grant to him the eternal happiness promised to the merciful."

On the evening of August 29th, 1915, I was present in San Giovanni Decollato. It was a calm evening, not too warm. When the Blessed Sacrament was placed in the Tabernacle after Benediction, the celebrant, with the deacon and sub-deacon, put on black vestments, and a procession was formed which passed out to the adjoining cloister. The sombre private chapel of the Confraternity was on this evening open to the public. This chapel is unique in that it has a catafalque which stands perpetually before the altar, adorned with the usual emblems of mortality, skulls and cross bones. The structure is not covered, as is customary, with cloth or velvet, but being a permanent piece of the church furniture, everything is of solid material, wood or stucco. The unbleached wax torches around the catafalque were burning, as were the candles on the altar of the chapel and on the altars in the cloister. A splendid piece of tapestry was displayed in the corridor and the lights shone on the effigies of the Protector of the Confraternity—St. John the Baptist—whose decapitated head on a dish, was to be seen inserted on the walls of the cloister, embroidered on the vestments of the officiating brethren, and even carved on many of the houses in the street

outside—the Via di San Giovanni Decollato. These houses, I suppose, are, or at least were, the property of the Confraternity. The Brethren, who are, of course, all laymen, were dressed in black robes which reached to their feet, and they were girded with thick cords. They were not masked as when they formed a part of the doleful company that marched with the condemned to the scaffold. Holding lighted candles in their hands, they filed into the cloister singing the “Miserere.” At the head of the Procession was carried a great black Crucifix, which has a red, silken veil around the loins of the Christ. This was the identical crucifix which used to be borne to the scaffold and upon which the dying eyes of so many were cast. A large number of men, women and even very little children, followed the procession, and, so to speak, formed part of it. All these, even the smallest of the children, held lighted candles, or at least thin tapers. Indeed considerable vigilance had to be exercised to prevent some of the tiny devotees from setting fire, inadvertently, to the surplices of the clerics, for the crowd was dense. When the officiating clergy arrived at a circular slab of marble, about two feet in diameter, inserted in the pavement of the cloister, the procession halted. This slab marked the top of one of the Pozzetti, that is little wells, or pits, in which the executed criminals were buried. There are seven of these graves, all covered with a similar round slab of marble, with no name inscribed upon it, but only the pathetic words:

“Domine cum veneris judicare
Noli nos condemnare.”

When Thou comest to judge, condemn us not, O Lord.

Here the “Libera” was chanted by all present, and at its conclusion, the priest put incense into the thurible. He then sprinkled each of the seven tombs with holy water and incensed them as is done at a funeral. The perfume of the incense mingled with the odour of the sweet-smelling leaves which covered the marble pavement of the entire cloister. For the scattering of sweet-smelling leaves on the floor is an im-

portant part of Italian church decoration, and is never omitted on the principle feast of the saint to whom the church is dedicated. After the clergy had retired, some of the people placed lighted candles on the tombs. A few of the very poor, had only those thin tapers called in Italy "cerini" and used there as elsewhere for lighting candles, being twisted on the end of a long pole, or passed through the aperture of an extinguisher. These they tried to erect on the graves, not in all cases successfully, by reversing them for a few moments until the melted wax, dripping on the cold marble, was hardened sufficiently to form a species of socket, and so the humble offerings were allowed to stand and flicker in the calm evening air. Darkness was descending as I left, and bats were beginning their rapid, noiseless flight over those graves that were not altogether forlorn.

Justice under the Pope kings was never very severe, if we except, perhaps, the reign of Sixtus V. Those who were executed were indeed very guilty. Yet, how dismal was the fate of men, who through their own fault, were destined to meet death at the command of the mildest of earth's potentates! But we may indeed hope that as they died by the laws of the Christ on earth, the Christ in Heaven may have had mercy on them. The very name of the church in which the condemned of Rome heard their last Mass and received Holy Viaticum, had some suggestion of comfort to those who were about to be decapitated. San Giovanni Decollato! The thought must have come spontaneously to those victims of human justice, "The Precursor of the Incarnate Word, than whom greater has not arisen amongst the sons of men, died in the same manner as we die; may he, the innocent, plead for us, the guilty."

I walked home through the darkened streets, passing along the Via Tor de Specchi. Arrived at the front door of the convent of St. Frances of Rome, I saw before me the narrow lane that leads to the Tarpeian Rock. This, the place of execution under the Roman Republic, caused me to think of the difference between pagan and Christian justice. Desolate was the last hour of those who were thrown over that rocky precipice,

with none to pity, much less to pray for them to the true God. I advanced cautiously up the dark lane, lighted by a single gas lamp, which was heavily veiled in thick blue glass, as a precaution against attack from aerial craft, for we were in a state of war, and Rome, like so many other European capitals, was darkened. I looked on the Tarpeian Rock, and all was ghastly, the time, the place, the memories. For how many was that murky region the scene of death, from Tarpeia to the criminals executed in the fifteenth century! When the Confraternity of Mercy was first instituted, it was customary to erect the scaffold at the Tarpeian Rock. I was quite alone, and stood for a few moments till my eyes grew accustomed to the darkness. The only light was from the gas jet in the adjoining lane. The precipice over which despairing men and women had been hurled, reared its outline through the gloom. Thoughts of past tragedies were rendered more sombre by reflection on the blood and strife at that moment desolating Europe, blood and strife which, unhappily, continue as I write.

You have had a proof of the greatness of Catholic charity to those who were condemned to the extreme penalty. Contrast what I have written with an account of an execution at which Charles Dickens was present in Rome in 1845, and which he describes in his "Pictures from Italy." "There are no fixed times for the administration of justice or its execution in this unaccountable country," says the novelist, and then with the fidelity of a newspaper reporter, he goes on to tell us of the place and instrument of death. "The place of execution was near the Church of San Giovanni Decollato (a doubtful compliment to Saint John the Baptist) in one of the impassable back streets without any footway, of which a great part of Rome is composed, a street of rotten houses, which do not seem to have ever been inhabited, and certainly were never built on any plan, or for any particular purpose, and have no window-sashes, and are a little like deserted breweries, and might be warehouses but for having nothing in them. Opposite to one of these, a white house, the scaffold was built. An

untidy, unpainted, uncouth, crazy-looking thing, of course." The execution "was an ugly, filthy, careless, sickening spectacle, meaning nothing but butchery beyond the momentary interest to the one wretched actor."

Yet, tell me. Is there a single jail-yard in England where the graves of the executed criminals are annually covered with sweet-smelling herbs, sprinkled with holy water, incensed and decorated with lights? After the quick lime has been poured over the corpses in the Protestant prison court yard, what other ceremony is performed? Are there any English Dukes or Marquises who recite the Office of the dead, around a stately catafalque that represents the coffin of hanged murderers, of men who in addition to being murderers, were for the most part, members of the "great unwashed," mere navvies in fact? The Roman scaffold of 1845 was "an untidy, unpainted, uncouth, crazy-looking thing." Well! Tastes differ. But if I should have the misfortune to meet death at the bidding of the law it would be no sort of consolation to me, to be told that, through the thoughtfulness of the sheriff, the gallows would be neatly painted and varnished. If the hangman's boots were not polished, and he had a beard of more than a week's growth, I should probably be too excited to notice it. Prayers, then and afterwards, would be all that I should value. But, as I said, tastes differ.

And now, lest our admiration for Catholic charity to the souls of condemned criminals, should carry us to the opposite extreme, and the maudlin sympathy of some modern codes, should lead us to perhaps blame the exaction of the death penalty in any case whatsoever, think of some of the crimes which caused those men to forfeit their lives whose graves were honoured that August evening. I will take only two cases; the man whose punishment Dickens witnessed shall be the first. This man, we are informed, "waylaid a Bavarian countess travelling as a pilgrim to Rome—alone and on foot of course—and performing, it is said, that act of piety for the fourth time. . . . He robbed her, and beat her to death with her own pilgrim's staff." If it had been your mother, your sister, the woman

whom you love above anyone else in the world, who had sunk to her knees, with blood gushing from nose, ears and mouth, dying there alone with that savage murderer, what a storm of wild pity and rage would surge up in your heart, when you would gaze upon the poor, bruised face of the dead! How difficult it would be for you to forgive, and how just it would seem to you that the brutal homicide should expiate his crime on the scaffold.

The last to be buried in the grave of San Giovanni Decollato were Joseph Monti and Cajetan Tognetti, who were guillotined in the Piazza dei Cerchi, Rome, on the 24th of November, 1868. They had undermined and blown up with gunpowder a papal barracks on the 22nd of October, 1867, causing the death of twenty-five soldiers and two civilians. It was in time of peace; no war had been declared. What if some of those young soldiers who met death with such awful suddenness, should have been at that moment in the state of mortal sin. In any case, how appalling was the malice of that atrocious crime—to send so many souls to eternity without warning. If a fortunate accident had not occurred, the deaths would have been far more numerous. A whole regiment would have been sacrificed; but, happily, the majority of the men did not return to their barracks at the appointed time.

Thinking on the guilt of those whose corpses were consigned to the cloister of San Giovanni Decollato, the words which the Company of Mercy has engraved on their tombs form, it seems to me, as epitaph, perhaps the most suitable that could be found.

“Domine cum venéris judicare
Noli nos condemnare.”

Absolve, O Lord, the souls of all the faithful departed from every bond of sin. And by Thy helping grace, may they be able to escape the avenging judgment. And enjoy the bliss of everlasting light.

Mater Admirabilis

BY THE REV. M. J. WATSON, S.J.

How fair art thou,

O Mater Admirabilis!

Fair as the dawn in silver dight;

Fair as the violets blue,

Or as the dew

Transpierced with arrows of the sun's first light.

Fair as the Moon, enthroned in realms above;

Fair as the radiant eyes of Hope, or heavenly Love.

How pure art thou,

O Mater Admirabilis!

Pure as the snow on Alpine crest;

Pure as mid-ocean spray,

The star's clear ray,

Or lily's cup with pearls by morning drest.

Pure as the dove that bathes in woodland spring;

Pure as the Seraph's thought before the Almighty King.

How sweet art thou,

O Mater Admirabilis!

Sweet as the perfume of the rose,

That, full-blown, lifts its head,

Of royal red,

And freights with fragrance every wind that blows;

Sweet as the honey hived by summer bee;

Sweet as the guileless heart, sweet as thy purity.

How wondrous thou,

O Mater Admirabilis!

Thou art Heaven's boast, O Sweet and Pure and Fair.

As with a robe the sun,

Clothes thee, bright One;

Naught else created can with thee compare!

A marvel and a joy to me thou art,

Thou peerless Mother Maid, sole Sovereign of my heart.

South African Reminiscences

BY HUGH V. FERGUSON.

"Semper Aliquid Novi ex Africa."

THE old saying is as true to-day as it ever was: Always something new out of Africa. It is a land of mystery; the unexpected occurs, and few there are whose judgment upon African affairs has not been hopelessly astray.

To set foot at dead of night upon the Africa of one's dreams is indeed an experience. The ill-lighted docks just emphasizing the blackness of an African night; the haze one could discern hanging about the brow of Table Mountain; the shuffling hither and thither of a horde of bare-foot, sleepy natives, and the intense heat of summer, brought sharply to one a realization that he had arrived—arrived in Africa.

Early in the seventeenth century Capetown, as a port of call on the way to India, became known as the "Tavern of the Indian Ocean." In those remote days the first settlements at the Cape were established by the adventurers of the old Dutch East India Company. These pioneers, mostly, of course, Hollanders, men of character, wealth and adventurous spirit, brought with them high standards, for their age, of living and conduct. The Dutch official class—the Van der Styls, the Van der Merves, the Van Reibeks, etc., left an impress on the Cape of Good Hope, in the way of culture, architecture and law, that will long remain. It would be difficult to imagine any more beautiful old homes than these families established in the splendid setting around Table Mountain and the curving shores of Table Bay, a country wonderful in its sub-tropical vegetation—a vegetation which is a luxurious riot of color. Steps are now being taken to preserve some of these old homesteads as models of what a home ought to be, and surely as a rebuke to the unsightly corrugated iron structures of a later and more utilitarian day.

Who does not know the Africa of Romance? Let me say there is nothing in the realm of fiction to excel the story of the settlement of South Africa; and the gradual rolling back of the map, as it were, from the coast to the unknown interior, was marked by strife and tragedy at every turn. A brief reference will make clearer much that has since occurred, and help to an understanding of events in our own time.

When British emigration to South Africa began to reach considerable numbers, there was at once a clash between the British and the Dutch, the forebears of our present friends the Boers. There was absolute dissimilarity of ideals at every point, and when contact with the hated "Rooinek" (Red Neck) became unbearable, the Boers simply packed up and "trekked" for pastures new. These treks, of course, involved the conquest of native tribes of absolute savages, and also (as conquest usually implies) the taking of their land and their stock. This is the manner in which South Africa was colonized; the Boers engaged in constant warfare in front with hordes of black and valorous savages, and fighting a sort of rear-guard action with the vanguard of a different and despised civilization.

Finally occurred the historic "great trek" over the Drakensberg Range into what afterwards became the Orange Free State and the Transvaal. Here the two Republics were established, the Transvaal in 1852 and the Free State in 1854. From this time forward the struggle between Briton and Boer took upon it an international character, and it has surely been since that time true that there was "always something new out of Africa." With continual warfare, now between the white races, and then among or against the Zulus, Basutos, Swazies, etc., it may be said that the population of the unhappy sub-continent did indeed "dwell in the midst of alarms."

Just outside Capetown, in the grounds of the marvellously beautiful old Dutch colonial home of the late Cecil Rhodes, stands a group of statuary, a portion of the fine memorial to this remarkable man. It is a reproduction of the sculptor

Watts' noted work, "Physical Energy," and depicts a rider on a galloping horse, peering from hand-shaded eyes always into the north. The statue typifies what has from early days been the attitude of the whites in the old Colony—eyes fixed steadfastly on the North—where lay constant danger, and also the only opportunity for the expansion for which increasing population called. This mounted horseman in the memorial is perhaps as clear an indication as we can get of the workings of the inscrutable mind of Rhodes. The thoughts of Cecil Rhodes were fixed steadily on the North; the "Cape to Cairo" railway was his great obsession. Standing beside this eager bronze horseman in these later days, a very little imagination will enable one to follow his gaze across desert Karroo, mighty Drakensberg Range, and measureless expanse of velt to that massive tomb in the Motoppos in Rhodesia—his Rhodesia—where lie the remains of the Empire-builder, his work unfinished, but still going on.

Cecil Rhodes was not a popular man. He held many offices, including the Premiership of the Cape Colony, but it was sheer weight of ability and a recognition of his splendid vision that placed him there, rather than any love for the man. It was said of him that he "sketched with large, impatient hand," and was testy and irritable with those who, in imagination, could not fill in the picture. Little has developed in South Africa that Rhodes did not foresee and foretell. One of his acts showing this uncanny foresight was the willing of his beautiful home, "Groote Schuur," to be "the home for all time of the Prime Ministers of United South Africa." General Louis Botha, Commander-in-Chief of the Boer forces in the late war, the first Prime Minister of the Union of South Africa, now lives at "Groote Schuur!" Perhaps it may be questioned if the wildest flights of Rhodes' imagination carried him this far. I saw Cecil Rhodes but once—in his coffin, at Capetown. The crowds thronging past to view the masterful features and the massive head, were hushed and silent: "Tremendous still in death."

South Africa has been called "the graveyard of reputa-

tions." Rhodes was one of the few men of alien birth who caught the spirit of Africa and may be accounted a success. The Dark Continent guards well her secrets, and few there are who discover them. The list of names of those who, in civil and military life, had their careers shattered in Africa, is a long one. Recall poor General Colley at Majuba Hill; Sir Garnet Wolsley in Zululand; Dr. Jameson in his Raid; General Gatacre, the brilliant tactician, in the Stormberg Range; that splendid Scot, General "Andy" Wauchope, at Magersfontein, etc. All these men suffered eclipse because they could not understand Africa. Sir William Butler, the noted Catholic author and soldier, on the other hand, suffered humiliation because he did understand Africa. When Commander of the forces at the Cape he advised, among other things, in the event of war, the abandonment of that territory north of the Tugela River, including Ladysmith, Dundee, Newcastle, etc., of historic memory; defence of the south bank of the river, and strike by way of Kimberly at Johannesburg and Pretoria. This is what Lord Roberts eventually had to do, but because Sir William Butler advised the surrender of a small strip of British territory he was recalled, and feeling ran so high that his children could not attend the schools of England. So, you see, one may be overthrown in Africa because he does not know, and also because he does. And Africa continues to wear its inscrutable Mona Lisa smile.

Gold, as in so many other cases, lay at the root of most of the later evils in South Africa. I arrived in Johannesburg, centre of the gold-mining industry, just after the Jameson Raid of unhappy recollection. That little affair had been attended to one morning before breakfast by a handful of Boers, and the doughty raiders were all in Pretoria jail. There was much bitter feeling between the two races, and a millionaire-owned press looked after the matter of keeping the turmoil at proper heat. I recall attending a Christmas midnight Mass in the Johannesburg church. There had been rioting in the streets during the day and evening, and we passed along the way to the church through lines of mounted and armed Boer

horsemen—very similar to, and quite the equals of, our North-west Mounted Police. The church was crowded; the heat was simply awful, and my first impression of the congregation was of a sea of nodding ostrich plumes, waving fans and white raiment. Sounds of the uproar on the street floated through the open doors and made jarring contrast to the scene of peace within the church. Ven. Father DeLacy, Administrator of the Transvaal, said a few words of good counsel to the people in the trying circumstances. This grand old priest remained at his post throughout the war, as, in fact, did all the priests—as they always do everywhere.

Johannesburg was the seat of unrest and agitation. It had sprung up, mushroom-like, about the gold mines on the Rand. To it flocked the vultures from all the world. Every class of criminal and adventurer to whom the lure of the gold camp calls was there. It was referred to as "the Great South African University of Crime," and its graduates were the finished product in their art.

A gold-mine is the coldest, most unromantic place in the world. The one thing you need not expect to see in a gold mine is gold. You may see heaps of ore, tons of cyanide, immense machinery, throngs of negroes, but not gold. I descended the Robinson Deep gold mine, then the deepest in the world (4,000 feet), and it was a terrifying experience. The "cage," or elevator, went slowly down in complete darkness into what seemed the very centre of the earth. About half-way down we passed the mine blacksmith shop, an immense excavation. Here were huge natives hammering on the anvils, the glow of light from the forges glistening on their black and shining bodies. It was impressive—it was much more than that; I feared we had gone too far, and had at least reached that place "where some souls suffer for a time before they can enter the Kingdom of Heaven."

Johannesburg is not a handsome city, and bears everywhere the evidences of its rapid growth. It is the one thoroughly commercialized and industrialized community in South Africa, and is, of course, the heart of the greatest gold mining district

in the world. The main fact is that, where thirty or forty years ago the South African antelope roamed at will, there is now a city of approximately 250,000, perhaps 18,000 of whom are blacks. The "Golden City" is undoubtedly the financial key of South Africa, and in the last year for which I have actual figures (1912) the gold output reached the enormous value of \$175,500,000, and the gold produced throughout all of South Africa that year totalled 36 per cent. of the output of the whole world.

It was a positive relief to pass from noisy, wrangling Johannesburg to the peace and quiet of Pretoria. Beautiful Pretoria! Nestling among its fort-crowned hills, its residential streets hedged throughout with rose-bushes in full bloom; rivulets of spring water from the surrounding hills guided along each street, rippling and sparkling in the sunlight; its handsome Administration buildings, and its snug, old Dutch homes, made it an ideal spot for the leading of a quiet life.

The main object of the visitor to Pretoria in ante-bellum days was to obtain a view of Paul Kruger, the doughty President of the South African Republic. I recall that my first glimpse of "Oom Paul" was obtained one sizzling hot Sunday morning. At 10 o'clock each Sunday the old man attended the little Dopper church immediately across the street from his typically African one-storey home, with the inevitable spacious "stoep" or verandah. A small crowd of the curious usually gathered. Promptly at 10 the President appeared, attended by a few of his friends, all in sober Sunday black—a massive man, supremely ugly, with a powerful, "dour" face, and showing by the drooping shoulders that the allotted span of years had been fulfilled. I was, of course, impressed—but wait a moment. Before entering the church, where he was to preach that particular Sunday morning, "Oom Paul" halted and—blew his nose; and in the good, old-fashioned manner popular since the dawn of time with the man who has forgotten his handkerchief! Inelegant! Oh, yes; still, as with forks, weren't thumbs and fingers made before handkerchiefs? And remember, he was President of the South African Republic.

So what will you! Thus I first saw the grim old man, in his youth the mighty lion-hunter who said that in the event of war he would "stagger humanity, and who for so many years kept the British Empire in an uproar.

It has been my privilege to sit in the visitors' galleries of some half-dozen Legislative Assemblies in different countries. In none of them was I so impressed as by the Volksraad in Pretoria. A Legislative Assembly including such men as Paul Kruger, General Joubert, the brilliant Dr. Leyds, General Botha, General Smuts, Christian De la Rey, and scores of others, was a body of men to command attention at any time. But then, imagine it! Here was a group of men, farmers chiefly, in solemn deliberation as to ways and means of doing battle with the British Empire! The pathetic hopelessness of it all made one sick at heart. Little we know that Paul Kruger's threat to "stagger humanity" was no idle boast. And how fortunate it is that to-day this fine Boer race is with the Empire in its struggle!

War did come at last, and the story may be read elsewhere. We thought it a great war, but, viewing it in the light of present events, it appears a trivial affair. It was probably the last we shall see of what may be called artistic warfare. It was a conflict of skill, of wits, of tactics—not a slaughterhouse competition. There was scarcely a trace left of the war a year after its conclusion. There were no castled walls or fortresses in Africa to be beaten down, and the everlasting hills of Spion Kop, Dundee and the rest, show not a scrap of evidence that the peace now brooding over them had ever been disturbed. In Ladysmith, a shell-hole in the tower of the little town hall, purposely un-repaired, is the sole remaining exhibit recalling the siege. Yet the corn grows lush and rustling on many a scene of conflict, and, in very truth, "the living tread light o'er the graves of the dead."

"They pass and smile, the children of the sword;

No more the sword they wield—

But O, how deep the corn

Along the battlefield!"

Recollections of men and events in those stirring days crowd upon one in such numbers as to preclude all hope of touching upon them. Still, I would like to mention two very noted and wonderful men—General Louis Botha, Prime Minister of the Union of South Africa, and General Jan Christian Smuts, Minister of Defence in the Union Government.

The Conference of Boer leaders in convention at Klerksdorp, in the Orange Free State, when defeat seemed an assured result, was, to my mind, one of the tragedies of history. To the conference came Botha, Reitz, De la Rey, De Wet, President Steyn of the Free State, Judge Hertzog, General Smuts, and all the leaders of the farmer forces who became familiar figures at the time. Lord Kitchener treated his defeated enemy with the greatest courtesy and consideration, cabling again and again to his Government, in sympathetic tone, the desire of the Boers to retain some shred of their national existence. This he could not secure, and his final offer was British dominion, and some degree of responsible government as circumstances would warrant. De Wet, De la Rey and the other Boer generals, were for taking the field again and prolonging the struggle. It was here that Botha and Smuts, of the younger generation, began to assume leadership, and their influence led finally to the signing of the peace treaty of Vereeniging. From this time forward the life of Botha and Smuts is the story of South Africa.

Botha's success is due largely to his great common sense. He has the courage and the clear and clean mind of the man who lives his life in the open. In his youth Botha lived on the borders of Zululand. There was a Zulu war in progress between rival chiefs, which threatened to end only with extermination—that is the Zulu way. Botha joined a body of Boers, who went to the assistance of King Dinizulu and brought him victory. Dinizulu, in reward, gave the little Boer force three million acres of land, and young Botha and his fellows were "set up" for life. This was in 1884. It will be recalled that just after the close of the last war this same Dinizulu headed a rebellion in Zululand, was captured and thrown into pri-

son. One of the first acts of Botha when he became Prime Minister, was the release of the old Zulu King—gratitude to an old benefactor. An embarrassing sequel was the visit to Botha's house of a large deputation of Dinizulu's wives to give thanks for the restoration of their lord and master. Mrs. Botha testifies that "pouring tea" for this select deputation of ladies from the Court of Zululand was indeed an ordeal. Another incident she relates is that when her husband was first Premier of the Transvaal, the Governor, Lord Selborne, and Lady Selborne, called upon them. Mrs. Botha instructed her Kaffir servants to prepare and serve tea. After a long wait, she went to investigate, and found the Kaffirs solemnly feeding the refreshments to the liveried attendants of the Governor—the "brass buttons and a' that" had indicated them to be the really important personages. Mrs. Botha is a descendant of the famous Robert Emmett family of Ireland; she was Annie Emmett, and, though African born, is a fine type of Irish womanhood, clever, accomplished, and an ideal helpmeet to her distinguished husband. Botha lives during the official season, as has been noted, in the old Rhodes homestead at Capetown. True to type, he may be found abroad at daylight. When in England he was invited to come out for a game of golf, with the admonition to be on hand early—Botha was there at 6 o'clock. He is accredited the best bridge player in South Africa. He speaks English somewhat brokenly, and avoids public speeches if he can. His addresses are of the "straight and simple speech" style.

General Jan Christian Smuts is perhaps the most remarkable man Africa has produced. Whilst I was in Johannesburg Smuts returned from England, a mere youth, with all the degrees that the old world universities could give him, and a lawyer of the Inner Temple. He was appointed State Attorney of the Transvaal, and, on account of his youth (he is now but 47) a special Act of the Volksraad had to be passed enabling him to take office. He became a general in the Boer war; then Minister of Defence in the first Union Government; then Commander-in-Chief of the armies operating in East and

West Africa; and finally, most amazing of all, he returned to London to the Imperial Conference, and, so to speak, laid at the feet of the Sovereign whom, as a Boer General, he had fought, conquered territory three times greater in extent than the combined area of the Central Empires against which we are fighting. It reads like an old romance. How strange it is that this brilliant, modest man, whose bent of mind would lead him into the realm of the metaphysician and the dreamer, should spend so many years of his life in the saddle on the field of battle! Speaking to the Knights of Columbus in Guelph last winter I ventured to predict that at the Imperial Conference, no matter by whom attended, General Smuts would, for sheer brain power and calm common sense, be the outstanding figure. How pleasant it is to have a prophecy fulfilled!

Eerysome land of the black! I cannot turn from contemplation of the African scene without a reference to the "lure" of the Dark Continent. There was a saying in the early days in Canada that he who had journeyed far enough west to hear the sound of the Red River would always return. The lore of the native has it that he who has slept in the open on the high velt in Africa will sometime surely come back; while the Boer legend claims that the man who adopts the Veltschoon, or soft boot of the farmer, will never depart. Africa has him in her keeping. The spirit of Africa lays strong hold upon one. It enters the blood. The free-and-easy life makes strange appeal to the wanderer and the adventurer. "Ship me somewhere east of Suez," pleaded Kipling's Vagabond, "where the best is like the worst—where there ain't no ten Commandments, and a man can raise a thirst." It is said that one who remains in Africa longer than five years should settle there for life. The "*dolce far niente*" existence of those who dwell in torrid zones unfits them for the more strenuous life-struggle in other lands.

The spell of Africa is not soon shaken off. The brooding, silent, haunting peace of its vast spaces is a cherished memory; and the roar of its thousand mine-stamps is still in one's ears. Nor will the years efface my recollection of the glorious sun-

shine of its days, and the awesome, gloomy, mystery of its nights, when:

“The purple night-pall softly breathes;
The velt stirs in its sleep.”

[Note—I am indebted to Harold Spender's "Life of Botha" and V. R. Markham's splendid book, "The South African Scene," for interesting recent information.—H.V.F.]

An Irish Soldier's Prayer

By General Sir William Butler.

Give me but six foot three (one inch to spare)
Of Irish ground, and dig it anywhere;
And for my poor soul say an Irish prayer
Above the spot.

Let it be hill where cloud and mountain meet,
Or vale where grows the turfted meadow sweet,
Or borean trod by peasants' shoeless feet;
It matters not.

I loved them all—the vale, the hill,
The moaning sea, the flagger-lilied rill,
The yellow furze, the lake-shore lone and still,
The wild bird's song.

But more than hill or valley, bird or moor,
More than the green fields of my river Suir,
I loved these hapless ones, the Irish poor,
All my life long.

So give me Irish grave 'mid Irish air,
With Irish grass above it—anywhere;
And let some passing peasant breathe a prayer
For the soul there.

Joyce Kilmer's Latest Book Reviewed

(Main Street and Other Poems by Joyce Kilmer, New York. George H. Doran Co. Price \$1.00.)

BY THE REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD, LITT.D.

IN this, his latest book of verse, Mr. Joyce Kilmer well sustains his reputation as a worshipper of beauty and excellence in ordinary, every-day things, and as an interpreter of the nobler emotions of the human heart.

There are in this volume poems of faultless technique and of classic grace, as the sonnet sequence entitled "In Memory"; poems of stern and poignant appeal, as the "Robe of Christ," "The Cathedral of Rheims," and "The White Ships and the Red"; and there are many on simple and commonplace themes, such as the poem "Main Street," which gives title to the book.

Subjects of the third category seem to be the favorites of the author. He is at home with them, and makes his reader feel at home. In these his art is so perfect that he conceals all art and makes it seem as if anybody could write them. When he apostrophizes the "Main Street" of his little "home town," many a man will recall with a sigh his own youth, as he reads:

Now Main Street, bordered with autumn leaves, it was a
pleasant thing,
And its gutters were gay with dandelions early in the spring,
I like to think of it white with frost, or dusty in the heat,
Because I think it is *humaner* than any other street!

But even from lowly Main Street the bard can rise to heights sublime, and so he ends:

God be thanked for the Milky Way that runs across the sky,
That's the path that my feet would tread whenever I come to
die;

Some folks call it a Silver Sword, and some a Pearly Crown,
But the only thing I think it is, is Main Street, Heaventown!

It is noticeable that in the whole book there is not even one poem extolling the U.S.A. or the Stars and Stripes. Mr. Kilmer's patriotism is of the less boastful and more practical kind. He has already joined the colours for overseas service, and is now training in the great military centre of Camp Mills, Hempstead, New York, a private in the 156th Infantry.

Being a soldier himself, the poet is a great admirer of St. Michael, the patron saint of soldiers, and thus he greets him in another poem:

The Ivory Tower is fair to see,
And may her walls encompass me;
But when the Devil comes with thunder of his might,
St. Michael, show me how to fight!

There is but one example of vers libre given, and the poet does not seem to be particularly proud of it. It was too easy, and so he tried no more than one. As to his other poems, at a proper expense of toil and art he decked them in the precious jewels of rhyme and metre.

Here is a sonnet, the "octave" of which is unsurpassed by any of modern composition:

Mid-Ocean in War-Time.

The fragile splendour of the level sea,
The moon's serene and silver veiled face,
Make of the vessel an enchanted place
Full of white mirth and golden sorcery.
Now for a time shall careless laughter be
Blended with song to lend song sweeter grace,
And the old stars in their unending race,
Shall heed and envy young humanity.
And yet to-night, a hundred leagues away
These waters blush, a strange and awful red,
Before the moon, a cloud obscenely grey
Rises from decks that crash with flying lead,
And these stars smile their immemorial way
On waves that shroud a thousand newly dead!

Mr. Kilmer is a recent convert to the Catholic Church, and a tender and lively piety breathes through many of his verses. Speaking of Christ in the Blessed Sacrament, he says:

“Dominions kneel before Him, and Powers kiss His feet,
Yet for me he keeps His weary watch in the turmoil of the
street;
The King of Kings awaits me, wherever I may go,
O, who am I that He should deign to love and serve me so?”

The following little Christmas song is simple and artless as the carol of a bird, yet it is wonderfully touching and effective:

Kings.

The Kings of the earth are men of might
And cities are burned for their delight,
And the skies rain death in the silent night,
And the hills belch death all day.

But the King of Heaven, Who made them all,
Is fair and gentle and very small;
He lies in the straw, by the oxen's stall—
Let them think of Him to-day!

Everywhere in his writings the love which the poet has for the Blessed Mother of God is evident. She is the Lady of his soul's choice and he lays his brilliant verses like garlands before her feet. Disguised under the title of “The Singing Girl,” we find the following delightful little song. It is like something Robert Louis Stevenson would write about the Virgin Mother if his Protestantism had not stifled such lovely sentiments:

There was a little maiden
In blue and silver drest,
She sang to God in Heaven
And God within her breast.

It flooded me with pleasure,
It pierced me like a sword,
When this young maiden sang: "My soul
Doth magnify the Lord."

The stars sing all together
And hear the angels sing,
But they said they had never heard
So beautiful a thing.

Saint Mary and Saint Joseph,
And Saint Elizabeth,
Pray for us poets now
And at the hour of death.

This little book will make many friends. They will praise it for its quiet beauty of diction and thought; for its manliness, and wholesome faith in all that is good; for its indomitable hope and trust in God and His beneficent providence. And these admirers of his genius will pray the author may return safely from his adventures in the Great War to give us other books like "Main Street, and Other Poems."



The poet preaches of God though his song may seem, to the deaf, whose ears are wool-stopped with avarice, no sermon. No decent human being can read any true poem without a lifting of his soul, and that at its best is prayer; at its worst it is better than lying among the poets. —John Ayscough.

* * *

For noble speech can be born only of noble thought, and be in turn its mother, and from nobler thinking nobler doing is fain to spring.—John Ayscough.



"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD"

A Little Child Shall Lead

FRANK WARRINER put down the latest number of the "Cornhill," leaned forward in his deck chair and, whistling softly, looked out to sea.

From other parts of the deck, where the games were in full progress, came echoes of merry chatter and rippling laughter; but these had no power to charm him from his solitude into the circle of players and onlookers. They belonged to Life and Hope and Joy. For him there waited a few years of lonely exile and the grave.

Three weeks ago he had heard his sentence from the lips of a great London specialist, and repeating it to Dorothy Ashburn, his affianced bride, he had offered to release her from her bonds. Deep in his heart was hidden the hope that she would dare to be foolish and elect to go with him, if need be, to the very end of the earth. But she had not done so, and now he was aboard the "Ruritania," outward bound to South Africa, his heart full of rebellion at the fate that had loosened the cords of Love and Life together.

A story in the magazine, based on the old mediaeval legend of "The Leper's Bride," had awakened a train of bitter thoughts, and he was letting them have full sway.

Lost in his reverie, he was unaware of another presence until he felt a gentle tug at his sleeve. Not pleased at what he considered an unmannerly interruption, Warriner turned with a frown intended to scare the intruder. But the frown gave place to a smile, when he found himself looking down at three feet nothing in white and blue, and a baby voice said: "Please, man, tie my shash."

"Tie your sash! By Jove, I never did such a difficult job in my life, but I'll have a try."

Then while his masculine fingers fumbled at their unusual task, he inquired, "What's your name, Kiddie?"

"I'se not Kiddie, I'se Angela May," came the dignified rejoinder.

"Beg pardon, Angela May," he said, with a smile at the little maid's indignation, "and whose little girl are you?"

"Muvver Mary's and Mummy's, and Daddy's," said Angela May.

"And who are Mother Mary and Mummy and Daddy?"

The blue eyes opened in surprise, "Doesn't you know Muvver Mary, man? She's Baby Jesus's Muvver, and everybody's muvver. And I'se her own little girl, 'cos when I was very sick she bettered me, and Daddy and Mummy gived me to her till I was seven years old, and to-morrow's my burf-day and I'se going to be four."

The child paused to take breath, and Warriner lifted her on to his knee.

"Let's see what's to-morrow?" he said, looking at his pocket-calendar. "The eighth of December. 'Pon my word, it's my birthday, too, Angela May, and I had quite forgotten because there was no one to make me remember."

"Hasn't you got a mummy to mind you?" said the child.

He shook his head negatively.

"Doesn't you have parties on your burf-day? Mummy says I can't have one this time, 'cos we's on the ship. I'se so 'spointed," and she heaved a sigh.

"Never mind, little one," he replied, patting her head. "Perhaps we shall be able to fix up a party to-morrow, you and I, all to ourselves. Tell me Mummy's name, and I'll ask her to let you come and spend the afternoon with me."

"Mummy's name's just Mummy," said the child.

"Haven't you got another name but Angela May?"

"Course," she said, "I'll say it to you in pointry." And she immediately proceeded to quote the immortal rhyme:

Angela Colville, fat and fair,
Two blue eyes and golden hair.

"So you're Angela fat and fair," he said, laughing. "The two blue eyes are there all right."

"There's Mummy coming now," said Angela, slipping off

his knee, and running to meet a sweet-faced little woman with hair and eyes the replica of the child's.

"Did you fink I was losted, Mummy?" she asked. Then, without waiting for an answer, she added: "Come and talk to dis nice man," at the same time drawing her mother towards Warriner.

Mrs. Colville protested laughingly against such main force, and addressing the 'nice man,' who had risen at her approach, she said with a smile: "I suppose we must obey the behest of this little tyrant, and consider ourselves introduced. My name is Colville."

"And mine is Frank Warriner," he replied with a bow.

Then he related the manner of his introduction to Angela; and made a request that she might spend a little while with him the next afternoon, since they had discovered that they celebrated their birthdays conjointly.

Mrs. Colville acquiesced gladly. Her heart was full of pity for the young man whose hectic cheeks and hollow, lustrous eyes told their sad tale all too plainly. Like others among the passengers, she would willingly have cheered him by friendly intercourse; but hitherto he kept himself aloof from all, quietly resisting their well-meaning attempts to break down his barrier of reserve.

"Perhaps," she thought, "my sunbeam will succeed where we clumsier older folks have failed, and will brighten the poor boy a little."

So Angela came the next day, and every day after that, till the end of the voyage. And Warriner grew to look for her coming. Her quaint baby prattle, her odd little ways were a never-failing source of amusement to him; and won him from the morbid self-centralization that was threatening to become habitual.

For as the tide of the child's sweetness mingled with that of the man's bitterness, he began to look at life with kindlier eyes. As she found his name impossible to pronounce, he taught her to call him "Chum," and it gave him great delight to hear her lisping the word in her pretty way.

One evening, as she sat at his feet colouring prints, while he read, she looked up from her work, and with her eyes on the west, which was all aglow with the tints of a glorious sunset, she asked him naively: "Who paints the sky, Chum?"

Warriner was not a religious man. In fact, he called himself a freethinker if he could be said to think at all about religion—but somehow the only answer that suggested itself to the child's question was: "God."

"O Chum," she cried, clapping her hands in delight, "what a lovely paint-box God must have."

Then leaving her hitherto absorbing occupation, she clambered on to his knee.

"Tell me 'bout God, please," she said, "'bout the teeny, weeny baby Jesus, and Muvver Mary, and Saint Joser."

What could he do? He could not shock her baby faith in God, nor her belief in himself, by propounding free-thinking tenets or saying that he did not know.

And with those inquisitorial eyes upon him he dared not evade the request. So he complied, though somewhat shamefacedly, and repeated the "old, old story ever new." As he did so, the faith of his childhood seemed to call to him from the mist of the years, and the wish almost sprang up in his heart that it might live again. The child sat almost motionless, drinking in every word, supplying details occasionally, as she had heard them from Mummy. When he had ended, she startled him by saying: "Is you very bad, Chum?"

"Well, I fancy you'd think me pretty bad, little one. But what makes you ask me that?"

"'Cos a lady told Mummy she finked you was very bad, but you is bevvy good, isn't you?" and she cuddled closer to him.

"Oh, said he, as the light broke on the question, "she meant, I suppose, that I was very ill, Angela."

"Willn't you ever get better?" she asked, anxiously, though she wondered how he could be very ill and not be lying in bed with "nasty medicine" to take.

"I'm afraid not, wee one," he answered sadly, as he stroked the sunny curls.

"Not even if I ask Muvver Mary evvy day to better you, as she did me?"

He shrugged his shoulders, but she went on, more to herself than to him: "'Course, I 'spect I'd promise to give you to her like Daddy and Mummy gived me. Shall I ask her, Chum?"

The child was intensely in earnest, and he had not the heart to say "No." Perhaps there might be something in it after all. What was it the poet had written: "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of." If that were true, surely the prayer of a little child must prevail, and he "bettered" in some way. If, on the other hand it were a mere chimera, no harm could be done by baby lips uttering his name daily in a baby prayer. It would be sweet to think someone was remembering him. So he said: "Angela, dear little one! Say your prayer for Chum, and we'll see what will come of it."

"Es," said the child, patting his arm maternally, "I'll say it evvy day: 'Muvver Mary, better Chum.'"

"Thank you, dear; you won't forget?"

"Truly, faif and honour," a queer little asservation borrowed from her playmates, with which she always accompanied her most solemn promises to be good.

So that night after her usual petitions, Angela added the quaint prayer and explained to "Mummy" all about the compact. When the golden head was fast asleep on the pillow, Mrs. Colville and Warriner paced the deck. They were like old friends now, and he spoke to her quite freely about his childhood, the hopes and disappointments of his manhood, the dreary outlook of the future.

"Fate has been generous enough to me with material gifts," he was saying: "but the things I've cared for most have always been taken from me. It sounds like whining, but mine has been pretty hard luck, don't you agree?"

"Yes," she replied, "you poor boy, it has been hard; but," and she quoted softly:

“Oh! yet we trust that somehow good,
Will be the final goal of ill.”

“I wish I could believe it, too,” he said, sadly. Then with a smile he added: “Anyhow, I have been taking too much advantage of your kindness, and it is not fair to be singing a dirge on this lovely night.”

At that moment she stooped and felt for something she had dropped.

“What is it?” he asked as he bent to help in the search.

“I have it now,” she answered, “only one of those absurd little pigs. It was given to me as a mascot, and though I don’t believe in luck, I value piggy for associations’ sake.”

“Oh, I must show you my mascot,” said Warriner, as he took a little case from his breast-pocket.

“It belonged to my mother. She was a Catholic,” he said, opening the casket and drawing forth a small golden rosary.

“She died when I was a few hours old, and I have carried them since I have been old enough to take care of it. Her name and date are engraved on the cross. I suppose these beads are not a mere trinket, but have some religious signification.”

Taking the rosary and holding the cross up to the light, Mrs. Colville read the inscription: “Mildred Avery, on her First Communion Day, 8th December, 1863.”

“It is what we call a rosary,” she explained, as she returned it. “And what a coincidence! The eighth of December, Angela’s birthday and yours.”

“Yes, I hadn’t noticed that,” he replied. “It is sure to bring me double luck, isn’t it?”

“I trust it will bring you many blessings, if it has not done so already,” she said. Then half-hesitatingly, she added: “And, perhaps, some day you will learn to use your mascot as your mother did.”

“Thank you, who knows?” he answered, as he restored the beads to his pocket.

“God and His Mother,” she said in her heart, “for I feel sure that it is just in that way Angela’s petition for ‘bettering Chum’ will be heard.”

More than a year had passed away since Frank Warriner bade good-bye to his travelling companions at Cape Town. He had spent his time wandering from one sanatorium to another, making new friends, and not caring to make any.

Dorothy Ashburn had consoled herself by marrying his cousin, the next heir of the Warriner estate. Frank bore his lot as bravely as he could, but there were hours when it seemed too hard. From time to time he heard from Mrs. Colville, and each letter contained a page of hieroglyphics purporting to be a letter from Angela.

"She never forgets her promised prayer for Chum," Mrs. Colville wrote once, "and is never tired of sounding his praises." These occasional remembrances were the only things that brought any brightness into the dreary days of pain and exhaustion, and the thought of the child's love and prayer was a real source of comfort to the lonely man.

The mildness of its climate led him to Durban, and one Sunday evening curiosity brought him into the Catholic Church. It chanced to be the Sunday within the octave of the Feast of Corpus Christi, the day on which the solemnity of the Blessed Sacrament is celebrated in South Africa.

As Warriner entered the church, the sermon was about to begin. The preacher, a stranger whose voice had stirred thousands in the great cathedrals of Europe, choosing as his text: "He came unto His own and His own received Him not," dwelt on the continual sacramental presence of Christ in the Church.

In a voice shaken with emotion, he referred to an outrage recently perpetrated on the Eucharistic God, and begged the hearers, if they had any faith and love, to join heart and soul in the solemn act of reparation which was to follow the procession of the Blessed Sacrament.

At the mention of the sacrilege some of the worshippers shuddered and covered their faces with their hands, and an old woman near Warriner was sobbing audibly. He listened in wonder. He had heard, of course, of the Catholic doctrine of the Eucharist; but hitherto he had never realized what it meant. Did these people really believe that the Christ of Bethlehem

and Nazareth, the pitying, wonder-working Christ of Galilee and Judea, the Christ in Whose divinity he had once believed was present in very deed and truth in their midst, inviting, as the preacher said, all burden-bearers to come to His feet and be refreshed? If he could but believe it! Yet his mother had believed it.

As these and many other like thoughts passed through his mind, the sermon ended and the procession began to form. Down the nave came the altar-servers, followed by a train of white-robed children. Then immediately before the priest, strewing roses in his path, came four tiny maidens. How they reminded him of Angela! He seemed to hear her baby accents lisping: "Muvver Mary, better Chum."

Sweet Sacrament we Thee adore,
Oh, make us love Thee more and more,

rang out the triumphant chorus.

In the bowed heads of those around him, in the serious, reverent expression of the children's faces as they passed him, Warriner read faith, in a mystery of which till that evening he had never dreamed.

"It is very beautiful, very artistic; but how can such a doctrine be true?" he thought.

"Yet are these people fanatics? Have they lost all intelligence? Surely, if that were not true, no human being in his senses could worship 'That.'"

He was sitting at the end of a pew. As the priest approached with the monstrance raised on high, Warriner lifted his eyes to the Host. As he did so an unaccountable feeling of awe stole over his soul.

Involuntarily he knelt with bowed head, and his lips moved in prayer. He remembered no set form of words, and unconsciously his appeal was an echo of Angela's prayer.

"O God! O Christ!" he repeated, "if you be God, if you be here, 'better' me. Lord grant that I may see."

Then was it as if the voice of God spoke: "Let there be light," and the full radiance shone upon him, and though he understood not how or why, he knew that he believed.

Two months later he was received into the one true Fold. It was the eighth of December, two years after the opening of our story.

In a private ward in the Johannesburg Hospital, Frank Warriner lay dying.

A priest knelt by his side, and uttered aloud the beautiful prayers in which the Catholic Church pleads for strength for her children in that last awful hour.

The dying man lay quiet, his eyes closed, a look of peace on his countenance. Among other lessons his new faith had taught him was the divine one of resignation. He had learnt that it is not length of life that counts, but the intensity of living, that patience and meekness are a veritable philosopher's stone for transmuting the dross of pain into the golden glory of Heaven, and that there are worse fates than being cut off from this world of sin and sorrow in one's early manhood. And now death was at hand, but it had no terrors for him. Would not "Muvver Mary" soothe it with her presence. Would she not "after this exile, show him, too, the blessed fruit of her womb," as he had learned to ask her daily.

Presently the great lustrous eyes opened, and with a feeble motion the dying man beckoned to the priest.

"Father," he whispered, "I am going. Don't forget my bequest." The attendant Sister saw that the end was near. Round one transparent hand was wound the little golden rosary. The Sister raised the cross to his lips. He kissed it reverently. Then his look turned upwards and he seemed to be gazing intently at something. "Little Angela! Jesus! Mother Mary!" the nurse heard him utter brokenly. A moment later he fell back dead.

It was evening, and May Colville sat awaiting the return of her husband. She heard the gate click, and walked to meet him as he came up the garden path. He held a packet and a letter in his hand. "I don't know the writing," she said, as he handed them to her. "Who could have sent it?"

"Open it. May, and we shall know," he answered.
She did so and read:

"Johannesburg, 8th December, 19—.

"Dear Madam,—

"At the request of Francis Warriner, I am forwarding a casket containing a rosary. Mr. Warriner died peacefully this morning. Some months ago he was received into the Church, a grace which he attributed to the prayers of your little daughter Angela, of whom he spoke at the very last.

"Let her pray, and do you likewise pray for the repose of his soul."

Then followed the signature of the priest who had been present at Frank's death.

"Read," she said, passing the letter to her husband, the tears flowing from her cheeks. While he read, her fingers undid the packet. There lay the little golden rosary she had seen that evening on the ship. Beneath the beads lay a folded paper, on which was written in a shaky hand: "Dear Angela, I shall soon be with God and Mother Mary. They have 'bettered' me indeed. This rosary was my mother's, and I give it to you as a keepsake. Goodbye. God bless you. Always pray for Chum."

May Colville leaned her head on her husband's shoulder and sobbed aloud.

"O my baby, my baby!" she wailed.

A groan broke from the man, but he soothed her gently as one would a child.

"Hush, dearest, hush," he said; "God gave and—." He could not finish the sentence.

"Yes, and God took away," she whispered, looking up through the blinding tears. "O forgive me, my God! You know best," she sobbed; "but oh! You understand. You had a Mother, too."

On the eighth of December the Angel of Death had visited their dwelling, and Angela and Chum had gone Home together.

SOUTH AFRICAN CATHOLIC MAGAZINE.

A Christmas Chant

BY FATHER RYAN.

Four thousand years earth waited,
Four thousand years men prayed,
Four thousand years the nation sighed
That their King so long delayed.

The prophets told His coming,
The saintly for Him sighed;
And the star of the Babe of Bethlehem
Shone o'er them when they died.

Their faces towards the future,
They longed to hail the light
That in the after centuries
Would rise on Christmas night.

But still the Saviour tarried,
Within His Father's home.
And the nations wept and wondered why
The Promised had not come.

At last earth's hope was granted,
And God was child of earth;
And a thousand angels chanted
The lowly midnight birth.

Ah! Bethlehem was grander
That hour than paradise,
And the light of earth that night eclipsed
The splendours of the skies.

Officers of the St. Joseph's College Alumnae Association



1917—1918



Honorary Patron—The Very Rev. W. R. Harris, D.D., LL.D.

Spiritual Director—The Rev. E. Murray, C.S.B.

Honorary President—The Reverend Mother Superior of the
Community of St. Joseph.

President—Mrs. J. D. Warde.

Vice-Presidents—Mrs. T. F. McMahon, Mrs. L. J. Cosgrave,
Mrs. M. Healy, Mrs. R. W. Houston.

Counsellors—Miss N. Kennedy, Mrs. J. M. Landy, Mrs.
Fred. O'Connor, Mrs. F. P. Brazill.

Treasurer—Mrs. G. Griffin.

Recording Secretary—Miss Blaid Leonard.

City Recording Secretary—Mrs. J. A. Thompson.

Out-of-Town Secretary—Miss K. McCrohan.

Press Correspondent Secretary—Mrs. T. McCarron.

Historians—Mrs. Madden and Miss McBride.

Alumnae Items

St. Joseph's College Alumnae Association began the season's activities on Tuesday afternoon, October thirteenth, when the Very Rev. Dean Harris, our Honorary Patron, delivered a most interesting and scholarly address on "Christian Art and Grecian Culture." The Reverend speaker traced the development of sculpture during the Greek period, which essayed to bring out the perfection of the body, while the paintings of the Christian era brought to the fullest the art of painting, through which the spiritual side is so much more aptly portrayed than through the medium of stone. The President, Mrs. J. D. Warde, received the members and guests in the large reception parlors, and tea was served at the conclusion of the lecture. The tea hostesses were Mrs. J. A. Thompson and Mrs. Paul O'Sullivan.

* * * *

For our November meeting, which took place on Tuesday the sixth, we were most fortunate in having Rev. D. W. Kennedy, C.S.P., of New York, who delivered a thoroughly enjoyable lecture on "The Apostolate of Womanhood." Father Kennedy commenced by telling us that his talk was based on his experiences of twenty-five years as a missionary. He showed that first of all a woman must spend time daily in the training of her mind, learning to get the proper balance of the problems of life, over which she wields her influence, striving to blend sound judgment with her almost unfailing woman's instinct. The influence of a good woman who has learned to weigh all matters duly, is immeasurable, not alone in her own home, but in the great world outside. Father Kennedy showed in how many ways a good woman can improve conditions, not alone in her

own small circle, but also in the whole community, by the prudent exercise of her recently given voice in the affairs of her country. Our President received the guests and members, and tea was served in the reception room. The hostesses for the afternoon were Mrs. F. O'Connor and Mrs. Gibson.

* * * *

Mrs. Ambrose Small was the guest of honor at a dinner given at the Royal Connaught Hotel, Hamilton, by the War Veteran's Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire. Mrs. Small was invited to accept the Honorary Regency of that Chapter.

* * * *

It was noticeable, on September twenty-ninth, feast of the great Archangel, St. Michael, that many of St. Joseph's Alumnae members attended the splendid functions that commemorated the Silver Jubilee of the establishment of St. Michael's Hospital. The ladies wished to testify by their presence, their esteem for the noble staff of Sisters, surgeons, physicians and nurses who have made St. Michael's Hospital second to none on the Continent. It is unnecessary to chronicle details of the day's proceedings as the account has already appeared in the daily and weekly press. It was pleasure unalloyed to the visiting Alumnae to meet at the Hospital old school friends in the persons of many Sisters who had been their companions in happy Convent days and nurses who proudly claim St. Joseph's as their Alma Mater. Many of the latter wore the graduating medal of St. Michael's, on whose golden heart gleam the Divine Master's heavenly words, "Minimis Quod Mihi Fecisti," "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of Mine, ye did it unto Me."

* * * *

Dr. Florence Meader, a graduate of St. Joseph's, and a loyal Alumna, is on the Medical intern staff of St. Michael's. Her sister Helen, also an Alumna, has gone to England with her baby daughter Margaret to meet her husband, Major Reid, on active service.

Miss Amy Christie, one of St. Michael's Overseas' Nurses, has brought honor to her Alma Mater by being mentioned in despatches for her singularly successful hospital work at Saloniki.

* * * *

Our sincerest sympathy is extended to our former President, Mrs. Ambrose Small, and her sisters, Mrs. D. Small, Mrs. Walsh (New York), Mrs. Cox (Montreal), on the recent loss of their brother, and to Mrs. A. J. McDonagh, whose father has passed away since our last edition. R.I.P.

* * * *

Congratulations to Doctor and Mrs. C. F. Riley (Rosalie Harris) on the coming to their happy home of baby Geraldine—a future Alumna.

* * * *

Wedding bells rang merrily on August sixth at St. Mary's Church, Winnipeg, to celebrate the marriage by Rev. Father Patton, of Mr. Andrew Jardine Smyth, Inspector of Banks and a recent convert to Holy Church, to Mary C. Ryan, B.A. All happiness to the young couple and loving remembrances to "Our Mary" whose whole school life from the age of three years was spent at St. Joseph's.

* * * *

Another wedding of interest to the Alumnae is that of Captain Roger P. Moag and Mary Miley. They were married in the Church of the Good Shepherd, New York, by the Rev. Father Daly. The happy couple will reside in New York. May the brightest of all bright futures be theirs.



"They who tread the path of labor follow where Thy feet have trod;

"They who work without complaining do the Holy will of God."

Kind Words for the Lilies

FROM "THE ABBEY STUDENT," ST. BENEDICT'S
COLLEGE, ATCHINSON, KANSAS.

Among the first of our exchanges to greet us this year was the Saint Joseph Lilies. The distinction which this magazine has obtained amongst us chronologically, is also applicable to its literary merits, for every article appearing in the September issue is not only delectable reading matter, but highly instructive as well. The articles from the pens of Rev. M. J. Watson, S.J., Rev. Dr. Ryan, Very Rev. Dean O'Malley, and the inspiring poems of Rev. Dr. Dollard, are sufficient to convince one that he is being treated with some of the best modern literature available. The scholarly article entitled "Newman's Work and Influence," brings to mind the familiar saying: "It takes a great man to appreciate a great man"; for nowhere have we ever read a clearer or more cogent treatment of this subject. To a personal acquaintance of the great English Cardinal, the author adds a thorough knowledge of his works which greatly enhances the value of the article. The fiction department is admirably upheld by two well-written stories by Caroline D. Swan and Mary Hoskin. May your visits be many.—M. M.

* * * *

FROM "THE GONZAGA," GONZAGA UNIVERSITY,
SPOKANE, WASHINGTON.

"Saint Joseph Lilies, St. Joseph's College, Toronto, Canada, contain contributions by others than actual students, some being writers of international reputation, notably John Ayscough. No doubt such articles from more mature pens lend a touch of dignity to the magazine. The student contributions are far from lacking in merit; in fact they breathe the spirit of the students of St. Joseph's in their stories of the Faith.

Highly interesting and informing articles are: "Newman's Work and Influence," "Idealism and Materialism," "A Visit to St. Bride's Abbey," "An Apostle of Charity," "Mount St. Sepulchre." "God's Call," is a pathetic though beautiful tale of a young girl's love for God and for one of His followers and "The Cost of a Soul" tells of a girl's conversion to the Faith through the efforts of a good priest and her love for the beautiful. 'The Lilies' will always afford us profitable reading, for it contains, all in all, a very select collection of good, sound reading."

* * * *

FROM "THE CANADIAN FREEMAN," KINGSTON, ONT.

"It is always a pleasure to recommend that ideal Catholic quarterly, Saint Joseph Lilies (St. Joseph's College, Toronto, \$1.00 per annum). The editor must have "a way with her" to be able to maintain the same high standard issue after issue. Her good patron, St. Joseph, must have supplied her with an infallible recipe for touching the hearts of contributors. The place of honour in the September issue is assigned to our good friend, Rev. Dr. Dollard, who pays a beautiful, poetic tribute to "The Virgin of Nazareth." Another of the "Freeman's" literary friends, Rev. F. J. O'Sullivan, Port Hope, contributes a fascinating paper entitled "Reminiscences of the Grand Seminary, Montreal," Rev. Dr. Ryan writes on "Newman's Work and Influence," Dean O'Malley on "Idealism and Materialism," and there are many other well-known contributors who give of the riches of their cultured minds.

* * * *

FROM "REGISTER-EXTENSION," TORONTO.

"The current number of Saint Joseph Lilies contains an article on "Newman's Work and Influence," written by Rev. M. J. Ryan, which is a fine piece of sympathetic and illuminating criticism. Every student of Newman will be glad to read this article. The 'Lilies' has many other very interesting contributions."

FROM "THE VILLA MARIAN," IMMACULATA, PENN.

"Saint Joseph Lilies is always interesting and welcome, and in its garb of blue, this merry June time, it is especially pleasing. "Ordinary Mysticism" is a splendidly written article, and shows the deep research work of its reverend author. We also congratulate you on the many favourable criticisms of you from various periodicals. Adding our little mite, we are glad to say they are all well deserved."

* * * *

FROM "THE RAINBOW," LORETTO ABBEY, TORONTO.

"Saint Joseph Lilies" arrives just as we are going to press, leaving us little time to do credit to its many excellencies. It is hard to turn from that very beautiful frontispiece and the noble lines accompanying it to review the rest of this interesting number, but there is much of profound interest further on, notably in "Newman's Work and Influence," "The Holy Angels of God" and "God's Call."

* * * *

FROM "THE MORNING STAR," CONCEPTION COLLEGE,
CONCEPTION, MO.

"Would that we were able to enjoy before going to press all that the contents page of St. Joseph Lilies holds forth for inspection. But it cannot be at present; perhaps in the near future we shall have the pleasure of having our anticipations realised. Until then we withhold further remarks."

* * * *

A FEW EXTRACTS FROM FRIENDLY LETTERS.

"I very seldom write to congratulate an author on his work, but the beauty of Father Dollard's tribute to The Virgin of Nazareth, compels me to break silence. The music and the classic form of the verses remind one strongly of Keats or Shelley, and you are to be congratulated on having acquired it for the 'Lilies.'—From a Seminary Professor.

"I am much indebted to your kindness in forwarding this beautiful Magazine, well called the Saint Joseph Lilies, for its excellent material. Bishop MacDonald's article on "Grace" in a previous number is the most beautiful I ever read. God bless him. Also Father McSorley's article in the June number on the Holy Ghost is truly splendid and a most enlightening exposition. I am conscious how often the Most Holy Spirit has directed, protected and counselled me. Oh, if the world only knew who God is, how good and kind to all who truly loved Him and try to keep His law, few there would be who would not be consoled, blessed and directed by the Sacred Heart. My sincerest and best good wishes for the success of Saint Joseph Lilies."—From an Ontario Barrister.

* * * *

"The September number of Saint Joseph Lilies has reached me and it seems to maintain its reputation. I was really absorbed in some of its exquisite verses—Prayer for Priests, Our Lady's Nativity, with several others—quite a garland of rue—rosemary, with lilies,—(true to your name)."

* * * *

"I want to thank you once more for the June Lilies. Apart from Father McSorley's fine article—it seemed to me a particularly strong number and some of the poems exquisite. I am now reading 'Where Mystics go Wrong.' I think I shall want to send it to a Protestant friend."

* * * *

"Many thanks for the September number of Saint Joseph Lilies. The article on Mount St. Sepulchre, by Miss Ethel C. Ryan, is very good and very exact. I showed it to one of the Fathers from Mount St. Sepulchre and he was very pleased with it."

* * * *

"Pardon my delay in writing to thank you for the June number of the Lilies. I have been away since a few days after Easter, and for some reason The Lilies was not forwarded to me. I have had time just to glance through it, and several

of the captions have appealed to me very much, and I intend to read the articles at the first opportunity. You have a fine staff of writers, and your magazine may well rank among the best."

* * * *

"The Lilies' has just come to hand, like a sweet breath from Toronto."

* * * *

"Thank you for the copies of Saint Joseph Lilies, which I prize. We all are agreed on the superior merit of your magazine. The last was high up to the standard."

* * * *

"Perhaps the enclosed poem would fill a corner in the Lilies. Congratulations on the standard you are maintaining. It is always a delight."

* * * *

"I thank you for the copies of the Lilies, which were mailed to me, and congratulate you upon the excellence of the issue."

* * * *

"I cannot tell you how pleased I am to receive the 'Lilies' and how proud I am, too, that one of our religious communities in Ontario can produce so magnificent a specimen of interesting, instructive, and scholarly literature."



Oh, come and see a spotless Virgin kneeling,

O, come and hear an angel at her side,

The earliest tidings of our joy revealing—

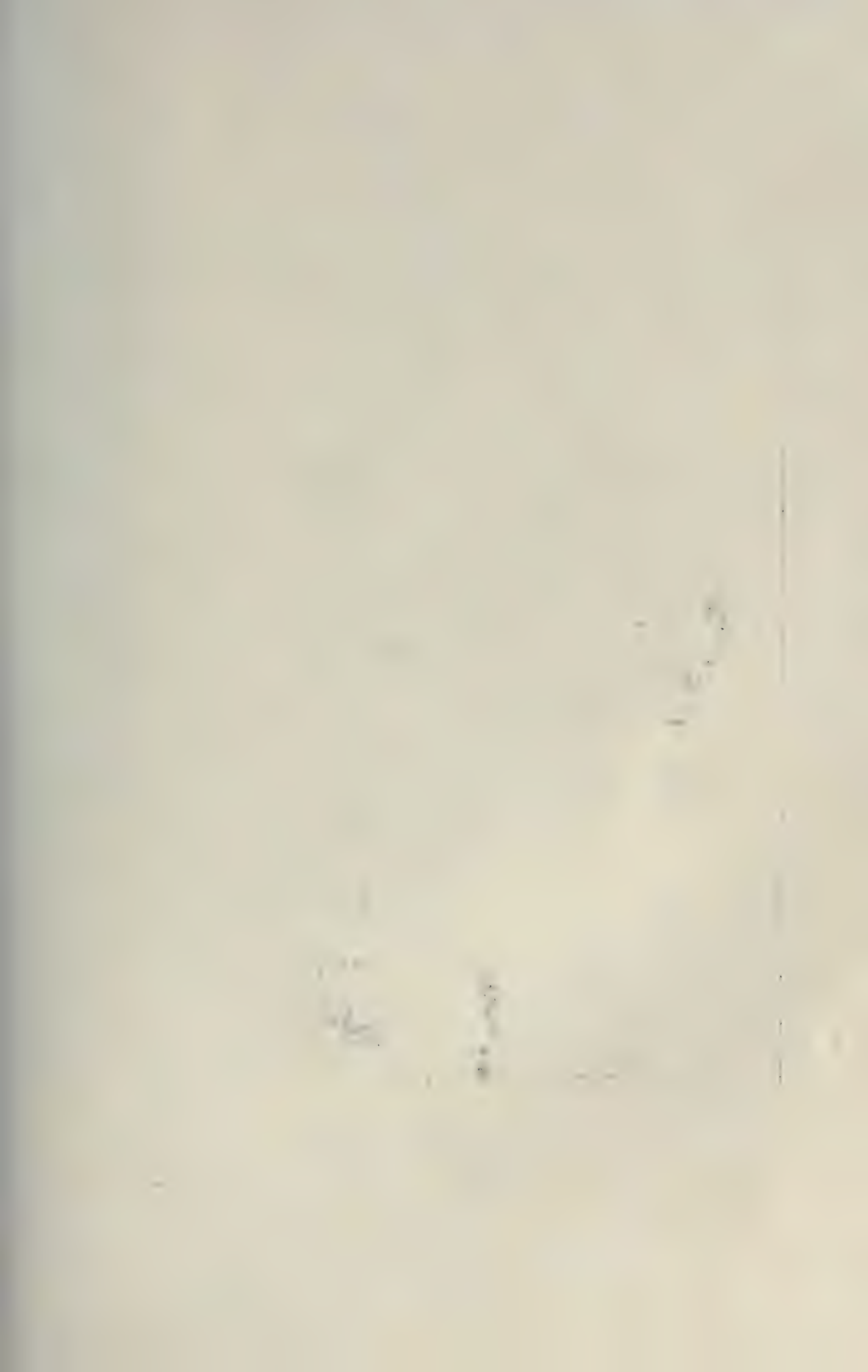
The herald of the glorious Christmastide.

Come here, for this is Mary and no other,

And she will nurse the Lord upon her knee ;

And Jesus will bequeath her as a Mother

To us, upon the Cross of Calvary.





THE VERY REV. DEAN HAND

A Quarter of a Century's Devoted Pastorate

THE Very Rev. J. L. Hand was born at Carrickbawn, County Cavan, in 1859. Having finished his preliminary studies at the Paternal School of his native parish, he began and completed his classical course in Castletown, County Westmeath. Answering the call to the priesthood, he came to the United States and thence to the Grand Seminary, Montreal. After a brilliant course in this ecclesiastical seat of learning, he was ordained by the late Archbishop Lynch at Holy Angels' Seminary, Niagara Falls, 1883. His first appointment was to St. Michael's Cathedral, where he laboured for seven years as assistant. It was during his curacy here that his eloquence in the pulpit re the "Defence of the Jesuits' Estate Bill" brought him into prominence. In Sept., 1890 he was appointed pastor of Oshawa. In recognition of his administrative ability in adjusting the tangled affairs of the parish and raising considerable funds for the erection of a new church, he was promoted to St. Paul's parish, Toronto, by His Grace Archbishop Walsh, October, 1892.

Few men have laboured so successfully in their own parish while touching the Catholic life of Toronto at so many points as Dean Hand. Carried beyond the ordinary routine of parish duties, his many activities have won for him more than parish renown. As an educationist and promoter of Catholic interests he is prominently and widely known throughout the Diocese and beyond. During his pastorate of twenty-five years in this city he has filled in a record of achievement hard to equal. Since 1892 he has liquidated a mortgage of sixty-five thousand dollars on the church, has built a magnificent presbytery, and erected the most commodious and best-equipped Catholic hall in the city.

Apart from the upbuilding of the parish in a material way, he has shepherded his people in all their spiritual affairs with

zeal and discretion. His instructions, whether in the confessional or the pulpit, have guided and comforted thousands, while his kindly ministrations have diminished the sordidness and lightened the gloom of the hard-pressed and sorrow-stricken in the dingy places of his parish. Fidelity and devotion to the cause of religion, education and the social betterment of all whom his influence could reach, make up the substance of his twenty-five years at St. Paul's. If St. Paul's parish to-day holds a foremost place among the other parishes of Toronto, the reason may be sought in Dean Hand as much as in the generous efforts of the members of his congregation. In the lesson of his industry, self-sacrifice and fidelity to his priesthood, his parishioners read their own duties and obligations to the cause of religion. He has always identified his pastorate with leadership. As leader he always leads, for he does not believe in letting circumstances lead. Though he adheres to his own views on questions of the day with strenuousness and declares them with decision, he is none the less magnanimous and forbearing towards all who may differ from him.

Dean Hand has been associated for years with the Separate School Board, of which he is now chairman, the Holy Name Society, of which he is Spiritual Director, the House of Industry, the Children's Aid and the St. Vincent de Paul Societies. To all of them he has given steady and earnest service.

Though he has borne the strain and stress of parochial duties for the twenty-five years he has just celebrated, he has not yet approached the "slow hours" of the tired traveller, but keeps well up in the line of march.

Grant that his teaching may be a spiritual remedy for God's people, and the fragrance of his life a delight to the Church of God.

A Source of Great Uplift

BY F. B. FENTON.

BELGIUM, greatly wronged and to some extent devastated, her people oppressed and in some cases shamefully ill-treated, in awakening practically world-wide sympathy, has assembled to her aid the armies of many nations.

But true as all this is, it is also apparent that amidst the stirring din and *melée* of war, those sharing the trials of the cross of pain created by war are apt to forget the glory and reward of the crown that righteous suffering inevitably weaves. Those who have been privileged to see something of Belgium during the last three years, and have observed its suffering, have heard the shells screaming across its beautiful, fertile, once thriving acres, are in a position to add their quota of praise and admiration for the brave, historic little kingdom that has stirred a world; and, if ever a country has power to arouse a laggard arm into aggressive action on its behalf, surely it is she, who felt the first clutches of the spoiler's hand.

It is obvious that we are not dealing here with minds of small knowledge and calibre, and the average Catholic knows perfectly well that in Belgium we have an example of a Catholic people driven in some respects to the extremities of privation, and yet not losing one particle of the ancient and glorious faith that is theirs, which no earthly power, let us hope, can ever destroy or take away.

But, important as this observation is, it illustrates only a portion of the amount of good that is pulsating through the world as the result of, in the first place, the ravages of war.

We know, or should know, that hundreds, even thousands, of our soldiers abroad, in the various battlefields, under the stimulus of suffering, are going through a state of religious transition, the like of which, necessarily, can never before have been known in so short a space of time.

Strangely enough, this seems to be a fact sometimes lost sight of; one so often depicts the soldier as a unit of national strength, part of a great fighting machine, and forgets the other side of him, his spiritual side; but, like everyone else, he is human; in an immense number of cases he is a Christian, not only in name, but in deed, with the same desires, the same thoughts, aspirations, feelings and tendencies as other individuals with whom he took part in civil life before the war.

Because a man in khaki does not mean that he has changed his faith, morals, ideas or views. Those who really know the modern soldier, and they are many, readily perceive this; they know that he is generally of fair average ability throughout, but, nevertheless, subject to many failings and set-backs.

It is, therefore, interesting to notice the influences of the battlefield on minds in their various stages of enlightenment. It is noticeable that men are changing, have changed for the better—rarely for the worse. Without presuming it to be a remarkably praiseworthy fact, it is, yet, worthy of note that in the presence of danger, men have fallen back upon religion as a real source of comfort and of aid; others, again, have returned to it just in proportion as they had slacked away from it and so on.

That many to-day owe their change of conduct for the better to the battlefield, cannot be denied and we have to take into consideration, in this connection, the Catholic influences of countries, such as Belgium and France, apart from the real valuable aid rendered there by heroic Catholic Chaplains and others.

How much fruit Catholicism will ultimately reap from it all remains to be seen, but its gains will be real and lasting, and it has gained and will gain. If the war will have proved a means of lifting mankind out of a state of dormant, apathetic indifference to the claims of Christianity, then the world's debt to Flanders, where the serious fighting began, will be incalculable. Of thought, at any rate, we have a field here, both now, and when the war is over, of vast acreage and great possibilities for the future of religion; once the seed is sown the

grain is bound to grow; only may it be planted in the beautiful, fertile soil of Catholic ideals and principles and, surely, it should yield the Church an abundant and bountiful harvest of souls!

A writer of some repute, Charlotte Brontë, has occasion in one novel to depict Belgium under various aspects.

Although her characters are not always edifying and inspiring, her portraiture of scenery and a certain charm of manner she adopts in linking people with places, have drawn around her a wide circle of admirers. The following choice words taken from "The Professor," will probably awaken responsive chords in many hearts to-day. "Belgium! name unromantic and unpoetic, yet a name that whenever uttered has in my ear a sound, in my heart an echo, such as no other assemblage of syllables, however sweet or classic, can produce. Belgium! I repeat the word now as I sit alone near midnight. It stirs my world of the past like a summons to resurrection. The graves unclose, the dead are raised; thoughts, feelings, memories that slept, are seen by me ascending from the clouds—haloed most of them—but while I gaze on their vapoing forms, and strive to ascertain definitely their outline, the sound which wakened them dies and they sink each and all, like a bright wreath of mist, absorbed in the mold, recalled to urns, resealed in monuments. Farewell, luminous phantoms."

O Mary pierced with sorrow,
Remember, reach and save
The soul that goes to-morrow
Before the God that gave;
As thou wast born of woman,
For those in bitter need,
True comrade and brave foeman,
Madonna, intercede!

—Kipling.

“Lost in a Snowdrift”

By M. A. M.

DURING the years that I was a pupil at St. Joseph's, my home was at X, a small French settlement situated on an inlet of one of our great Canadian bays. No railway enters the village and it is necessary to drive about a dozen miles to the nearest station. This makes travelling during the winter a matter of no small difficulty, as very often the roads are blocked by snow. The home-returning of one Christmas vacation will ever remain in my memory. As my school companion and I travelled north from Toronto we observed that the snow had fallen in great quantities, and that the wind was blowing with violence. We were both, however, of rather sanguine disposition, and did not as yet apprehend any difficulties.

On arriving at the station we were met by the mail-carrier from the village, who was to drive us to our destination. He was an old resident of the district, and considered an oracle in his way. His first words were not reassuring, as he immediately began to enumerate the hardships and possible dangers awaiting us should we attempt to continue our route. Our very inexperience, however, made us rash, and we determined to run the risks. The man at last yielded to our solicitations, although, had his passengers been anyone else than Convent girls, his first decision would no doubt have been final. But he knew that we were wildly desirous to reach our homes and that we would make efforts to secure another driver if he refused.

I was satisfied to make any concessions with regard to the arrangements for the journey; but my companion insisted on bringing our trunks. How disappointed our dear young sisters and brothers would be if we arrived without those long-awaited Christmas gifts and the books and souvenirs from our

Convent school! The trunks, accordingly, were placed in the sleigh, although they added greatly to the weight, and at four o'clock we drove away.

While we were within the limits of the town all went well, and we thought that our driver had taken a rather pessimistic view of the situation. When we entered upon the open country the outlook was not so favorable; the wind was very high and whirled the snow round in great eddies, which filled every available hollow with almost impassable drifts. Our high spirits were gradually dampened, although we endeavored to appear unconcerned, and continued to keep up a cheerful conversation. Finally this pretence was abandoned and we became silent.

The farther we advanced, the stronger blew the wind, and the particles of snow beat against our faces with the force of a thousand needles. I must confess that I was somewhat disappointed at my powers of endurance. I had loved to read and hear of the heroic missionaries who labored among the Indians in the far north, and had longed to imitate them; and I found myself unable to endure the hardships of a cold winter drive, only a few hundred miles north of Toronto.

For the first four or five miles personal discomfort was the only drawback, but the drifts through which we had to pass became deeper and more frequent, and our progress was much retarded. At last we reached our Waterloo. The horses managed to pull us into the middle of a snow bank, and then stopped short. Striving to respond to the reiterated "*Marche done*" of their master, the obedient animals made a supreme effort, broke the traces and with lightning-like speed rushed along the well-known road to their home, leaving us in the very centre of a mountain of snow. I am afraid that our driver's bump of judgment had not been developed, for without a minute's reflection on the uselessness of his endeavors to overtake the flying steeds, he extricated himself from the drift and ran after them. For a moment the ludicrousness of the situation overcame all other sensations, and we laughed outright. We hastened to recover our gravity before the man's return,

for it would have been most ungrateful to show any feeling but sympathy, when he had been so magnanimous and never once had said "I told you so." In reality it was no laughing matter. We were at least three miles from our destination. No human habitation was in sight, and the short winter day was fast drawing to a close. Farther progress on foot would have been well nigh impossible, and our only hope was, that the villagers, when they saw the horses, would surmise what had occurred and send us aid.

This, in fact, did happen, and a good Samaritan, who had driven into the post-office to secure his mail, volunteered to reconnoitre the road and convey us home. Our arrival there was most anxiously awaited, for our friends feared that we had met with some injury, as time elapsed and we did not arrive. Great was their relief and gratitude when we finally appeared, and assured them that with the exception of being very cold, we had suffered no further mishap. Under the influence of their warm welcome and sympathetic care, we soon regained our wonted good spirits, and the arrival of the trunks an hour or two later relieved us of all anxiety.

As I look back in retrospect the memory of my winter drive has become like Fitzjames'

"A summer night in greenwood spent
Were but to-morrow's merriment,"

Although Canadian winter wilds are not so pleasant places of abode as Scottish silvan glades.



Whene'er a task is set for you,
Don't idly sit and view it,
Nor be content to wish it done;
Begin at once and do it.

Under the Banner of the Divine Child

BY THE REV. BRO. SIMON.

THE need of the hour is vocations for the Church. Priests, Brothers, and Sisters are called for on every hand to take up the work of God's Church and save souls from perishing. Never before was the call more urgent than now. The great European War is creating many a need, but none greater than that of priests. They are needed to assist our wounded and dying heroes, to take the places of those who go to the scene of conflict, to carry on the great missionary work of the Church which is now so sadly handicapped through the enforced closing of seminaries in Europe, and to meet the crying needs of our own Canadian West where, we are told, there are but 20 priests to 85,000 people. The same appalling conditions are proportionately true as regards religious teachers—Brothers and Sisters. Even in normal times the supply of vocations was lamentably below the demand. We can, then, judge how serious must be the condition now and what we may expect it to be long after this disastrous war is over.

We may well ask how we are to meet this ever-increasing and pressing need. Our Divine Lord has Himself told us what must be our first step: "The harvest indeed is great, but the labourers are few. Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest that He send forth labourers into His harvest." Prayer, then, is our first great means, and associated prayer is, He tells us, especially powerful. "If two of you shall consent upon earth concerning anything whatsoever they shall ask, it shall be done to them by my Father who is in Heaven."

Now the Archconfraternity of the Divine Child Jesus is a League of Prayer established for the very purpose of praying for vocations and, as such, it has been blessed and richly indulged by the Church.

This Archconfraternity owes its origin and development to that world-wide teaching Order—the Brothers of the Christian Schools. In an effort to offset the attacks being made at the present day against Christian education by the enemies of religion and hostile governments in various countries and to ward off the danger to which children are thereby exposed, the Christian Brothers assembled in General Chapter in 1905, voted to establish in the Chapel of their community at Bethlehem, an Association of Prayer in which the children of the entire world could be enrolled, to ask the divine protection of the Holy Child Jesus for those children in danger of losing their faith through Godless education and to implore Him for vocations for the Church.

The founder and chief promoter of this Association was Rev. Brother Evagre, Provincial of the Christian Brothers in Palestine, and celebrated throughout the Orient for his zeal in the cause of Catholic education. As a result of the decision of the General Chapter, Brother Evagre was entrusted with the mission of putting the project into effect. At his request, Mgr. Camassei, Patriarch of Jerusalem, erected the Association into a Confraternity in 1906. The efforts of the venerable Provincial were blessed by God and thousands of children begged to be enrolled in this pious army.

No sooner had the matter been brought to the attention of Pope Pius X. than the saintly Pontiff heartily blessed it and granted many indulgences to the members by a Brief of June 17, 1908. So rapidly did the membership increase that, by Apostolic Letters dated July 26, 1909, His Holiness erected the Association into an Archconfraternity with power to enroll the children of the whole world and to affiliate all congregations of the same name and object. As a great number of the faithful likewise desired to be enrolled, the Holy Father, at the request of the zealous founder, gave the Association power to admit the faithful of all ages and of both sexes.

So the work was gradually extended and completed. At first the Confraternity had been restricted to children, as the first victims of anti-Christian legislation; then its membership

was extended to include teachers desirous of helping to extend the kingdom of Christ among His little ones; then, to the fathers and mothers whose dearest treasures were threatened; and, finally, to all the faithful who yearn for the regeneration of society and the spread of the Church. All are invited to help by their prayers and good works to extend the Archconfraternity and to further the realization of its apostolic purpose.

The Archconfraternity of the Divine Child of Jesus has for its specific purpose to obtain from Heaven through the Divine Child: 1. That Catholic schools may be everywhere safeguarded and prosperous; 2. That there may be an increase of vocations for the Church among our boys and girls. To attain this two-fold object, it aims to develop and increase in our children a strong personal love for their Divine Model—the Boy Christ.

In order to be admitted into the Archconfraternity and to enjoy its many spiritual benefits, it is sufficient to give in one's name to a Promoter of the Association or to forward it to any house of the Christian Brothers, whence it will be sent to Bethlehem to be inscribed in the register of the Association there. Nothing further is required for membership.

There is no practice binding upon the members of the Archconfraternity, but they are recommended: 1. To recite, at least once a day, the invocation, "Most Holy Child Jesus, have mercy on us!" 2. To hear Mass and receive Holy Communion on the 25th of each month, in honor of the birth of the Divine Child.

Some of the many spiritual benefits enjoyed by the members are: 1. They share in all the prayers and good works of the Archconfraternity and, especially, in the Mass offered up at Bethlehem on the 25th of every month for all members and benefactors; 2. They may gain many plenary and partial indulgences.

To further the interests of the Archconfraternity by exciting the zeal of the associates and securing greater unity of action, a quarterly periodical, called "The Little Messenger of the Divine Infant," is published in five different languages.

The local centre of the Archconfraternity for Ontario and Western Canada is the Chapel of the De La Salle College, Aurora, Ont., where, through the generosity of a friend of the Archconfraternity, a shrine of the Child Jesus has been erected and here the members are specially remembered monthly in a Mass and Novena.

Here, then, is a League of Prayer for vocations that, at the present time, is especially opportune and in which all, young and old, may unite in beseeching the Divine Child of Bethlehem to draw into His service by the Guiding Star of His grace many young and generous hearts.



"Waste"

With sordid heart at Mary's waste
The wily Judas sneers,
Till Christ with pledge of endless fame
Her loving spirit cheers.
With gentler accents Martha pleads
Against her sister's rest;
But Christ extols the better choice,
Which none shall e'er molest.
Then, Mary, heed not, since from Christ
Thy praises thou hast heard;
Waste, waste—thy ointment on His head,
Thy soul upon His word.

—The Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.S.S.R.



In the October number of *Alvernia* we find an article entitled, "Catholic Education, the Want of the Day." The importance of the subject is worthy of the able manner in which it is treated in this essay. Many present-day questions of interest are tersely and forcefully dealt with in the editorial page.

* * * *

As usual, the *St. Mary's Chimes* affords much interesting reading, all of which breathes a spirit intensely Catholic. "Three Spiritual Autobiographies" is a comparative review of Newman's "Apologia Pro Vita Sua," Benson's "Confessions of a Convert," and Chesterton's "Orthodoxy." It shows in the soul history of these three great English writers the many points of similarity, which, in the case of two of them, brought them at last into the one True Fold. Much of the verse in *Chimes* possesses real merit.

* * * *

The *Rainbow*, Loretto Abbey, Toronto, has in its November number many points worthy of favourable comment. The learned essays of the Reverend Doctors Ryan and Dollard might be classed as masterpieces, and we hope that the "Little

Ones," to whom the Very Reverend Dean Harris has addressed his writings, duly appreciate the honour which has been conferred on them.

* * * *

We have also received the following: "Abbey Student," "Academia," "Ave Maria," "Catholic Bulletin," "Canadian Freeman," "North-West Review," "Columbiad," "Pacific Star," "Morning Star," "College Spokesman," "Messenger of the Holy Childhood," "Extension Magazine," "Magnificat," "Fordham Monthly," "Duquesne Monthly," "Niagara Index," "Gonzaga," "Lumina," "Young Eagle," "Martian," "De Paul Minerval," "Collegian," "St. Vincent's College Journal," "Echoes from the Mount," "Nazarene," "The Lamp," "The Mountaineer," "Loyola University Magazine," "Nardin Quarterly," "Labarum," "Revista Trimestral Illustrada." A Jesuit publication all the way from Madrid, Spain, with the request that we exchange college journals.

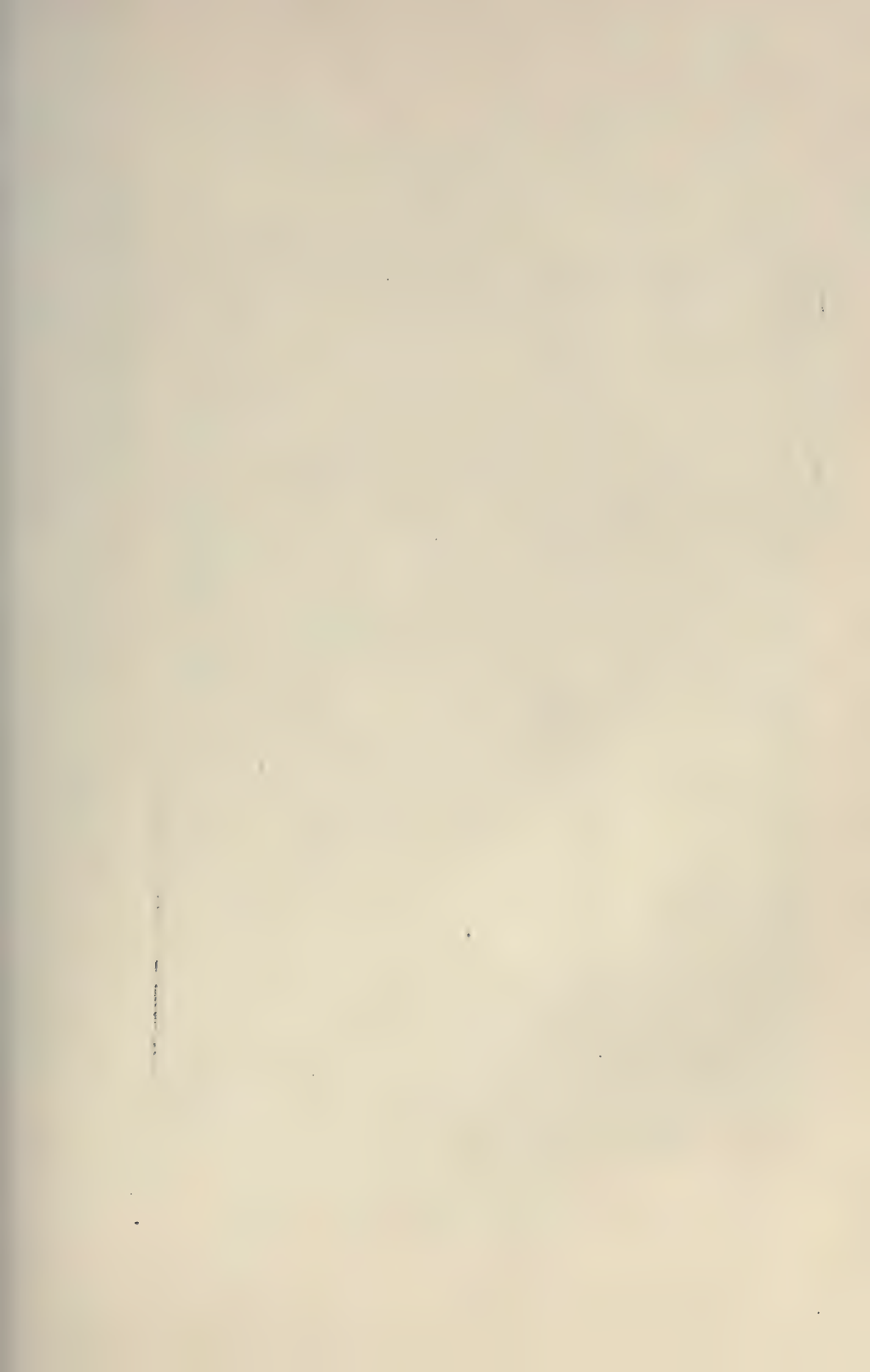
The Lights of Bethlehem

'Tis Christmas night! the snow,
A flock unnumbered lies;
The old Judean stars aglow,
Keep watch within the skies.

An icy stillness holds
The pulses of the night;
A deeper mystery enfolds
The wondering Hosts of Light.

Till, lo, with reverence pale
That dims each diadem,
The lordliest, earthward bending hail
The Light of Bethlehem!

—Father Tabb.





CRIB AND CROSS

**ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE DEPARTMENT EDITORIAL
STAFF.**

Editor of the College Department—Miss Eileen Dowdall.

Assistant Editors—The Misses Quigley, Muriel Gendron, Madeline Murphy.

Local Editors—The Misses Helen Barry, Rita Ivory, Frances O'Gorman, Elizabeth Bourke.

Music Editors—The Misses Mercedes Powell-Gomez, Yvonne Lavery, Mary Tremblay, Albertine Martin.

Art Editors—The Misses Clothilde Prunty, Anna McKerrow, Marion Graves.

Gloria

Gloria in excelsis!
Sound the thrilling song;
In excelsis Deo!
Roll the hymn along.
Gloria in excelsis!
Let the heavens ring;
In excelsis Deo!
Welcome, new-born King.
Gloria in excelsis!
Over the sea and land,
In excelsis Deo!
Chant the anthem grand.
Gloria in excelsis!
Let us all rejoice.
In excelsis Deo!
Lift each heart and voice.
Gloria in excelsis!
Swell the hymn on high;
In excelsis Deo!
Sound it to the sky.
Gloria in excelsis!
Sing it, sinful earth.
In excelsis Deo!
For the Saviour's birth.

Primitive Music of the Eastern Nations

BY ALBERTINE MARTIN.

MUSIC is undoubtedly a great social force. Taking the subject from this point of view, what a large number of people there are whose livelihood is dependant upon it.

However, these conditions give only one phase of musical work, and not the Art itself, and the place it occupies in the world of to-day.

The origin and development of this great Art, and the means by which it took shape, may be interesting. When thinking of music, we have in mind man's work of organizing musical sounds into something definite, which would produce their effects upon human sensitiveness. So long as these sounds were accepted as isolated facts, there could be no art. When man commenced to study and produce these sounds for use and pleasure, the art of music was discovered. We find in music as in other branches that man tries to convert phenomena to order and definite form. He seeks to use it intelligibly and to promote esthetic pleasure.

Every period of intellectual activity reacted upon music as upon other arts. Thus the French Revolution supplanted the formal and somewhat superficial music of the preceding century.

The leading principles in music are Rhythm, Melody, Harmony and Tone. For many years after the birth of music, Rhythm and Melody were the only elements, the former being the first recognized.

Rhythm is the most necessary, and from the very beginning of musical development, man acknowledged its potency. Music that lacks a clearly defined rhythm does not move the masses. Why is it that when a brass band is heard, one's emotions

are stirred into action? It is because of the well-defined rhythm.

It was not until Harmony appeared that music could take a place with her sister-arts, Poetry, Painting, Sculpture and Architecture. These elements—rhythm, melody, harmony, tone—blended together and adopted by the great masters, constitute Modern Music, and the history of this art records the development from extreme simplicity to the many complexities of the orchestral scores of the present day.

Opinions differ as to the conception of the fixed scale. Some think that the extreme notes of the human compass were added by impassioned speech, while others accredit it to the making of instruments, the sounds of which were organized into a scale.

Music held a high place in Chinese philosophy. The chief priests and mandarins were well versed in this science such as it was. As far back as 2277 B.C., they wrote scales and music for dance. Unfortunately nothing remains of these works, for they were destroyed by order of one of the reigning Emperors. A comparison of dates shows that while the Pharoes were building the Pyramids, the Chinese were writing on the science of music.

According to their theory, the sound-producing bodies were: Stone, metal, silk, wood, skin, gourd, and clay. One of their most important musical instruments was the sheng. The bowl part of this was made from a gourd, while the top was covered with a circular piece of wood having holes around the margin in which the pipes were fixed. In the side of the gourd was a mouth-piece or tube covered with ivory and through which the player drew his breath.

The old Hindoo literature shows clearly the high regard in which the art of song was held. Celebrated minstrels were attached to the royal courts to sing the praise of their patrons.

Music or song was indispensable in their religious ceremonies. One of the holy books makes a statement that "India rejects the offering made without music. In time, the singer became a member of the priestly caste.

Hindoo myths ascribe a divine origin to music. Each tone was under the protection of a nymph, and the first syllable of their names was given to the tones.

Music figured largely in all Hindoo festivities. The main reason, perhaps, why this art did not develop, is that the Ruling Power was that of priesthood, and music being so thoroughly interwoven with religion, it would almost have been a sacrilege to altar any of its forms.

Music among the Babylonians.—In the great ruins now being excavated, tablets of clay have been found which reveal to us the social and religious esteem in which music was held by the Babylonians.

One tablet, said to date back more than three thousand years B.C., contains a representation of musicians. One strikes with a hammer upon a metal plate, another carries a reed pipe, a third plays upon a harp, while two others beat time by clapping their hands.

Trumpets were made much use of in the armies, and when great masses were assembled. The high esteem in which music was held by the Babylonians can be judged from the fact that on one occasion their king spared the lives of the musicians among his captives, all the others being put to death.

As to the early music of Egypt, its records being included in the treasures of learning which were partly destroyed during Cæsar's battles with the Egyptians, we are largely dependent upon the authority of explorers who have made discoveries in the ruins and tombs of the great Egyptian cities.

The Egyptians believed in a future life; and they thought that articles necessary to man in this life, would be equally so in the next one. In the tomb of a musician were found the bronze cymbals which he played while alive. In default of real articles, pictorial representations were considered just as good. The representations were very numerous, covering every stage and condition of Egyptian life. There were engravings of harps of various sizes, from small and portable ones, to others beyond the height of man. Some were crude and of the

greatest simplicity, others extremely rich in decoration. Inscriptions show that there were musicians of high social position at court.

Music is a cosmopolitan language, having characteristics peculiar to each nation, for every country has in a greater or lesser degree contributed at some time or other to the world's vast treasure of musical art.

In Memory of Elizabeth Francis Mulligan

Graduate of St. Joseph's College, Died Suddenly July 27th, 1917,
Aged 22 Years, 11 Months and Sixteen Days

By J. A. M.

The Lord, Who touched me with His hand,
Was still the tender friend,
For deep he pressed on memory's page
Her sweet face till my end.

Now as I roam by field and stream
Oppressed by needless grief,
Kind nature yields a thousand charms
To give the heart relief.

And in each beauteous gift disclosed
Quite clearly may I trace
Reflex of what the heart contains
My Bessie's pensive face.

The grateful rays of rising sun,
That drive long night away,
The ever changing fleecy clouds,
Primeval photo-play.

True type of her own birth and death,
The wistful evening star;
The crescent moon whose mellow beams
Glimpse solace from afar.

The timid fawn on reedy beach,
White gull on placid lake,
The chatty squirrel on hazel bush,
Brown hare in tangled brake.

The Lily white on shady pool,
Red rose with dew drops wet;
The golden glint of buttercup,
The modest violet.

In each of these and every boon
God gives or leaves, of grace,
Grieving but still with gratitude,
I see her winsome face.

Ahead; past life's last lonely lap,
Reminding of the end,
She becks to me, and bids me trust
In Saviour, Lord and Friend.

Antonio and Shylock on the Rialto

BY ALICE McDONALD.

IN Venice many years ago lived a lonely, hardened, embittered old Jew. For him there seemed no contentment, for in the world his religion was scoffed at, his nation ridiculed and his mode of life scorned by the patrician Venetians. At home his fireside was a sad one, for his wife was dead and his only daughter, upon whom he lavished all his pent-up affections, was cold and indifferent.

In the same city basking in the warm affection and esteem of his fellow-men and kinsfolk, surrounded by every luxury money could buy, lived the noble and generous signor, Antonio, the object of Shylock's deadly hatred.

For not only had the wealthy Venetian merchant given freely of his abundance in loans and in so doing brought down the rate of usance in Venice, but he publicly jeered at his rival in the market-place. The Jew had borne it all with the silence of his race, but that only furthered to keep the coals of passion steadily smouldering.

So when Antonio carelessly told his friend and kinsman Bassanio to use his credit freely in Venice, fate led him to the money-lender Shylock.

Let us now drift to Venice, that city of which the poet writes:

"There is a glorious city in the sea.

The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,

Ebbing and flowing, and the salt-sea weed

Clings to the marble of her palaces."

Venice, the seaborne, the beautiful, the dream city, now takes on another aspect, for we are nearing the Rialto or market-place. All look as if they were lost, yet each individual has his object in view and is seeking the nearest way to obtain

it. And what a motley crowd! The gay Frenchman, the sturdy German, the fair Englishman, and proud-bearing Italian, and here (and there) as we approach the money-lenders' stall, we see the cowering Jew with his yellow cap.

Bassanio emerged from the crowd and entered one of the principal stalls. Crouched over a table his swarthy face lighted by piercing eyes, sat Shylock.

Cautious and attentive he listened to Bassanio's request for a loan of money, repeating several times the sum that would suffice, the time and the securities. They were then interrupted by Antonio, who wished to know if Bassanio had secured the required sum. Although amazed by the leniency of the avaricious old man, he ignored the advice of his friend and signed the bond which was to play so important a part in his life. He then quitted the room, little thinking what serious results would follow from his signing in merry sport such a bond as the Jew had drawn up.

A Thought

Hearts that are great beat never loud,
They muffle their music when they come;
They hurry away from the thronging crowd
With bended brows and lips half dumb.

And the world looks on and matters—"Proud."
But when great hearts have passed away
Men gather in awe and kiss their shroud,
And in love they kneel around their clay.

Hearts that are great are always lone,
They never will manifest their best;
Their greatest greatness is unknown—
Earth knows a little—God, the rest.

—Father Ryan.

The World in Fifty Years from Now

BY ANNA MALONEY.

CONSIDERING this question at the present time, the first thought that comes to one's mind, is the effect this war will have upon the Great Powers of the world.

Already, as a result of the war, Russia has followed the lead of France, and is now a Republic. The other monarchs are upheld only by personal popularity, as in the case of King Alfonso of Spain and also the Kaiser, who is kept on the throne by his own popularity among his people. (This on the authority of a German-born American Senator). No doubt if the Crown Prince came to the throne now it would be a very different matter, for he is not generally liked as his father is.

As the people now tend to Democracy, no doubt in fifty years, when the present reigning monarchs are no more, their successors will not come to the throne. Personal popularity will not be strong enough to uphold them, and the result will be, not kingdoms, but Republics.

Now, let us turn to the industrial problem. Twenty years ago the automobile, or "horseless carriage," was looked upon as the phantom of a disordered brain. To-day, out of every twenty-five persons, only one does not possess a car. Each new model has some improvement on the last, such as the Knight motor, and the self-starter. When the aeroplane was first invented, it was decided that it was an impossibility. No doubt, in fifty years from now, the aeroplane will be taking the place of the motor car; instead of a garage will be seen a hangar. Each one will have his "bird," and there will be highways in the blue.

Household electrical appliances are now only in their experimental era. Then, they will be universally used. Edison's invention of some years ago, to make the moving pictures speak, and which proved a failure, will by that time be perfected.

Sanitation, also, will have reached such a mark that germs will be mastered by science, and all diseases easily combated. Even now, in the most up-to-date cities of the States the streets are cleaned by means of the vacuum; and also, all dust has been done away with in the home by this appliance. Everything will be done by electricity, and things unthought of now, will have ceased to be wonders then.

Already has been invented a means by which ships can be made torpedo-proof, and in fifty years hence such disasters as the sinking of the *Lusitania* by a torpedo, and the foundering of the *Titanic* by an iceberg will be unknown. Aeroplanes will rank side by side with passenger ships, and when one travels to Europe, one will have a choice—via liner or via airship. Both liners and airships will be driven by electricity, as will also trains.

As for communication, the only way to improve on the “Marconi” wireless and telegraphy will be mental telegraphy. Yonge Street will be a Broadway, and in place of the numerous business colleges now erected will stand schools of mental telepathy, with adjoining hangars for the students’ aeroplanes.

In short, fifty years from now will see marvelous changes, brought about in a great measure directly and indirectly by the social movement, now so rapidly gaining headway, namely, “Votes for Women.”

The deepest thoughts are always tranquilizing, the greatest minds are always full of calm, the richest lives have always an unshaken repose.

The best part of a man’s treasure of merits are the things he left unsaid.

How I Spent My Summer Holidays

BY MONITA McDONNELL.

SEATED comfortably in the fast train from Toronto to Muskoka Wharf, I inattentively surveyed the passing landscape as the train sped past innumerable, unimportant villages, endless fields of grain and herds of cows and sheep. I was thinking what an uninteresting time I had had in the last month, studying hard for examinations and what very lively holidays I would have in Muskoka, when the conductor shouted, "Muskoka Wharf! All change!" When the train stopped we got off and went on board a large steamer.

We were soon sitting on the deck; the cables were loosed and we started out on our voyage. The shores of the mainland widened and became distinct, but other scenes more beautiful rose up around us, of islands, large and small, near and far, rocky or covered with luxuriant green to the edge of the blue water. The only sign of human life was here or there a red peak among the trees, or a boat-house and tiny wharf at the water's edge. There was island upon island from the large tract of many wooded acres to the little brown rock with one rugged, storm-beaten pine. An hour's sail through this fairy-land and the boat glided through the Indian River and Port Carling was reached. Here we went into a lock and were raised to the level of Lake Rosseau, the most beautiful of all the Muskoka Lakes, and here the same labyrinth of densely wooded islands greeted our eyes.

About two hours' sail through Lake Rosseau brought us to Windermere, a very pretty place, where we had decided to stay. We reached the hotel just in time for the evening meal. The evening was spent in making plans for our three weeks' holidays. Such walks and sails as we looked forward to. The next morning bright and early, I went bathing, determined to learn to swim. Keeping close to an old log that

lay conveniently near, I succeeded at the end of two hours in swimming a few strokes. Success made me bolder, and I had the courage the next day to go out in a canoe with another who knew no more about handling it than I did. We arrived home without any more serious mishap than running on the rocks and almost capsizing. The walks through the woods were many and each held peculiar beauties of its own, but the one I enjoyed most was that which led to an old mill. It was a picturesque old place, with the water falling over rocks towards the wheel, which showed the effects of years. Having taken a few snap-shots of the surroundings, we returned to the hotel and did justice to a hot dinner.

Our sails on the beautiful lake were always pleasant and one of the most enjoyable was to Shadow River. It is a beautiful river, where the shadow of everything is as clear as the original and the reflection possesses all the colour and beauty of the object reflected. Along the edge of the river are white and yellow water-lilies; pretty little blue flowers, and behind these tall bull-rushes.

All too soon came the time when I had to bid good-bye to Muskoka and set out on my trip home, but I felt that I had had a pleasant time, and it would not be long till next summer when, if I worked hard, I should again earn my reward—another holiday on the beautiful shores of Lake Rosseau.



To be good is the mother of to do good.

Time is nothing compared to eternity, and the Way of the Cross is the King's highway and the only way.

College Notes

School opened September second, with a larger attendance of day pupils than boarders. However, before the end of the month the ranks of the latter had increased and the number enrolled compared favorably with that of last year.

Earnestness in study and determination to apply themselves to the arduous tasks of the class room are characteristics of many of the new-comers to St. Joseph's. We are glad to welcome these students to our College, for we feel that through them will be carried on the spirit of devotion to study, which has ever characterized St. Joseph's students. With heart attuned to duty, the responsibilities of life are realized. Woman is then a power in the world and prepared for life—the right life; she influences others by pointing out the good and true, and is indeed a beacon to make some spot of God's earth, brighter and happier.

* * * *

Many of the Senior Young Ladies had the privilege of a private view of several paintings of the well-known artist, Mr. Archibald Browne. The pictures seen were ready to be sent to New York exhibition, where doubtless they will elicit marked encomiums. Some years ago this artist had a very successful exhibition of his work in the Goupil Galleries, London, England. Though he was entirely unknown at the time to the art circles of the metropolis, the landscapes then hung received highly favorable and appreciative comment from English critics.

Two landscapes particularly attracted attention of the students. These were typical of the great work of the artist. One was steeped in the golden glow of the setting sun and the other shimmering with the palpitating light of a bright summer day, over one brooded the solemn restfulness and peace that comes with departing day, the other was filled with the glory of the sun in his strength. But each was tuned and harmoniz-

ed to the dominant note and saturated with that elusive atmosphere which is felt, not seen, which impresses without consciousness of its cause.

We wish Mr. Archibald Browne success in his great work in the field of art, and we thank him for the pleasure the visit to his studio afforded us. His patient and untiring search after the secret of depicting light, as an ever-changing factor in each composition, we feel has met with success, and we hope the day is not far distant when he will be recognized as one of the great "Luminists" in the picture galleries of the world.

* * * *

The first meeting of the League of the Sacred Heart was held in the College Study Hall, Friday evening, Sept. 28th. The various classes were divided into bands and the promoters appointed were: The Misses R. Ivory, E. Ashbrook, H. Kerby, A. Meraw and M. Krausmann.

The Society has entered upon the scholastic year under favorable auspices, and doubtless will continue to extend with zeal the interests of the Sacred Heart.

* * * *

On the feast of the Patronage of the Blessed Virgin, the Sodality of the Children of Mary held its annual election of officers. The meeting opened with the singing of the hymn to the Holy Ghost, and the following members were then elected:

President—Miss Rita Ivory.

Vice-President—Miss Ellen Ashbrook.

Councillors—Misses G. McDermott, L. Ashbrook, V. Foy,
A. Meraw.

Secretary—Miss Sara Rees.

Treasurer—Miss E. Devine.

Choirsters—Misses M. Maguire, U. Christopher.

Sacristan—Miss Eileen Scanlon.

The meeting was brought to a close by the singing of the "Te Deum."

This year we desire to make the Sodality a source of great

joy to Our Blessed Mother. We realize that love, to be genuine and true, must be practical, and hence we have resolved to be faithful to Sodality rules, attentive and devout during the recital of the office and fervent in singing the praises of Our Lady. May she shower down on her faithful Sodalists the abundance of her graces and blessings.

On the afternoon of October 14th a most delightful violin recital was given to the pupils of the College-Academy. Miss Isolde Menges, the well-known young English violinist now touring in Canada, graced our convent stage and charmed her audience by the tone, style and warmth of feeling displayed in the execution of the following programme: Ave Marie, Schubert-Wilhemy; The Minuet, Haendel; Air, Haendel; Hungarian Dances, Brahms; Prophet Bird, Chopin-Wilhemy; Concerto, Mendelssohn. The young virtuoso and her accompanist, Miss Beatty (Australia) were introduced by Miss Bertha Clapp.

Miss Menges' sweet simplicity and pleasing manner won for her a host of friends, while her rendering of the selected numbers with such perfect skill, as well in the variations of the diversified emotion proper to them, as in every shade of interpretative expression, proved her equal to the exacting requirements of musical critics.

The Rev. Dr. Kehoe of St. Augustine's Seminary, expressed the appreciation of the Community and pupils in a few well-chosen words, congratulating the young artist on her wonderful God-given talent.

* * * *

The students of St. Joseph's College-Academy are not wanting in loyalty and good will, as was shown by their generosity in contributing the sum of \$71.17 in the recent collection for the Red Cross Fund. Even the tots seemed to realize that the times call for privations on their part and they parted with their cherished pennies with rare good grace.

* * * *

Our Normal School students who have received so many gracious acts of courtesy from Mr. William Prendergast, B.A., B. Paed, will rejoice to learn of the marvelous escape from

death of his son, Lieutenant D'Arcy Prendergast, while performing one of the most brilliant feats recorded in the world-war. Lieutenant Prendergast broke all records on the Western front, when he dropped 5,700 feet in a parachute to convey valuable information regarding the enemy's position. In a letter to his father the young soldier refers to the thrilling exploit in these words: "I climbed down a cloud from 5,700 feet, which is considered somewhat of a jump even in these days of strenuous doings." Lieut. Prendergast is twenty-two years of age and was in his third year medicine when he enlisted in 1915. He received his commission on the field and after service with the R. F. A. transferred to the R. F. C. and entered the balloon service last May.

* * * *

On the evening of October the fifteenth, the Reverend Father Pageau, C.S.B., addressed the young ladies of the College on the Life of St. Teresa. The reverend speaker gave a brief outline of the Saint's career, calling attention to the fact that there are many ways in which even school girls can imitate her, great saint though she is. A well chosen programme was then artistically presented: Hymn, Our Lady of the Rosary; recitation, Teresa of Jesus, Miss Lucy Ashbrook; vocal solo, Ave Maria, Miss Canfield; piano solo, Miss U. Christopher; recitation, The Death of Gaudentius, Miss Virginia Cash; hymn to Saint Teresa.

The young ladies acquitted themselves very creditably in the interpretation of the various numbers and Miss Canfield's powerful and rich contralto voice was heard to great advantage in her "Ave Maria," sung, as it was, with such depth of feeling.

At the close of the programme a vote of thanks and appreciation on behalf of companions was extended the reverend lecturer by Miss Rita Ivory.

The rest of the evening was spent in an informal manner. The dainty baskets of delicious home-made candy were soon emptied and there was a lull in the chatter while the delicious bon bons disappeared. Father Pageau asked for a "Sleep," and what Convent girl does not appreciate that?

The time-honored Hallowe'en festival was celebrated this year in Saint Joseph's College by a "Confederation Ball." What a scene of beauty in the College Auditorium, decorated tastefully with red, white and blue entwined with the College Crest and patriotic emblems!

In the Grand March eight youthful maidens crowned with maple leaves and dressed to represent "Fair Canada," were followed by nine groups of eight, representing each of the Provinces and headed by a tiny Captain (one of the mimins). Suddenly the Captain disappeared and the Confederation of the Provinces was typified by the union in the various fancy marches. "Hoist the Gates" with an arch of Union Jacks high over all, was singularly pretty and appropriate. Then followed *Lancers* and *Sir Roger de Coverly*, in which the dancers acquitted themselves with old-time grace and dignity.

Four little ones—Margaret Charlebois, Rita Charlebois, Leona Charlebois, and Louise Lambert—gave an Irish Jig, and seemed to enjoy the spirit of the dance quite as much as the audience. Then came the pretty French Varsovienne in which about fifty of the students took part. The Misses Kathleen and Eileen Scanlon distinguished themselves in the very artistic and graceful "Butterfly" dance, and the Misses Edith Gendron, Nora Foy, Helen Matthews, Alma May, danced the Highland Fling with animation and proficiency.

The final Grand March led to the Refectory, where a feast of "Goodies" awaited the dancers. The tables, tastefully decorated with pretty, appropriate place cards, supplied by the Art Classes, added not a little to the general effect.

But "revelry by night" is always of a very modified character in a convent school, and shortly after ten o'clock the festivities were brought to a close. The students were tempted to accuse Old Father Time of purposely hurrying his pace to rob them of some minutes of a very enjoyable evening—one to be long remembered by the school girls of 1917.

* * * *

The monthly musical recitals were resumed in October and

are a favorite entertainment, the performance of the students being marked with ease and more self-possession.

The finish and precision in the rendering of the various selections have been noted and enjoyed, and we have no doubt that in years to come several pupils will be well known in musical circles.

Louise O'Flaherty—Remembrance	Heller
Marjorie Gearin—Sonata in G	Beethoven
Lucy Mulligan—Queen of the Roses	Ducelle
Evlyen Krausmann—Playfulness	Lange
Georgina Morrow—Consolation	Mendelssohn
Helen Kernahan—Caprice	
Nora Foy—Swiss Song	Pacher
Lillian Way—Valse	Selected
Nina Dickie—Study	Loeschorn
Margaret Mitchell—Sonata in G	Dussek
Catharine Hammell—Frolic of the Jesters	Crammond

* * * *

During the early part of November many of the evening recreations were devoted to practising for the entertainment held on November fourteenth. The proceeds of the afternoon and evening were given to the fund in aid of the Kindergarten for the Italian children of Toronto. The charity is a most worthy one. A full account of the entertainment will appear in the next issue.



Out of Bounds

A little boy of heavenly birth,
 But far from home to-day,
 Comes down to find His ball, the Earth,
 That sin has cast away.
 O comrades, let us one and all
 Join in to get Him back His ball!

—Father Tabb.



IN Canadian schools there are 5,000 Underwoods, and 1,300 of all other makes combined.

And in offices everywhere the Underwood is supreme.

Our Employment Department supplies typists for 6,000 positions annually.

UNITED TYPEWRITER CO. LTD.

Underwood Bldg. 135 Victoria Street TORONTO

Dr. Porter

DENTIST

CORNER

Mississauga and West St.

ORILLIA :: ONTARIO

Carving Tables. Tea and Coffee
Urns.

RANGES.

Wrought Iron Range Co.

OF CANADA, LIMITED.

Manufacturers of

HOME COMFORT KITCHEN OUTFITS

For Hotels, Restaurants and Institutions.

Re-tinning and Repairing a Speciality.

Factory—**22 ORILLIA STREET,**
Rear of Showroom.

Office—**151 KING ST. WEST,**
TORONTO.

Phone Adel. 1788 and 3533.

BROILERS.

Dish Washers. Potato Parers.

St. Michael's College Year Book

Published by
Graduating Class of
1916



D. J. SHEEHAN
Editor

T. J. McGUIRE
Business Manager

Subscription \$1.00

For Advertising Rates Apply to
ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE.
Phone N. 790.

J. Brotherton



BOOTS AND SHOES

PHONE NORTH 2092
578 Yonge Street Toronto

“Piccadilly” Wrist Watch

This is a marvel both as to
value and satisfaction. Mounted
on an improved expansion
bracelet it costs:—

14 Kt. gold	\$45.00
10 Kt. gold	\$35.00
Gold Filled	\$20.00

RYRIE BROS. LIMITED

134-136-138 Yonge Street
TORONTO

Fruit and Vegetables Solicited

BRANCH
WAREHOUSES :

SUDBURY,
NORTH BAY,
COBALT,
COCHRANE,
and
PORCUPINE

References :
The Canadian
Bank
of Commerce,
(Mkt. Branch)
and Commer-
cial Agencies.

SEND FOR
SHIPPING
STAMP

WE GET YOU BEST PRICES

Our facilities enable us to realize top prices at all times for your fruit, vegetables, or general produce. Aside from our large connection on the Toronto market, we have established branch warehouses, with competent men in charge, at SUDBURY, NORTH BAY, COBALT, COCHRANE, and PORCUPINE. In time of congestion on the Toronto market, we have a ready outlet through these branches. We never have to sacrifice your interests.

H. PETERS,

88 FRONT ST. EAST, . . . TORONTO, ONT.

Parkdale 1493

C. GANNON
WHOLESALE BUTCHER

—
FINEST
QUALITY
OF
MEATS
—

23 MARGUERETTA STREET

Toronto, Ont.



For Infants, Invalids, the Aged
and Travellers

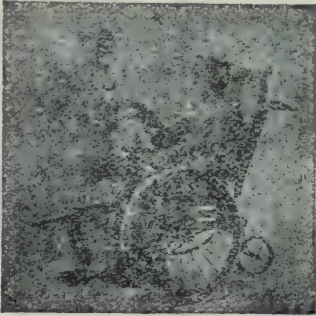
A Safe and complete Food Product for Infants and Invalids which eliminates the dangers of milk infection.

The basis of "Horlick's Malted Milk" is pure, full cream milk combined with the extracts of malted grain reduced to powder form.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK CO.

Racine, Wis., U.S.A.

Montreal, Can



Invalid Wheel and Rolling
Chairs of all kinds for
Hospital, House and Street use

Our Grade "G" Catalogue
shows full line.

THE GENDRON MFG. CO.
Limited



Toronto

If you require an Optician at all you should have an *experienced Optician*. Consult us. There are many people in Toronto and in other parts of the Dominion who will gladly recommend "LUKE." Call **MAIN 2568** and make appointment.

F. E. LUKE, Optician
167 Yonge St. (upstairs), oppo-
site Simpson's.

School Seating and Supplies
Laboratory Equipment
Water Colors

THE GEO. M. HENDRY CO.

LIMITED

215 Victoria St. : Toronto

PARKES, McVITTIE & SHAW

Insurance Brokers

31 SCOTT STREET

TORONTO

GENERAL AGENTS.

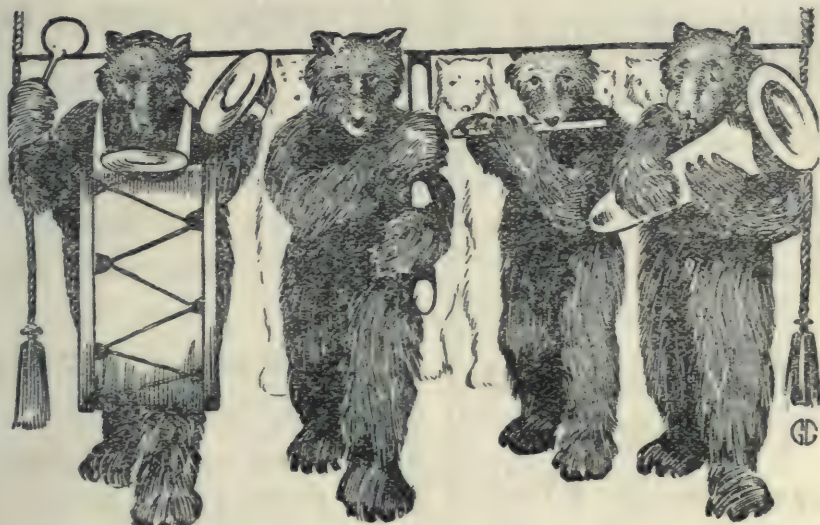
Royal Ins. Co., Ltd.
Continental Ins. Co.
Westchester Fire Ins. Co.
Alliance Ins. Co.
British North Western Ins. Co.
London & Lancashire Guarantee & Ac-
cident Company.

GEO. A. CALVERT

CITY AGENT

31 SCOTT STREET

Phones Adelaide 2740-2741



Dineen's Hudson Seal

We have specialized more particularly in Hudson Seal Garments this season, and our qualities and fashionings cannot be matched. Every garment represents an advantage of 15 to 25 per cent. on the prices asked. Only first grade skins are used, and every garment is made up entirely in our own work-rooms.

A standard of value is the Dineen plain Hudson Seal Coat, 42 inches long, fashioned in the loose box or belted styles, with full flared skirt, beautifully finished..... **\$185**

Hudson Seal Coats with Lynx. Six only of these superb garments, trimmed on collar and cuffs with best quality fine natural lynx, full ripple skirt, fine brocade silk lining..... **\$275**

W. DINEEN COMPANY LIMITED

TORONTO—140 Yonge St. HAMILTON—20-22 King St.

Higgins & Burke

LIMITED

WHOLESALE
GROCERS

33 Front St. East
TORONTO

Phone Main 2342

Pugsley, Dingman & Co.

Limited

USE

COMFORT SOAP

"It's All Right"

SAVE THE WRAPPERS

Have you used OMO?

The new Bleacher, Purifier and
Cleanser.

"Makes White Clothes Whiter"

For Sale by all Grocers

GALL STONES REMOVED IN 24 HOURS

WITHOUT ANY PAIN WHATEVER

INDIGESTION, Stomach and Liver Disorders, Appendicitis, Peritonitis, and Kidney Stones, are often caused by Gall Stones, which is a dangerous complaint and misleads persons to believe that they have stomach trouble, Chronic Dyspepsia and Indigestion, until those bad attacks of Gall Stone Colic appear; then they realize what is the trouble. Ninety out of every hundred persons who have Gall Stones don't know it. Write us to-day and avoid an operation and a lot of pain and suffering. Address us,

J. W. MARLATT & CO.

DEPT. W., 581 ONTARIO ST.,
TORONTO, ONT.

Laundry Machinery

Manufactures Full Line
SUPPLIES, STARCH
SOAP, BLUE, ETC.



MEYER BROS.

99-101 Queen St. East, Toronto
423 St. James St., Montreal



DESMARAIS & ROBITAILLE
LIMITED

Importers and Manufacturers of
Church Goods, Vestments
Statues & Religious Articles

19 and 21 Notre Dame Street West
MONTREAL

Warren Bros. & Co., Limited

**WHOLESALE
GROCERS**

Queen and Portland Sts. TORONTO

ADELAIDE 867—941—942

ST. JOSEPH LILIES.

THE HARRIS ABATTOIR CO., LIMITED

TORONTO - - - CANADA



FRESH MEATS AND PROVISIONS



EGGS

PURE LARD

BUTTER

DOMESTIC SHORTENING

CHEESE

SMOKED MEATS

SAUSAGES

COOKED MEATS

“H A”



LUX

PURE Essence of Soap in flakes—for Shampoo, Hair Wash, Bath or Toilet. Dissolves readily in hot water, forms a foamy, cream-like lather which cannot injure the daintiest hands—leaves the hands soft and glossy—invigorates the scalp.

At all Grocers—10c.

Lever Bros., Limited, Toronto

PLEASE PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS.

For Singers and Public Speakers

FORMOLID THROAT EASE

QUICKLY RELIEVES

*Tickling and Irritation, Sore Throat,
Huskiness, Loss of Voice, Etc.*

PRICE 10c. AT ALL DRUG STORES. MADE BY

HENRY K. WAMPOLE & CO.

PERTH, ONTARIO LIMITED

SPECIALISTS in cleaning interior wall
decorations of all description.

Manufacturers of

IMPERIAL CLEANER

for materially renewing

PAINTS	EMBOSSED
ENAMELS	JAPANESE
WOODWORK	WALLPAPERS
METAL CEILINGS	GOLD LEAFS

and fine decorative art

For price and information write or phone

Standard Cleaning Products Limited

64 Richmond E., Toronto Phone M. 2985

BUY YOUR COAL

FROM

**CONGER-LEHIGH
COAL COMPANY**

95 BAY STREET

TELEPHONE MAIN 6100

DR. FRED J. McMAHON

DENTIST

Royal Bank Chambers, King and Spadina

Office Phone, Adelaide 1752

Residence Phone, Park. 2295

Phone Main 824.

A DRUG STORE WITH A CONSCIENCE

BREEN'S PHARMACY
DISPENSING CHEMISTS

Cor. Queen and Sherbourne Sts.
TORONTO.

Phone Main 824.

HENNESSEY DRUG STORE
LIMITED.

117 YONGE ST.

DRUGS, TOILET ARTICLES,
FRESH CUT FLOWERS DAILY.

Telephone - - - Main 7215

Wm. Tolhurst

FLORIST

North 1970

508 Yonge Street

Dr. W. J. La Flamme
DENTIST

2 Bloor St. East TORONTO

Phone North 5444

Don Valley Brick
Works

USE LIGHT SHADE BUFF BRICKS
FOR LINING YOUR CHURCHES AND
: : SUNDAY SCHOOLS : :

As Cheap as Plaster and much more
Beautiful.

Don Valley Brick
Works

ROBT. DAVIES,
Proprietor.

JOHN M. BOWMAN,
Manager.

Head Office—36 TORONTO ST., TORONTO.

FAMOUS HEART-SHAPE MIXERS

Made in Canada by a Canadian Firm in all sizes and
styles, and guaranteed.

Concrete Machinery

Brick, Block, Tile Machines,
Crushers, Rolls, Hoists,
Screens, Dump Cars,
Sewer Pipe Machinery
Contractors' and Builders,
Machinery, Etc.



Write for Catalogue.

WETTLAUER BROS. Ltd., 178 SPADINA AVE.
TORONTO

ST. JOSEPH LILIES.

Christie Biscuits

ARE THE

Purest of All Pure Foods

OVER 500 VARIETIES

Christie, Brown & Co., Limited
TORONTO



IRONING DEPARTMENT FOR SHEETS, TABLE
COVERS, PILLOW SLIPS, TOWELS,
NAPKINS AND SPREADS, ETC.

NEW METHOD LAUNDRY CO.
LTD.

"We Know How."

VISITORS WELCOME.

The Club Coffee Co.

SPECIALISTS IN

FINE COFFEES AND TEAS

Importers, Roasters and Blenders
TORONTO, ONT.

Take pleasure in announcing that the steady increase of their business has forced them to secure larger premises.

In a large new warehouse built by them, the most up-to-date roasting and grinding machinery has been installed, and now, more than ever, have facilities on hand to render exceptional service.

A specialty is made of supplying large institutions.

THE NEW ADDRESS

240 Church St., Toronto

Telephone Main 173

PLEASE PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS.

BRING YOUR CHILDREN TO
Edgeleys the Children's Shop
FOR THEIR CLOTHES

We want every child for a customer
We aim to please and give them every attention

Infants' Layettes a specialty

Gifts for the Baby

also a Misses' special order department under the personal supervision of
Mrs. Edgley Parker, late O'Briens, Limited

DOLLS

Telephones } Adelaide 2933
 } Adelaide 93

TOYS

117a King St. West

ENDORSED BY O'BRIENS, LIMITED.

CHAS. F. BARTON GEO. D. LOVEGROVE

Crescent Concrete Co.

**Concrete Paving
and Construction**

1103 TEMPLE BUILDING

Main 1649

388-390 WELLINGTON ST. W.

Adelaide 1876

Dr. R. J. McGahey

DENTIST

48 Bond Street

Main 309

Shop Telephone North 3765

Home Telephone 3762

GEO. M. BRYAN

MANUFACTURER OF

Galvanized Iron Cornices, Skylights,
Metal Roofing and Ceilings and
all other Sheet Metal Trimmings
for Buildings. : : : :

SLATE, FELT and GRAVEL
ROOFING and REPAIRING

Jobbing Promptly Attended To. Furnace Work

**503 YONGE STREET
TORONTO**

Main 1589

Ferrier & Co.

**WHOLESALE
POTATO DEALERS**

**62 COLBORNE STREET
TORONTO**

Car Lots a Specialty

Try a Good Thing

Every bottle of Acme Dairy Milk is pure, clean, and wholesome. It is pasteurized to make it doubly safe. A high-class dairy with a high-class product, and it costs no more than ordinary milk.

Acme Dairy

R. W. DOCKERAY, Prop.

Telephone Hillcrest 1134.

THE

Rembrandt

STUDIO

318 Yonge Street, TORONTO

ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHY

FROM MINIATURE TO
LIFE SIZE PORTRAITS

A. E. WARNICA,
ARTIST

Phone Adel. 2893

Tea Cleanliness and Purity

From the tea gardens in Ceylon to the familiar sealed packets of



**Absolute cleanliness prevails. Every particle of dust removed.
Weighed and packed by automatic machinery.**

Long Distance Phone MAIN 1020

J. A. NEAL

Florist

328 Yonge Street, Opposite Gould

Branch, 570 Yonge St.

TORONTO : : : : ONT.

CHOICE FLOWERS

Dillemuth

FLORIST

123 King St. W., Toronto

Phone Adelaide 2437.

M. M. CLANCY

INSURANCE.



29-34 CANADA LIFE BLDG.

46 King St. W.

Telephone - - Main 3000

COMPLIMENTS

OF

A. H. Altschul

71 Park Place,
New York City, N.Y.

Phone Junct. 4119 Phone Park 6366

**Rutledge,
Pursley & King**

639 St. Clarens Av.

**Roofing and
Sheet Metal
Contractors**

Estimates Free
Jobbing Promptly Attended To

Good Housekeeping

demands that you buy the best,
most wholesome food as economi-
cally as possible. This is why you
should eat

Canada Bread

(the quality goes in before the
name goes on.)

There are thirty varieties of Can-
ada Bread for you to choose from.
Call up and get your favorite var-
iety.

Hillcrest 760 Junction 2340

**Canada Bread Company
LIMITED**

Phone North 5180

::: FISH :::

Fresh direct from the Fisheries
every day, by fast express.

❖ ❖ ❖

PRICES LOW

❖ ❖ ❖

Quality the Finest at

SIMPSON'S
736 YONGE ST.

HAMBLY BROS.

Printers

76-78 RICHMOND STREET
Phone Main 584 : TORONTO

LEMAITRE'S PHARMACY

NOTED FOR

**Genuine
Medicines,
Absolutely
Pure Drugs**

AND

**Reliable
Prescription Work**

**A FULL LINE OF
Sick Room Requisites and Toilet Goods**

Prompt Attention to Mail Orders

256 Queen St. West, Toronto

All the latest Magazines and Newspapers

Paul Mulligan

Dealer in

**Stationery and Fancy Goods
Cigars, Cigarettes, Tobaccos**

Agent for Butterick Patterns

532 Yonge St. Toronto

Phone Main 4630.

**Stromberg Electric Clocks
Master and Secondary**

Signal Systems Company

TELEPHONE EXPERTS

**Private Telephones. Manual and Auto-
matic Systems.**

Church and Lombard Sts. Toronto.

THE CATHOLIC ENCYCLOPEDIA

Is a preventative as well as an antidote for the prejudice and bigotry that express themselves in such underhand ways.

With the contents of the **ENCYCLOPEDIA** familiar to every Catholic, accessible to every man of intelligence, there will be an end to this vile propaganda—the *Knights of Columbus Edition* will affect this change.

The *Knights of Columbus*, Catholic Truth Committee, is represented in Canada by

T. J. FORD

PUBLISHER,

303-305 CHURCH ST., - - - TORONTO

This trade-
mark card



in every
package.

ALKALI EFFICIENCY

A knowledge of the comparative efficiency of alkalis when used for laundry purposes, is merely the checking up of results obtained.

Whatever preconceived ideas one may have, or conclusions he may have reached by any other reasoning, are valuable only in so far as they agree with results obtained under actual working conditions in the laundry.

The Laundry owner himself is the best judge as to whether

"Wyandotte," Yellow Hoop

does or does not do what he wants done.

The preference which laundry owners everywhere show for "WYANDOTTE," Yellow Hoop is the proof we submit to you of its efficiency for laundry uses.

The man who pays the bills and enjoys the profits from the use of this product is not supposed to be prejudiced. Order from your supply house.

THE J. B. FORD CO., WYANDOTTE, MICH.,
Sole Manufacturers.

This Soda has been awarded the highest prize wherever exhibited.

ESTABLISHED 1856.

P. BURNS & CO.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Coal and Wood Merchants

HEAD OFFICE

49 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO

BRANCH OFFICES.

YARDS.

Front Street, near Bathurst.
Tel. M. 2119, M. 449
Princess St. Docks Tel. M. 190
449 Logan Ave. Tel. N. 1601
Huron and Dupont Tel. N. 2504

304 Queen East. Tel. M. 17
429 Spadina Ave. Tel. Col. 603
1312 Queen West ... Tel. Park. 711
274 College St. Tel. Col. 1304
324 ½ Queen West Tel. M. 1409
572 Queen West Tel. Col. 12
441 Yonge St. Tel. M. 3208

TELEPHONE MAIN 131 AND 3298.

WE ENJOY THE DISTINCTION

of being the only shoe store in Canada specializing in shoes having a general shape like that of the human foot.

Flexible shanks; straight inside lines; room for the toes, and is now recognized by leading Orthopedic Surgeons as the best shoes in the world for both GOOD and BAD conditions of the feet.

Bunions, corns, callosities, hammer-toes, ingrowing nails, weak arches and flat foot, and many aches and pains in other parts of the body, are speedily and rationally treated with these comfort-giving **NATURAL TREADS**.

Natural Treads are worn by all Nurses in Toronto General Hospital, and by nearly all in Wellesley and St. Michael's.

The better your feet are, the better Natural Treads will fit you. In the office of the Ministry of Munitions in London is this notice:

"If you are a nice girl you won't wear high-heeled shoes; remember your brain is measured in inverse ratio to the size of your boot heel."

Visit our store, try on a pair of perfect shoes and get our free books on the feet.

NATURAL TREAD SHOES LIMITED

156 BAY STREET : : TORONTO

E. J. CURRY General Contractor

SPECIALTY Plain and Ornamental Plastering Work HIGH-CLASS

I submit herewith partial list of some well-known buildings of every description in this city in which my work appears. An inspection of each is perhaps the best proof I can submit of my capabilities along this line:

SHEA'S THEATRES
PRINCESS THEATRE
VICTORIA THEATRE
SUNNYSIDE THEATRE
YORK THEATRE
ST. PAUL'S THEATRE
AUTOMOBILE SUPPLY BUILDINGS
BRUNSWICK DAY SCHOOL
ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE ADDITION
ST. JOSEPH'S NOVIATE
GEORGINA HOME
SELBY PRIVATE HOTEL
ST. CHARLES HOTEL
EXHIBITION BUILDINGS

WESTON'S BREAD FACTORY
ST. MAEY'S HOSPITAL ADDITION
ISABELLA MANSIONS
BEACH PUBLIC LIBRARY
RONCESVALLES PUBLIC LIBRARY
KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS HALL
ST. CLARE'S R. C. CHURCH
ST. FRANCIS' R. C. CHURCH
THE POLISH CHURCH
THE RUTHENIAN CHURCH
NEWMAN CHAPEL
ST. THOMAS PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
BUELAH HALL
AND MANY LARGE RESIDENCES.

PROMPT ATTENTION GIVEN TO ALL KINDS OF REPAIRS.

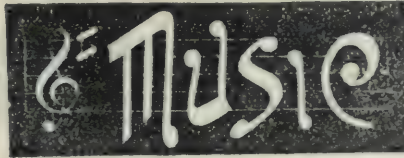
HEAD OFFICE: 57 Queen St. W. TELEPHONE: Adelaide 1829

CANADA'S GREATEST MUSIC STORE

Importers, Publishers, and Manufacturers of Sheet Music, Music Books, and Musical Instruments of every description.

Our stock is especially adapted to the requirements of **TEACHERS, STUDENTS, SCHOOLS, CONVENTS, and CONSERVATORIES.**

Write for Price Lists and Catalogues.



Publishers of
Elementary Classics
Primary Classics
Famous Classics
First Pieces in Easy Keys
Melodious Recreations
Read's Easy Method for Piano
Vogt's Modern Technique
Vogt's Standard Anthems
Ideal Anthem Books
Mammoth Folio of Music
Empire Song Folio
Vocal and Piano Music of All Kinds,
Standard and Popular, always on hand.
Let us supply your every requirement.

WHALEY, ROYCE & CO., LIMITED
WINNIPEG TORONTO

Buy an Efficient Gas Range AND COOKING WILL BE A PLEASURE



YES--A



of course, because you know they have been making stoves for seventy-five years, therefore their gas ranges are simply perfection.

OUR gas range line is complete. Everything from a little two-burner, one-oven cooker to the larger, compact cabinet, as illustrated.

You will be interested in our gas catalogue, and a copy is yours for the asking.

THE GURNEY FOUNDRY CO.

LIMITED
TORONTO

Also at MONTREAL WINNIPEG CALGARY VANCOUVER

Cambridge Clothes for Men of Every Build

One of the features of the Cambridge Clothes Shop that adapt us for every man's needs is our scope for fitting different types of figures. We can supply you with a PERSONAL suit or topcoat ready to wear that will fit well, wear well, and please you with its smart, new lines; from \$15 to \$35.

FITZPATRICK & O'CONNELL
254 Yonge Street LIMITED

ANTHONY MOLE

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
HARDWARE MERCHANT
PAINTS, OILS, WINDOW GLASS, ETC.
PRICES RIGHT. DELIVERY PROMPT
534 QUEEN ST. W., TORONTO

Elevator Specialty Company, Limited

*Our Specialty is Repair
Work on Elevators and
Electrical Machinery*

DAY PHONE NIGHT PHONES
Main 2201 Adel. 3013
Adel. 4161

36-38 Lombard St.

WEAVER COAL CO.

WHOLESALE

**COAL
COKE AND
ANTHRACITE
COAL**

**Royal Bank Bldg.
TORONTO**

SELLERS-GOUGH

The Largest Exclusive Fur
House in the British Empire

FURS

We manufacture everything we sell. We guarantee the quality. We show the most exclusive designs. Our values are the best. Our prices are the most moderate. We show the largest collection of fine manufactured FURS in CANADA. All the year through.

**SELLERS - GOUGH FUR CO.,
LIMITED**

244-250 Yonge Street, Toronto

ST. JOSEPH LILIES.

LARGEST STOCK OF THE BEST IMPORTED MATERIALS

KING STREET STYLES

AHLGRENS, LIMITED

Ladies' Costumes Made to Measure

ONE ADDRESS ONLY :

97 King Street West, Toronto

MAN TAILORED SUITS \$25.00 AND UP

Our Motto: 'Every Customer Must Be Satisfied.'

ENDORSED BY O'BRIENS, LIMITED.

Modern Laundry Plants

LARGE AND SMALL

MANUFACTURED AND INSTALLED BY

The Toronto Laundry Machine Co., Limited

TORONTO, ONTARIO

Dundas Street Bridges

Telephone Junc. 3714

PLEASE PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS.

JAMES H. WICKETT, Pres. JOHN WICKETT, Vice-Pres. JOHN J. WICKETT, Sec.-Treas.
35 Deer Park Crescent
Phone Belmont 152

Wickett Bros., Limited

: : GENERAL : :
CONTRACTORS

ESTIMATES FURNISHED

35 Deer Park Crescent : : Toronto

**The Canadian Laundry
Machinery Co. Limited**
47-49 Sterling Rd., Toronto

**Modern
Laundry
Machinery and
Appliances**
for large and small
INSTITUTIONS

Catalogues, Plans, Estimates
cheerfully furnished

Day :
Telephone Main 5428, 5429, 5430
Night :
Telephone Main 2566

**The M. Boyle
Fish Co. Ltd.**

—
OYSTERS & FISH

26 West Market Street
Toronto

Sole Agents for A. Booth & Co.'s
Oval Brand Oysters.

Telephone Main 1034

Funeral Chapel and
Private Mortuary

H. Rosar
Undertaker

180 Sherbourne Street
(Cor. Shuter Street)
Toronto

James E. Day

John M. Ferguson

James M. Adam

E. F. McDonald

J. P. Walsh

**Day, Ferguson &
McDonald**

—◆—
BARRISTERS
—◆—

26 Adelaide Street West,
TORONTO.

Phone North 1680

Chas. A. Connors

—
Funeral Director
and Embalmer
—

505 Yonge Street - Toronto, Ont.

Phone M. 2838

Phone Junc. 3618

McCabe & Co.

UNDERTAKERS

—
222 Queen St. East
268 St. Clarens Ave.

There is always great
pleasure in a pipeful of

FOREST & STREAM TOBACCO

Because it is cool,
fragrant and
satisfying

Put up in neat
and handy tins

SOLD
EVERYWHERE

10c. a Tin



Joseph Julias

MARCH 1918

Vol 6 - 4



The entire advertisement is enclosed in a highly decorative, symmetrical frame. At the top, the words "Queen Quality" are written in a large, elegant, cursive script, with "SHOE" in a smaller, bold, sans-serif font to the right. Below this, a small crown sits on a horizontal bar. The main body of the frame is composed of two vertical pillars with diagonal hatching, flanked by ornate carvings at the top and bottom. At the bottom of the frame, two horse heads are visible on either side of a central banner. The banner contains the text "The Robert SIMPSON Company Limited".

Queen Quality SHOE

Queen Quality Shoe Styles

change ever so often—they set the pace and are looked upon by the shoe-working-world as the standard of style authority. But the quality never changes—always you'll find that unvarying par-excellence of *quality*, *fit* and *appearance* that have made the Queen Quality Shoe what it is to-day—universally the most popular women's shoe, and incidentally the least expensive, quality considered.

Obtainable in Toronto only at

SIMPSON'S

The Robert **SIMPSON** Company Limited

ST. JOSEPH LILIES

Alumnae and Friends

PLEASE SEND YOUR ANNUAL
SUBSCRIPTION OF ONE DOLLAR

TO

St. Joseph's College
St. Alban's Street, Toronto

FOR

St. Joseph Lilies

Published Quarterly

J U N E
SEPTEMBER
DECEMBER
MARCH

Single Copies, 30 Cents

SEND TO-DAY! Subscribers kindly
send prompt notice
of change of address TO THE COLLEGE

CONTENTS ON PAGES 1 AND 2

College and Academy of St. Joseph

ST. ALBAN STREET, TORONTO.



RESIDENTIAL AND DAY SCHOOL

—FOR—

Young Ladies and Little Girls.

St. Joseph's College is Affiliated to the University of Toronto Through the Federated College of St. Michael.

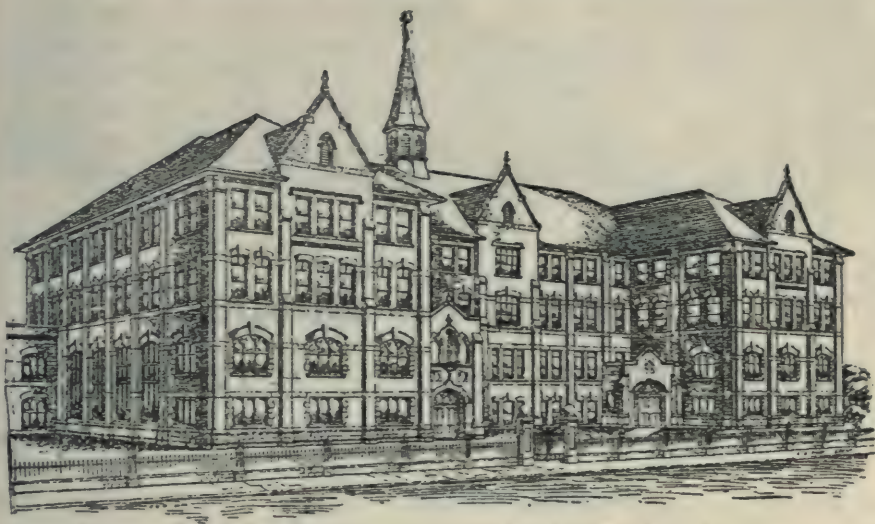
St. Joseph's Curricula:

- 1—College Course of Four Years—Classical, Moderns, English, and History, and General Courses, leading to Degrees.
 - 2—The Collegiate Course (Upper, Middle, and Lower Schools), in which pupils are prepared for Honour and Pass Matriculation, for Entrance to Faculty of Education and Normal School.
 - 3—The Academic Course. In this course special attention is paid to Modern Languages, Music, Expression, Art, and Needlework. In this Department students are prepared for Music Examinations (Instrumental and Vocal) at the University of Toronto and the Toronto College of Music.
 - 4—The Commercial Course (Affiliated to the Dominion Business College) prepares students for Commercial Certificates and for Diplomas in Stenography and Typewriting.
 - 5—The Preparatory Course includes the usual Elementary Subjects, also French, Drawing, Plain Sewing, Physical Culture, and Singing.
- For Prospectus apply to

THE MOTHER SUPERIOR.

ST. JOSEPH LILIES.

NEW ACADEMIC WING, SAINT JOSEPH'S COLLEGE



ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE AND ACADEMY

ST. ALBAN STREET, TORONTO

RESIDENTIAL AND DAY SCHOOL
FOR YOUNG LADIES

COLLEGE, ACADEMIC, COLLEGIATE, COMMERCIAL and
PREPARATORY COURSES

Under the Direction of teachers holding University degrees.

For Prospectus, apply to the MOTHER SUPERIOR



St. Michael's Hospital

BOND STREET

TORONTO

This fine Hospital is among the best of its kind in Canada. It was founded in 1892. Its excellent record in both medical and surgical lines has made it known throughout the Dominion and in many parts of the United States. Patients come from near and far to benefit by its medical staff, its nursing Sisters, and its skillful nurses. Its surgical wing is unsurpassed in equipment. On March 19, 1912, a magnificent Medical wing was opened to 150 patients, who took possession of the new wards and private suites. The Hospital is within a drive of ten minutes from the Union Station, and but a block away from St. Michael's Cathedral, some of whose priests act as chaplains to the Hospital. The Hospital has a pleasant outlook secured by the beautiful grounds and trees of churches in the vicinity. The institution is in charge of the Community of the Sisters of St. Joseph.

ST. JOSEPH LILIES.

St. Michael's College

Toronto, - Ontario

FEDERATED WITH THE

University of Toronto

COURSES:

Arts, High School, Commercial

FOR INFORMATION APPLY TO THE SUPERIOR

The HEALING and EMOLIENT Properties of **"VERGINE"** brand Olive Oil

are recognized by physicians and skin specialists everywhere. Nothing is so soothing for skins that become chafed by exposure to sun or wind, as an occasional application of olive oil to the affected parts.

SOLD IN

Half-pint,
Pint, Quart,
Half-gallon, and
Gallon Tins.

THE CHARLES CICERI CO. LTD.

Toronto Naples, Italy Montreal

MOREOVER, olive oil is not only good for outward application, but it is much more valuable as a food. Doctors recommend it for children and for young men and women during adolescence. It is wonderfully strengthening and enriches and purifies the blood.

But be sure to order "VERGINE" Brand Olive Oil when you want the best and the absolutely pure olive oil. If you cannot get it conveniently from your druggist or grocer, write to

THE HOME BANK OF CANADA

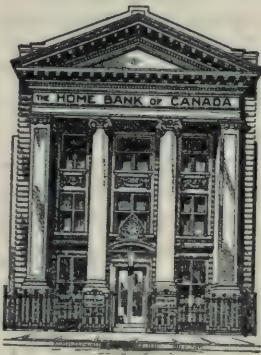
Original 1854
Charter

Five and ten cents saved here and there soon amounts to a dollar, and a dollar at a time, applied toward a savings account, shortly gives its possessor an added source of income.



“When there is nothing saved there has been nothing gained.”

While your money on deposit in a savings account with the Bank is always readily available for withdrawal, any hour of any business day, it is just far enough away to be out of reach for careless spending



Head Offices and Nine Branches in Toronto
HEAD OFFICE. 8-10 KING ST. WEST

78 Church Street

Cor. Queen West and Bathurst

Cor. Queen East and Ontario

1220 Yonge St. Subway, Cor. Alcorn Ave.

Cor. Bloor West and Bathurst

236 Broadview, Cor. Dundas St. East.

1871 Dundas St., Cor. High Park Ave.

Branches and Connections Throughout Canada.

JOHN J. FEE

Wholesale Butter ^and Eggs

**Special Attention to Table Butter
and New Laid Eggs**

64 Front Street East,

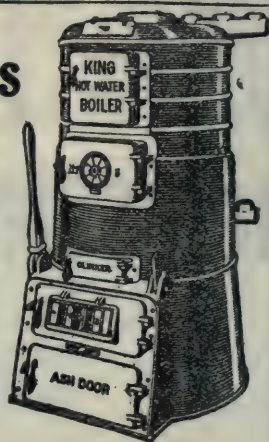
TORONTO

ONTARIO

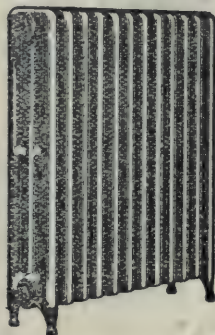
TELEPHONES: Adelaide 133 and 134

Your Home Needs Hot Water Heating

Old fashioned heating methods are *expensive*, *unsanitary*, and *unsatisfactory*. Stoves and hot air furnaces are being abandoned. Real Estate men find it hard to sell houses that have not hot water heating because people will no longer put up with the inconvenience and inefficiency of old methods. If your house does not have Hot Water Heating, it will pay you in *Health*, *Comfort* and in *Money* to take out the old and put in the newer and better kind.



KING HOT WATER ***BOILERS*** ***AND*** ***IMPERIAL RADIATORS***



The most improved ideas in generation and radiation of heat are combined in King Boilers and Imperial Radiators. If you are interested, let us send you our descriptive literature. We will be pleased to supply you with information as to size and cost, without obligation. Write us NOW.

STEEL AND RADIATION, LIMITED

Manufacturers of Hot Water and Steam Boilers and Radiators, Fenestra Steel Sash and Concrete Reinforcing
13 Fraser Ave., Toronto

RENNIE'S War Garden SEEDS

EVERY owner of garden space must help to grow food for his family this year, as a patriotic and personal duty. It is a vital wartime necessity. He must be doubly sure the seeds he selects will produce the most vigorous possible crops. In other words, he must plant Rennie's seeds, indisputably the standard of high quality, dependability and unquestioned purity. Rennie's War Garden Seeds are pledged to help win the war.

For Early Planting

We give herewith a suggestion of seeds recommended for early planting but study your catalogue.

ONION--Rennie's Extra Early Red. Best for the North West, per pkt., 5c; oz., 35c; lb., \$3.75; 5 lbs., \$17.50
CABBAGE--Copenhagen Market, Best Round Head Early Variety, per pkt. 10c; oz. 90c
CAULIFLOWER--Rennie's Gilt Edge Snowball..... Per pkt. 25c; ¼ oz. \$1.25
CELERY--Rennie's XXX Golden Self-Blanching Per pkt. 25c; ¼ oz. 75c.
ASTERS--Rennie's XXX Giant Comet Mixture Per pkt. 10c.
PANSIES--Rennie's Perfection Mixture Per pkt. 25c.
PETUNIAS--Rennie's XXX Ruffled Giant Mixture Per pkt. 25c.
SWEET PEAS--Rennie's Spencer Giant Mixture.. Per pkt. 15c; oz. 35c; ¼ lb. \$1.00

★
LOOK FOR
THE STARS
★

Our 1918 Catalogue is the guide to successful war gardening. Consult it at every opportunity. Watch especially the special bargains enclosed in a star border, such as encloses this paragraph. When buying from dealers insist on Rennie's Seeds.

THE
WILLIAM **RENNIE** COMPANY
LIMITED
KING & MARKET STS. TORONTO
ALSO AT MONTREAL WINNIPEG VANCOUVER

Spring Suits for Misses

PRICED FROM \$35.00 to \$65.00



The average girl is just as keen to choose her new spring suit as she is to see the green blades of grass—to see the foliage clothe the bare branches of the trees, or the pretty flowers begin to appear upon the earth. And there's all the pleasure in the world in making this most important purchase in our Misses' Section.

We have **IMPORTED SUITS FOR MISSES** in delightful variety, made of the finest serges, poplins, gabardines, burellas and silvertones in such modish colors as castor, clay, navy, copen, black and white checks, etc.

The short little coats are jaunty in cut, many of them showing the new waist-coat in fancy silk or a wash material. Very smart, too, is the "artist" collar which gives the boyish look that so many girls like. The skirts are a bit narrower—and short, of course.

We know you'll enjoy seeing these new **SPRING SUITS**. Prices range from **\$35.00 TO \$65.00**.

MURRAY-KAY LIMITED

17-31 KING ST. E. :: TORONTO

Merchants' Bank of Canada

ESTABLISHED 1864

Authorized Capital	\$ 10,000,000
Capital Paid Up.....	7,000,000
Reserve Fund.....	7,421,293
Total Assets over.....	130,000,000

Board of Directors:

LT.-COL. SIR H. MONTAGU ALLAN, C.V.O., President.

K. W. BLACKWELL, Esq., Vice-President.

THOS. LONG, Esq.	A. J. DAWES, Esq.	A. B. EVANS, Esq.
F. ORR LEWIS, Esq.	F. HOWARD WILSON, Esq.	E. F. HEBDEN, Esq.
ANDREW A. ALLAN, Esq.	F. ROBERTSON, Esq.	T. AHEARN, Esq.
LT.-COL. C. C. BALLANTYNE	G. L. CAINS, Esq.	LT.-COL. J. E. MOODIE

E. F. HEBDEN, Managing Director

D. C. MACAROW, General Manager

T. E. MERRETT, Sup't. of Branches and Chief Inspector

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

We give special attention to Savings Accounts. One Dollar only is necessary to open an account. Interest allowed at highest Bank Rate, and added twice a year without application or presentation of Pass-Book.

No delay in withdrawals. Two or more persons may open a Joint Account, and either party can with-draw money.

GENERAL BUSINESS

Commercial Letters of Credit Issued, available in Europe, China, Japan and other countries.

Travellers' Letters of Credit issued, available in all parts of the world.

Travellers' Cheques issued in convenient denominations, available in all parts of the world.

Bank Money Orders sold at all Branches; payable at the office of any Chartered Bank in Canada.

Loans made to Merchants, Manufacturers, Farmers, Live Stock Dealers, Municipalities and School Sections.

We cash cheques, drafts, express orders, postal money orders, etc.

Remittances to Great Britain can be easily and safely made by purchasing a draft on our London Agents. We have ample facilities for transmitting money to all other European countries also.

ST. JOSEPH LILIES.



WE FURNISH THE HOME AND CLOTHE THE FAMILY ON EASY TERMS

You don't have to wait till you have enough cash saved up. We will trust you. Just choose what you wish and we will arrange the terms of payment to suit your convenience.

**STORE OPEN
EVENINGS**



**COLUMBIA
GRAFONOLAS**

HOME

FURNITURE CARPET CO. LTD.
343-345 QUEEN STREET EAST

PLEASE PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS.

St. Michael's College Year Book

Published by
Graduating Class of
1917



D. J. SHEEHAN
Editor

T. J. McGUIRE
Business Manager

Subscription \$1.00

For Advertising Rates Apply to
ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE.
Phone N. 790.

CALUMET TEA & COFFEE CO.

IMPORTERS OF
**TEAS and
COFFEES**

Manufacturers of
Ariston goods

*Canadian Orders Shipped from Ware-
houses in Hamilton and Montreal*

409-411 W. Huron St., CHICAGO, ILL.

RYRIE BROS.

LIMITED

Toronto, Ontario

**Diamond Merchants
and Silversmiths**

A Special Department for
Class and School Pins

J. A. SIMARD & CO.

TEAS and COFFEES

The Best Canadian
Tea and Coffee Firm

*Goods guaranteed to
give satisfaction*

**5-7 ST. PAUL ST. EAST
MONTREAL**

COPP'S KID FINISH AND COPP'S FINE LINEN

Absolutely the best Society
Correspondence papers
ever put up in Canada

NOTE PAPER AND ENVELOPES
Ladies' Size

NOTE PAPER AND ENVELOPES
Gentlemen's Size

PAPETERIES PAPETERIES
Ladies' Size Gentlemen's Size

CORRESPONDENCE CARDS

VISITING CARDS Made In Canada

**The Copp Clark Co. Limited
TORONTO**

Try a Good Thing

Every bottle of Acme Dairy
Milk is pure, clean, and
wholesome. It is pasteuriz-
ed to make it doubly safe.
A high-class dairy with a
high-class product, and it
costs no more than ordinary
milk.

Acme Dairy

R. W. DOCKERAY, Prop.

Telephone Hillcrest 152.
" " 153.

Rembrandt Studio
"318 YONGE ST. TORONTO.

Artistic Photography

A. E. WARNICA
Proprietor

Adelaide 2893

INGRAM & BELL

LIMITED
TORONTO

Mail or Phone Orders,
or
Ask for Our Representative to Call

HOSPITALS
NURSES
SCHOOLS
CONVENTS
ORPHANAGES
SEMINARIES

Patronize Us
FOR

DRUGS
SURGICAL DRESSINGS
SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS
HOSPITAL EQUIPMENTS
WHEEL CHAIRS
TRUSSES
ETC., ETC.

City Dairy

CITY DAIRY BABY'S MILK

Prof. Dr. Gaetner's.

NEXT TO MOTHER'S MILK, THE IDEAL FOOD FOR BABY.
FRESH MILK CHANGED TO RESEMBLE MOTHER'S MILK
IN ALL ESSENTIAL QUALITIES AND QUANTITIES—
NOTHING IN IT FOREIGN TO COW'S MILK.
PASTEURIZED IN THE BOTTLE BABY FEEDS FROM.

PHONE COLLEGE 2040.

DR. FRED J. McMAHON

DENTIST

Royal Bank Chambers, King and Spadina

Office Phone, Adelaide 1752

Residence Phone, Park. 2295

Phone Main 824.

A DRUG STORE WITH A CONSCIENCE

BREEN'S PHARMACY

DISPENSING CHEMISTS

Cor. Queen and Sherbourne Sts.
TORONTO.

Phone Main 824.

**HENNESSEY DRUG STORE
LIMITED.**

117 YONGE ST.

DRUGS, TOILET ARTICLES,
FRESH CUT FLOWERS DAILY.

Telephone . . . Main 7215

Wm. Tolhurst

FLORIST

North 1970

508 Yonge Street

Long Distance Phone MAIN 1020

J. A. NEAL

Florist

328 Yonge Street, Opposite Gould

Branch, 570 Yonge St.

TORONTO : : : : ONT.

**Don Valley Brick
Works**

USE LIGHT SHADE BUFF BRICKS
FOR LINING YOUR CHURCHES AND
: : SUNDAY SCHOOLS : :

As Cheap as Plaster and much more
Beautiful.

**Don Valley Brick
Works**

ROBT. DAVIES,
Proprietor.

JOHN M. BOWMAN,
Manager.

Head Office—36 TORONTO ST., TORONTO.

Phone Main 4630.

Stromberg Electric Clocks
Master and Secondary

Signal Systems Company

TELEPHONE EXPERTS

Private Telephones. Manual and Auto-
matic Systems.

Church and Lombard Sts. Toronto.

BRING YOUR CHILDREN TO
Edgeleys the Children's Shop
FOR THEIR CLOTHES

We want every child for a customer
We aim to please and give them every attention
Infants' Layettes a specialty
Gifts for the Baby

also a Misses' special order department under the personal supervision of
Mrs. Edgley Parker, late O'Briens, Limited

DOLLS

Telephones } Adelaide 2433
 } Adelaide 93

TOYS

117a King St. West

ENDORSED BY O'BRIENS, LIMITED.

Dr. R. J. McGahey

DENTIST

48 Bond Street

Main 309

**THE CATHOLIC
ENCYCLOPEDIA**

Is a preventative as well as an antidote for the prejudice and bigotry that express themselves in such underhand ways.

With the contents of the **ENCYCLOPEDIA** familiar to every Catholic, accessible to every man of intelligence, there will be an end to this vile propaganda—the *Knights of Columbus Edition* will affect this change.

The *Knights of Columbus*, Catholic Truth Committee, is represented in Canada by

T. J. FORD
PUBLISHER,

303-305 CHURCH ST., . . . TORONTO

ST. JOSEPH LILIES.



3 Lbs. Domestic Shortening Will Go As Far As 4 Lbs. of Lard

Domestic Shortening—a rich vegetable fat of highly-refined cotton-seed oil, has much greater Shortening power than either lard or butter.

If every Canadian woman would use Domestic Shortening for baking, cooking and frying, think how much butter and lard we could ship overseas.

In 1-lb. cartons and 3 and 5-lb. pails. Ask for it.

DOMESTIC SHORTENING

"BETTER THAN BUTTER—CHEAPER THAN LARD"

THE HARRIS ABATTOIR COMPANY, LIMITED
TORONTO, CANADA

Gunns

BUTTER AND EGGS

(PASTEURIZED)

(IN CARTONS)

ARE THE BEST

Treat Yourself Right—Use No Other on Your Table

PLEASE PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS.

JAMES H. WICKETT, Pres. JOHN WICKETT, Vice-Pres. JOHN J. WICKETT, Sec.-Treas.
35 Deer Park Crescent
Phone Belmont 152

Wickett Bros., Limited

: : GENERAL : :
CONTRACTORS

ESTIMATES FURNISHED

35 Deer Park Crescent : : Toronto

Good Housekeeping

demands that you buy the best,
most wholesome food as economi-
cally as possible. This is why you
should eat

Canada Bread

(the quality goes in before the
name goes on.)

There are thirty varieties of Can-
ada Bread for you to choose from.
Call up and get your favorite var-
iety.

Hillcrest 760 Junction 2340

**Canada Bread Company
LIMITED**

Day :

Telephone Main 5428, 5429, 5430

Night :

Telephone Main 2566

**The M. Doyle
Fish Co. Ltd.**

OYSTERS & FISH

26 West Market Street
Toronto

Sole Agents for A. Booth & Co.'s
Oval Brand Oysters.

ST. JOSEPH LILIES.



"THE SPECIALTY SHOP."

We are displaying to-day Early Shipments of the modes in
**HIGH CLASS AND EXCLUSIVE
APPAREL FOR WOMEN**

The stocks represent the creations of the most noted of the world's
fashions, and we never offered greater values in

**Suits, Coats, Dresses, Blouses,
Hats, Gloves, Hosiery, Undermuslins**

FAIRWEATHERS LIMITED

Montreal

84-86 YONGE ST., TORONTO

Winnipeg



LUX

PURE Essence of Soap in
flakes—for Shampoo, Hair
Wash, Bath or Toilet. Dissolves
readily in hot water, forms a
foamy, cream-like lather which
cannot injure the daintiest
hands—leaves the hands soft
and glossy—invigorates the
scalp.

✧ ✧ ✧
At all Grocers

✧ ✧ ✧
Lever Bros., Limited, Toronto

PLEASE PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS.



¶ The patronizing of Home Industry is the Imperative duty of every business man. Buy your Printing and Bookbinding from a firm that gives "Canada First" service—the materials, etc., used being preferably Canadian made always. That firm is

THE HUNTER-ROSE CO., LTD.

Telephone Ad. 4450

14 Sheppard St. TORONTO

MARTIN NEALON

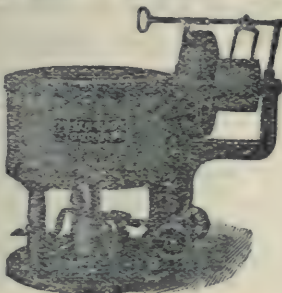
**Electric Wiring
and Repairs**

342 HURON STREET

Phone College 1650

Laundry Machinery

Manufactures Full Line
**SUPPLIES, STARCH
SOAP, BLUE, ETC.**



MEYER BROS.

99-101 Queen St. East, Toronto
423 St. James St., Montreal

ROSS & SON

*Trees Shrubs
Roses*

TORONTO NURSERIES

1167 QUEEN ST. E. Phone Gerrard 2538

All the latest Magazines and Newspapers

Paul Mulligan

Dealer in

**Stationery and Fancy Goods
Cigars, Cigarettes, Tobaccos**

Agent for Butterick Patterns

532 Yonge Street Toronto

Higgins & Burke

LIMITED

WHOLESALE
GROCERS

33 Front St. East
TORONTO

Phone Main 2342

Pugsley, Dingman & Co.

Limited

USE

COMFORT SOAP

"It's All Right"

SAVE THE WRAPPERS

Have you used OMO?

The new Bleacher, Purifier and
Cleanser.

"Makes White Clothes Whiter"

For Sale by all Grocers

E. J. RYAN

Wholesale
Potatoes

Main 7586 86 Colborne St.

IF YOUR EYES

are troubling you consult us. Over
21 years Toronto's leading Op-
ticians. Oculist's prescriptions a
specialty.

F. E. LUKE, Optician

167 Yonge St. (upstairs), oppo-
site Simpson's.

GALL STONES REMOVED IN 24 HOURS

WITHOUT ANY PAIN WHATEVER

INDIGESTION, Stomach and Liver
Disorders, Appendicitis, Peritonitis,
and Kidney Stones, are often caused
by Gall Stones, which is a dangerous
complaint and misleads persons to be-
lieve that they have stomach trouble,
Chronic Dyspepsia and Indigestion,
until those bad attacks of Gall Stone
Colic appear; then they realize what
is the trouble. Ninety out of every
hundred persons who have Gall Stones
don't know it. Write us to-day and
avoid an operation and a lot of pain
and suffering. Address us,

J. W. MARLATT & CO.

DEPT. W., 581 ONTARIO ST.,
TORONTO, ONT.

PARKES, McVITTIE & SHAW

Insurance Brokers

31 SCOTT STREET

TORONTO

GENERAL AGENTS.

Royal Ins. Co., Ltd.
Continental Ins. Co.
Westchester Fire Ins. Co.
Alliance Ins. Co.
British North Western Ins. Co.
London & Lancashire Guarantee & Accident Company.

GEO.A.CALVERT

CITY AGENT

31 SCOTT STREET

Phones Adelaide 2740-2741

E. P. MANN

Suits and Gowns

113½ KING STREET WEST

Telephone Adelaide 4256

LEMAITRE'S PHARMACY

NOTED FOR

**Genuine
Medicines,
Absolutely
Pure Drugs**

AND

**Reliable
Prescription Work**

A FULL LINE OF
Sick Room Requisites and Toilet Goods

Prompt Attention to Mail Orders

256 Queen St. West, Toronto

FAMOUS HEART-SHAPE MIXERS

Made in Canada by a Canadian Firm in all sizes and styles, and guaranteed.

CONCRETE MACHINERY

Brick, Block, Tile Machines, Crushers,
Rolls, Hoists, Screens, Dump Cars,
Sewer Pipe Machinery, Contractors'
and Builders' Machinery, Etc.

Write for Catalogue.

WETTLAUER BROS. Ltd., 178 SPADINA AVE.
TORONTO

ST. JOSEPH LILIES.

The Will & Baumer Co.

Established 1855

THE CANDLE MANUFACTURERS

The oldest manufacturers of high-grade Candles in America

Inventors and only makers of the Genuine

VIGIL LIGHT

Beware of cheap imitations

SYRACUSE, NEW YORK

Branches:—NEW YORK

CHICAGO

BOSTON

JAMES FOSTER

Optician

699 YONGE STREET

Phone North 1977

THE Dominion Tobacco Co.

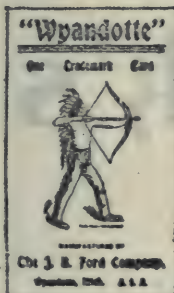
MANUFACTURERS OF
Plug, Smoking and
Chewing Tobacco

VIRGINIA and
TURKISH
CIGARETTES

Offices—94 Papineau Ave
MONTREAL

PLEASE PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS.

ST. JOSEPH LILIES.



Many laundry owners have turned stumbling blocks into stepping stones of success by some new thought or suggestion obtained from one of our Wyandotte Efficiency Men.

This service is free to every continuous user of

"Wyandotte," Yellow Hoop

If you don't know about this service, write us.

THE J. B. FORD CO.

Sole Manufacturers

WYANDOTTE, MICH(

ESTABLISHED 1856.

P. BURNS & CO.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Coal and Wood Merchants

HEAD OFFICE

49 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO

BRANCH OFFICES.

YARDS.

Front Street, near Bathurst.

Tel. M. 2119, M. 449

Princess St. Docks Tel. M. 190

449 Logan Ave. Tel. N. 1601

Huron and Dupont Tel. N. 2504

304 Queen East. Tel. M. 17

429 Spadina Ave. Tel. Col. 603

1312 Queen West ... Tel. Park. 711

274 College St. Tel. Col. 1304

324½ Queen West ... Tel. M. 1409

572 Queen West Tel. Col. 12

441 Yonge St. Tel. M. 3208

TELEPHONE MAIN 131 AND 3298.

PLEASE PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS.

Borthwick's Bread

HOME-MADE BREAD

Toasts to delicate crispness that makes one
slice an invitation for another. ∴ ∴ ∴

Bread of the Very Best Quality

TWENTY DIFFERENT KINDS

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

BORTHWICK BAKING CO.,

HERBERT LAWLOR, Prop.

Phone Gerrard 2331

11-25 Davies Ave.

TORONTO

CONTENTS

Saint Joseph (Portrait)	4
A Picture of Saint Joseph (Poem)	5
The Dream of Gerontius; A Psychological Study—Rt. Rev. A. MacDonald	6
Indwelling Peace—C. D. Swan	20
Fools for the Sake of Christ—Very Rev. Dean Harris....	21
The Foolishness of God—O. S. B.	26
Rt. Rev. Mgr. Kelley (Portrait)	28
Myles Muredach—J. B. Kennedy	29
David's Song—M. S. Pine	33
The Musical Culture of the Celts—Rev. Dr. Treacy.....	34
Mater Admirabilis—S. M. L.	43
Hilaire Belloc—H. Somerville	45
Father Seraphim's Convert—M. A. Gray	51
Counterpoise (Poem)	58
Rev. Dr. Dollard (Portrait)	60
Dr. Dollard's New Book Reviewed—Rev. D. A. Casey....	61
An Effect of the War—Rev. Dr. Ryan	69
Consider the Lilies—Rev. H. F. Blunt	77
Where Light Meets Light—Rev. C. C. Kehoe	78

Prayer—E. R. Wilson	84
Structure of Dante's Inferno—Rev. Dr. Bagnasco	86
Section of Dante's Hell—(Line Cut)	87
Commemorative Latin Hymn	98-99
Catholic Footsteps in Old London—E. R. Wilson	100
The Officials of St. Joseph's College Alumnae	108
Alumnae Items	109
Kind Words for the Lilies	114
Exchanges	118
St. Joseph's College Department	120
Recreation at St. Joseph's in Midwinter (Portrait)	121
Ruskin on the Pathetic Fallacy—M. Murphy	123
Our Return Home to Ecuador—M. Powell-Gomez	125
An Experience in a Snowstorm—H. Meyer	130
Alexander Pope—R. Agnew	132
College Notes	135



SAINT JOSEPH

Saint Joseph Lilies

Pro Deo et Alma Matre.

VOL. VI.

TORONTO, MARCH, 1918.

NO. 4.

A Picture of St. Joseph

Round thy transparent forehead, gentle Saint,
No golden nimbus wreaths its mystic light,
And yet a radiance deeply, strangely bright
Is all about thee. When did artist paint
Aught more ethereal than the lily skin,
Pure, fine and spotless as the soul within?
The wondrous texture of the soft white hair
Crowning a brow like marble clear and fair.

And as I gaze upon that noble face,
Time vanishes; again in Nazareth town
Those gentle, peaceful eyes are looking down,
Smiling at Jesus, in the little place
Ye both called home—your glimpse of heaven on earth;
For close beside she sits who gave Him birth,
Upon her lap some dainty work half done:
A lovely trio—happy three in one.

The Dream of Gerontius

A Psychological Study

BY THE RIGHT REVEREND ALEXANDER MACDONALD, D.D.,
BISHOP OF VICTORIA.

THE very title of Newman's great drama—for a drama the "Dream" is, and a great one—raises a question in psychology. Why is the poem called a dream? In line 179, Gerontius himself says, "I had a dream." It is just conceivable that Newman did not place a title at the head of his poem, and that the editor (the *Gerontius* first appeared in a magazine, 1865), casting about for a suitable title, seized upon these words and cried "eureka"; for editors are known to do such things. If this be so, the most one can say is, that it was a happy hit. But the guess—it is no more—is scarce within the range of probability. The true reason and warrant for the title must be sought elsewhere. In his critical introduction to the poem, Maurice Francis Egan says on the subject: "Why Cardinal Newman should have presented the experience of a soul after death as a "Dream," we can imagine from his habitual caution in dealing with subjects of importance. He has the boldness of neither Dante nor Milton, and he will not present the poetical experience of a man at such a vitally sacred moment as an actual fact; he is too reverential for that, and he calls it a dream." In a note at page 67, the same writer has: "Gerontius dreams that he is dying." This is a plausible explanation. Still, the word that stands on the title-page of Newman's poetical masterpiece, suggests a deeper meaning. Gerontius is a type, and his experience typical of that of the ordinary Christian who passes out of this world in the grace of God. True, the experience is poetical in its setting, in its form and imagery, but by no means fanciful; for Newman

keeps, far more faithfully than Milton, more faithfully than Dante himself, within the lines of revealed truth. True again, the experience is not presented as an actual fact; the poet does but aim to set before us a mental picture of the passage of a soul into that "undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveller returns." But the experience is not the less real for being that of a type, rather than of an individual, and the picture is not the less true for being drawn from the living faith and consciousness of God's people, instead of being drawn, as a painter would say, from the life.

And now let me quote once again the prince of dramatists:

"To die, to sleep;
To sleep! perchance to dream; ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause."

Here the possibility of dreams in the world beyond is distinctly recognized. What Hamlet, however, speculated upon and feared, Gerontius knew and felt. What the one, "would bear the whips and scorns of time" rather than go out to meet, the other, fortified by the last rites and prayers of Holy Church, faces calmly, going forth upon his journey in the name of the omnipotent Father who created him, in the name of Jesus Christ our Lord, Son of the living God, who bled for him, in the name of the Holy Spirit, who had been poured out upon him, in the name of all the Angels and all the Saints of God, to find a place of peace and a dwelling in Holy Zion.

"I went to sleep and now I am refreshed." This is the awakening of the soul in the world beyond. Gerontius has closed his eyes forever to the sights of earth, and his ears to its din and noise; he awakes where all is still, where he hears "no more the busy beat of time," and as another poet has it, "where beyond these voices there is peace." He went to sleep when he lost consciousness, he awoke when he recovered it. He was still in the body, what time he fell asleep; what

time he awoke, he was out of the body; and "with extremest speed, hurrying to the Just and Holy Judge." But, in the interval between falling asleep and awakening, he had a dream. 'Twas when

"Some one softly said
'He's gone'; and then a sigh went round the room."

This dream was the sub-conscious state of the soul at the very instant of its passage from time into eternity. It is called a dream in contrast to the vivid consciousness of the moment that went before it, and the moment of awakening that came after it. And here it will be helpful to consider what sleep is, and what that magic phenomenon of mind which we call a dream.

As distinguished from the dream state, sleep is a total suspension of consciousness, all the faculties of the soul being at rest. If this total suspension of consciousness is brought on by violence, as by a blow it is not sleep but stupor; if it is brought on by such means as opiates, the sleep is artificial, not natural. Nature's own opiate is physical weariness, for

"Weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when rusty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard."

'Tis weariness that brings that "gentle sleep" which comes with "wings of healing," whereof the poet sings:

"O sleep! it is a gentle thing
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary, Queen, the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven
That slid into my soul."

Midway between the sleeping and the waking state is the dream-state. Or, topographically, between the Land of the Wide-awake and the Land of Nod, lies Dreamland. As the same Coleridge has it:

“And so his senses gradually wrapt
In a half sleep, he dreams of better worlds,
And dreaming hears thee still, O singing lark,
That singest like an angel in the clouds.”

And what are dreams? Another poet shall tell us:

“Dreams are but interludes, which fancy makes;
When monarch sleeps, this mimic wakes.”

Forsooth, “All the world’s a play,
And all the men and women merely players.”

And on the world-stage, “monarch reason,” as Dryden grandly calls the loftiest faculty of man, is the chief actor. He has his “exits and his entrances” like other actors, and oftentimes between the acts, mimic fancy leaps upon the stage and plays her weird and fitful part. It is the dream. When all the senses of the body are steeped in forgetfulness, and reason has, for the time, left his throne, fancy, capricious fancy, alone of all the faculties, is awake and astir.

And now let us take up the thread of our inquiry where we dropped it. Gerontius, you will remember, slept the sleep that, on this side eternity,

“Knows no breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.”

I say, “on this side eternity,” for, as you will have observed, he awakes with a sense of “strange refreshment” on the other side, in the spirit world. And it is upon his awaking there, paradoxical to say, that his dream really begins. The dream that, at the moment of awaking, he says he had, is but a memory, an echo from the time-world that he has left forever behind. And how, you will ask, can the conscious state of the disembodied soul be called a dream? By analogy, not by metaphor merely, but by strict and true analogy, as we speak of the mind’s intuition of truth as vision, which it is in a far higher and truer sense than the act of the organic faculty

to which the term vision is first applied. The ordinary dream occurs, as we have seen, in the half-sleep of the body, that is when the bodily senses are wrapped in slumber, and fancy lies awake. The spirit-dream occurs in the half-sleep of the disembodied soul when all the bodily senses, including the fancy or imagination, are in abeyance, as being without their organs, and the faculty of reason or intellect is awake indeed, but bereft of the Uncreated Light in the splendor of whose Presence all that is dark or unreal flits away. Thus the fancy, when the light of reason is for the time being shut off, is the subject of the ordinary dream, and reason itself, in the spirit-land, while yet the light of God's countenance is withheld from it, is the subject of the Dream of Gerontius. Until the fullness of that light shines into the soul, it is still in the dream-land of disembodied spirits, the middle or intermediate state between earth and Heaven, the ante-rooms or outer court of the "house of many mansions." And so the Angel comforts Gerontius with the whispered assurance of a final and glorious awakening from his dream-state:

"Farewell, but not forever, brother dear,
Be brave and patient on thy bed of sorrow;
Swiftly shall pass thy night of trial here,
And I will come and wake thee on the morrow."

Let us now, with psychology for our guide, and with divine revelation shedding its light before us, follow, as we can, the course of the dream. When one awakens from sleep without opening one's eyes and lies perfectly still, one's first consciousness is of one's own feelings, for the mind is driven back upon itself; then, on opening one's eyes, one is conscious of the things that are about one. So it is with the soul on first awakening in the dreamland of the middle state. The first feeling of Gerontius is "an inexpressive lightness," the feeling of a soul free from the cerement of clay that encased and weighed it down, a feeling that cannot be put into words, or pictured

in imagination, but may be likened to the feeling of the captive bird that flies its cage and soars into its native heaven.*

The next thing that strikes the liberated spirit is the stillness. "How still it is." Every sound of earth has died away; breathing, pulsation, there is none, for life is pulseless and breathless there. Time, too, with its "busy beat," is no more; for time is the measure of motion in space, and for the spirit, space is as if it were not. This stillness, this silence, soothing and sweet though it be, yet "pours a solitariness into the very essence" of the newly disembodied spirit, which would fain break through it but cannot, and perforce begins to feed upon itself, having naught else to feed upon. Suppose that on waking from sleep, you could not open your eyes, nor stir a limb, nor use any of your senses, and that the very power of calling up images of things before the mind were paralyzed within you, you would no doubt, if you could, cry out as does now Gerontius, "Am I alive or dead?" Every faculty of the soul that is tied to a bodily organ, every one of the senses, both external and internal—sight, hearing, smell, taste, touch, imagination, sensuous memory itself—is in the disembodied soul, utterly incapable of exercising its proper act for lack of the appropriate organ. The faculty itself of seeing, of hearing, of feeling, of imagining, is still rooted in the soul, but the needful apparatus is wanting. If to the painter the brush, and to the

* Dec. 4, 1875.

'I think what a severe purgatory it would be, tho' there were no pain at all, but darkness, silence, and solitude, and ignorance where you were, how you held together, on what you depended, all you knew of yourself being that you *thought*, and no possible anticipation, how long this state would last, and in what way it would end, and with a vivid recollection of every one of your sins from birth to death, even tho' you were no more able to sin, and you knew this, and though you also knew you were.

'Or again, supposing the phenomenon of sleep and dreaming arise from the absence of the brain's action, and the feeble, vain attempt of the soul to act without the brain, so that without a brain one cannot think consecutively and rationally, and that the intermediate or disembodied state, before the elect soul goes to heaven, is a helpless dream, in which it neither can sin on the one hand, any more than when a man sins when dreaming now, but on the other cannot be said to exercise intellect or to have knowledge.'—(Life of John Henry Cardinal Newman, by Wilfrid Ward, Vol. II., P. 568 Appendix).

sculptor the chisel is an indispensable condition of his expressing his ideal on canvas or carving it in stone, much more is the organ of sight essential to the sense of sight for painting within itself pictures of objects, and the brain, or some part of it, to the imagination for copying or combining them.

Gerontius' first impression is that he is still in the body. He feels sure he could move every part of him, did he but will it. The impression has its parallel in human experience here below. One of the problems of psychology, as you know, is how to account for the fact that a man who has lost a limb by amputation has "a sort of confidence that clings to him," that the lost limb holds its place as heretofore. He will tell you that he still feels a pain in that limb. It is a striking instance of the force of habit. The reference of the pain to the limb has become habitual, and so continues, just as the hand instinctively feels in the pocket for a watch which is no longer there. So with Gerontius. He feels that he has still about him every one of his sense faculties, though he is unable to use them. And as he has always referred, and rightly, the faculty of seeing, for instance, to the eye, and as he is conscious of having the faculty, by the very fact that he is conscious of being the same Gerontius who once saw, he thinks he could use it at will, and that the organ of sight still remains. On making trial, however, he finds that he cannot move a hand or foot, nor press his lips together, nor wink an eye. Yet he is not satisfied that hands and feet and lips and eyes are his no longer, and in this is logical; for the being unable to move or even see one's hand, for example, is no proof that the hand has ceased to be, as witness the case of one who is both blind and paralyzed. All this the author sets forth luminously, after his wont, where he makes the Angel tell the soul:

"Nor hast thou now extension with its parts
Correlative—long habit cozens thee,—
Nor power to move thyself, nor limbs to move.
Hast thou not heard of those who, after loss

Of hand or foot still cried that they had pains
In the hand or foot as though they had it still?
So is it now with thee who hast not lost
Thy hand or foot, but all which made up man."

"Long habit cozens thee." This, let me remark by the way, is the true solution of the problem spoken of above, not that offered by some psychologists who say that the sensation of pain is first felt in the brain, and thence projected to the hurt extremity, and so continues to be projected after the hurt limb or member has been lost. The fact is, as consciousness attests, that the sensation is felt both in the hurt extremity and in the brain. But "felt" has not the same psychological value in the two instances. In the one it denotes the sensation proper, which has for its object the physical thing that we call pain. In the other it denotes the discriminating perception of that sensation as something distinct, say, from hunger, thirst, sound, colour, and so forth, and has for its object the psychical state known as the feeling of pain. First, the hand or foot, or speaking strictly, the organic sense in hand or foot, feels the pain, and then the "sensus communis," or common sensuous consciousness, which has its seat in the brain, feels the feeling of pain. But this is a digression.

One thing Gerontius knows, not knowing how he knows, that the universe is quitting him, or he is quitting it. The knowledge is perhaps borne in upon him by the stillness and the void. A person may have a somewhat similar experience when two trains are at a railway station, and one moves away. Only in this case, one can make out from one's surroundings which of the trains is in motion, and Gerontius, having no visible surroundings, can't make out whether it is he or the universe that is moving. Neither can he make out whether he is going forward toward the infinite, or backward toward the infinitesimal. In either case, he is traversing infinity, or rather, if the word may be allowed, indefinity, whether by multiplying measurements of space, or by subdivision of matter without

end. For space, in the abstract, is subdivisible to infinity, and to a spirit, everything is in the abstract.

Hitherto, our dreamer has been alone with his dream. Nor has he been able to say for certain whether he is alive or dead, awake or asleep. He has sought to come in contact with something, at least some part of what he knew as his former self, and has sought in vain. But now the dream takes on a new phase. Something happens which changes the whole current of it, which turns it from subjective to objective, which makes the dreamer feel his dream is true, albeit enigmatical. He becomes conscious that he is in the grasp of some subtle being such as he now knows himself to be. But the word "grasp" has lost its old meaning for him, or rather, has not for him the meaning that it has for us. If you think of the force or energy of the hand that holds and upholds, without the hand itself of flesh in and through which the force exerts itself, you will form some idea of what it is to be in the grasp of a spirit. But at this turn in the course of the dream, it may be well for us to pause and get our bearings.

A proposition of Rosmini, condemned by the Holy Office, runs:

"In the natural order of things, the disembodied soul is as if it were not. As it cannot reflect upon itself, and has no consciousness of itself, its state may be likened to perpetual darkness and unending sleep." The truth is that the soul severed from the body, even in the order of nature, retains the power of self-consciousness. It lost indeed the power of sentient perception on the parting with the body and its organs, but has still the purely spiritual faculties of understanding and volition, and with the understanding such knowledge as has been stored in the intellect by thought and study during the present life. But, it is one thing to have knowledge as a permanent possession, and another thing to use it; just as it is one thing to have a farm, and another thing to till it, one thing to be able to see an object, and another thing to see it. The knowledge that we have as a permanent possession is not

actual, but habitual, it lies dormant in the mind until something stirs it up and calls it into life. That something, while the soul is in the body, is an image of some sensible object that finds its way in here and now, through some avenue of sense, or comes forth from the storehouse of memory. We cannot think of anything during this life, not even of what we have already thought of and by dint of thinking, wrought into the substance of our mind, without the help of our imagination, without the sensible images that it is ever weaving for us. Hence it is that all our thinking, even our deepest and highest and most spiritual thoughts, and must needs be as long as we are on our pilgrimage through this world, in terms of sensible things. We cannot think of anything, no matter what, unless we have some sensible image or symbol to represent it to the mind.

What, then, takes the place of this sensible sign when the soul is severed from the body? In the spirit-land there are no objects of sense, nor senses to see such objects, nor imagination to picture them. But the mind, which itself is spiritual, by the very fact of being spiritual, has power to adapt itself to its new and spiritual environment. It turns to kindred spirits, other disembodied souls, angels, and to God Himself, the Great Spirit, even as the blind man in the Gospel turned sightless orbs to the "Light that enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world." Not that the soul as yet sees God face to face, for our Gerontius bears still some stains of earth upon him, but that God, either Himself immediately or through some created spirit, does that for it which it no longer can do for itself. This way of awakening the knowledge dormant in the soul, or of gaining new and higher knowledge, is preternatural or supernatural, as the case may be; but so is now the state of the soul. In the present life the mind can itself acquire new ideas, and call up again the old ones, or some other mind can do this for it; may, by word or sign, convey the new and recall the old. In the world beyond, the mind is wholly dependent, in thinking of anything other than itself, upon some other mind, human, angelic or divine. It has "by right no converse with aught else beside itself." It thus gets new ideas

by being taught, and rethinks old ideas under the awakening and stimulating influence that is brought to bear upon it. But whereas here one mind can influence another only by means of some sensible sign, in the world of spirits, mind influences mind immediately, and spirit speaks to spirit without the medium of word or symbol. The word of the spirit is its thought, and the utterance of it, its conveyance to the mind, not through a medium, but directly. The powerlessness of the separated soul when left to itself to think of aught save itself and its own state, is seen in the fruitless effort of Gerontius to break through the silence that enwraps him on every side, while the stimulating influence of the angelic spirit manifests itself in the train of thought which is set in motion by the "heart subduing melody," that is felt rather than heard. The whole of the Soul's soliloquy, beginning "It is a member of that family

Of wondrous beings,"

is knowledge evoked from the depths of the soul's own consciousness, not knowledge now for the first time acquired.

Roused out of his helplessness by the inspiration of the Angel's words to play, not now the man, but, the disembodied spirit, Gerontius begins to think more clearly, to compare his former with his present state, and at length knows for sure that he is out of the body. He even feels emboldened to accost his Attendant Spirit. It might appear at the first blush that the author in attributing to the soul the power of asking questions, is using a poetic license. The soul may well seem incapable of putting questions, and besides, it is a law of the spirit world, that the higher spirit acts upon and influences the lower, not conversely. But the questions are not of the Socratic type, and if they are bodied forth in words, the words are for our sakes who else had never known of them. The form of words does but indicate, after a human fashion, the wistful look of inquiry that the dumb soul turns upon his Guardian Spirit. "What lets me now from going to my Lord?" is the mute query that the Angel resolves in the silent but eloquent speech

of the spirit-land, where thought answers thought, and things "Are measured by the living thought alone." Here is the Angel's answer, in itself enigmatical, but explained by what goes before:

"It is thy very energy of thought
That keeps thee from thy God."

For Gerontius being now "standard of his own chronology," and not yet freed from the illusions of the time-world, nor properly adjusted to his eternal environment, measures duration by the intensity of his own thoughts, and marvels at the length of a journey that is but just begun. Therefore the needful lesson:

"Divide a moment as men measure time,
Into its million-million-millionth part,
Yet even less than that the interval
Since thou didst leave the body; and the priest
Cried "Subvenite," and they fell to prayer;
Nay, scarcely yet have they begun to pray."

And now Soul and Angel are close upon the judgment court, and a fierce hubbub breaks upon the scene, the sullen howl of the demons who assemble there. It is interesting to note the calm confidence and courage of Gerontius now, as contrasted with the terror that filled the mansion of his soul when the evil spirit, in guise of hideous vulture, tainted the hallowed air of the chamber where he lay a-dying. We pause for a moment to admire the vivid force and beauty of the figure under which the Angel describes these fellow spirits fallen from their high estate, and come to a passage that holds a theological as well as a psychological interest. Gerontius is puzzled to understand how beings that he now knows to be as impotent as caged tigers have yet on earth "repute for wondrous power and skill," and the Angel makes answer:

“In thy trial state
Thou hadst a traitor nestling close at home,
Connatural, who with the powers of hell
Was leagued, and of thy senses kept the keys,
And to that deadliest foe unlocked thy heart,
And therefore is it with respect to man,
Those fallen ones show so majestic.”

The traitor “nestling close at home, connatural,” can be no other than what theologians call *fomes peccati*, concupiscence, the proneness to sensuality, inherent in our fallen nature. This traitor holds the keys of the senses, closes them to God and His ambassadors, opens them to the allurements of the world and the seductions of Satan, who, entering, leads the heart captive. Thus does the deadliest foe win his reputation for power and skill, and exalt his throne above the stars of God in the sides of the north, and pose as the prince of the world.

“But when some child of grace, angel or saint,
Pure and upright in his integrity
Of nature, meets the demons on their raid.
They seud away as cowards from the fight.”

“The prince of this world cometh,” says the Vanquisher of Satan, “and in Me hath not anything.”

Yet another thing puzzles Gerontius. He knows, knows that he knows, seems to hear, and taste, and touch, yet sees not, has

“Not a glimmer of that princely sense
Which binds ideas in one and makes them live.”

Apart from sight, our consciousness of hearing, tasting, and even touching, is somewhat vague, and of a more or less subjective character. The sense of sight excels in the vividness with which it presents its object as an extra-mental phenomenon. Hence Gerontius still labors under the illusion that he is able to hear, and taste, and touch, though he is clearly conscious that he does not see. This illusion the Angel proceeds to dispel:

“Nor touch, nor taste, nor hearing hast thou now;
Thou livest in a world of signs and types,
The presentations of most holy truths,
Living and strong which now encompass thee.”

What, then, are those signs and types? Not sensible, of course, but spiritual; and being spiritual, no other than the angels and the blessed souls, living and strong, who see the face of God, and are to kindred spirits, who see not as yet His face, signs of His truth and types of His beauty. And that darkness which shrouds the Soul, what is it but the privation of the beatific light that shines from the face of God? This, in a far higher sense than poet ever dreamt of, is

“The light that never was on sea or land!”

The privation of which makes purgatory, in some sort, part of the place of “outer darkness where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth.”

The Dream in its psychological aspect, has now been dealt with, and, I venture to hope, in some measure elucidated. Other difficulties, if any there are in the course of it from this point on to the close, are theological, and need not be discussed here. There is nothing in the poem but is in fullest harmony with the teaching of theology. But the garb in which the Queen of Sciences here appears upon the stage is, of course, dramatic; and the appeal as befits a drama, is to the eye, the ear, the imagination, rather than to the intellect. The literary and artistic merits of the piece, it is not mine to point out or commend. One discerns the hand of the master-craftsman in every line. The unseen world is set before us as in a parorama, where shifting lights and shades take the place of colors, and new-born spirit forms are wrapped around in dreams as if in swaddling clothes, and sainted souls hover “above in the mid-glory.” The very pavement is made up of life in that house not made with hands. The effect of movement is got by rhythmic sounds, now sweet and airy as the flight of a bird, now slow and solemn; now sharp and shrill, now low and strangely sweet. The pres-

ence of holy angels is revealed and symbolized by melting harmonies, that of fallen ones by jangling dissonances. The Dream is highest mystic Lore set to music, a music not of earth, but of heaven, played by angel-hands on the great Organ of Eternity.

"The dream of Gerontius," writes an ardent Presbyterian * admirer of its illustrious author, "was the true keystone for Newman to cut and to lay on the literary and religious work of his whole life. Had Dante himself composed the Dream of Gerontius as his elegy on the death of some beloved friend, it would have been universally received as altogether worthy of his superb genius, and it would have been a jewel altogether worthy of his peerless crown. There is nothing of its kind outside of the Purgatorio and the Paradiso at all equal to the Gerontius for solemnizing, ennobling and sanctifying power. It is a poem that every man should have by heart who has it before him to die."

Indwelling Peace

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

The morning calm is wondrously at rest
On the still waters. Mirrored clear and true
The budding trees, the tender, silent blue,
The cottages in red and orange drest.
It pictures our best quiet—yes, our best
Of peace in this sad world, where every hue
Is mingled with strange variants fierce and new;
Only the blue hath domination blest!

That pale sky colour melts and tones the whole;
Its utter sweetness is the one key-note
That holds the tangle in superb control.
O high, indwelling peace, afar, remote
From all the jar and jargon swirling round,
Thy blue of Heaven makes earth Enchanted ground.

* "Newman: An Appreciation," by Alexander Whyte.

Fools for the Sake of Christ

BY THE VERY REV. DEAN HARRIS, LL.D.

"We are fools for Christ's sake." I. Cor. iv., 10.

THE spiritual conquest of aboriginal Canada—the Nouvelle France of Champlain's time—so luminously and interestingly told in the Jesuit Relations and so accurately and ingeniously recorded by the Franciscan writers Sagard, Le Clercq, Crespel and Le Tac, is a most readable and edifying history.

Let me add here that there are no more thrilling episodes in any history than those recorded in the letters of the early missionaries and annalists of our country, no greater ferocity than that of the Iroquois, Algonquins and Hurons, and no more sublime examples of heroic patience, of spiritual exaltation and resignation to human suffering and martyrdom than those passed down to us in the writings of the early Franciscan and Jesuit priests. No martyrs, at any stage of the Christian era, ever suffered more tragic and prolonged agonies than those endured by the saintly Daniel, Garnier, Jogues, Lalement and Brebeuf.

The history of these early missionaries to the aboriginal tribes of our Dominion—filled with the records of their daring deeds and heroic martyrdom—outstrips in sublimity and romance the fabled deeds of mythology and remains as enduring monument for the admiration and wonder of all time.

Long before Pericles delivered his immortal oration, nations had publicly honored their heroes. The temples and obelisks of Egypt heralded the glories of the Pharaohs and Ramasses, and the monuments and palaces of Nineveh the exploits of its mighty conquerors. Since the days of the great Athenian statesman, nations, ancient and modern, have exalted and perpetuated the names of their heroes and warriors. But resplendent as is the fame of Alexander and Caesar, Napoleon and Wellington, we must not forget that they fought and

wrought for human conquest, for their own glory, for their own people, and that their victories were celebrated by their own countrymen and by them only.

The three hundredth anniversary of the landing of Champlain in Canada, celebrated in Quebec city in 1908, revealed to the world a spectacle new in human records. With one accord Great Britain, France, the United States and Canada, united in paying homage to the great statesman, navigator and explorer, who, three centuries before, had opened a path for Christianity and civilization through eight hundred miles of an almost endless forest. Intimately associated with the jubilee honors paid to the illustrious Champlain were the memories of the saintly and distinguished priests who, with him, were the pioneers of the cross in our country and the path-finders of the seventeenth century. Champlain was not, however, the discoverer of Lake Huron—an honor conferred upon him by writers of school books and by popular opinion—for this distinction belongs to an humble Franciscan priest, Joseph Le Caron.

The limits of Christianity and civilization are identical. Without Christianity we can have no real and permanent civilization. The Christian religion has been a most potent influence in originating the magnificent spectacle of the exuberant growth, vitality and energy of a people cultivating a land discovered by Champlain and consecrated by the blood of Catholic missionaries.

Coming of the Franciscans.

The Canadian historian Kingsford was the first of our writers who regretted that the Franciscan missionaries to the Huron and Nipissing tribes never received from our annalists the full measure of praise and appreciation to which they were by Christian daring, initiative and zeal entitled. "The country," he tells us in the first volume of his voluminous history, "owes the Franciscans a debt of gratitude, which history has only imperfectly paid; any mention of their name has been merely perfunctory, without acknowledgment or sympathy."

Permit me to do my share in reparation of this injustice to the memory of the humble priests who debased and almost effaced themselves, that the spiritually dead might live and the name of Jesus Christ be honored and respected in the wilderness.

The Order of St. Francis, or that division of the Order known to us as Recollects, took an important place in the explorations of our country and in the moral and religious regeneration of the Canadian tribes. Whatever may be the opinion among students of early Canadian annals of the success or failure of the Recollect efforts for the conversion of the Huron and Nipissing Indians, there can be no refusal to applaud the zeal, the labors and the self-effacement of Fathers Joseph Le Caron, Nicholas Viel and de la Roche Daillon, who mastered the Huron dialects and left us a grammar and vocabulary of the Huron language.

When Champlain sailed from Honfleur, in the ship *Ste. Etienne*, under command of Pont Gravé, for Quebec, early in 1615, he was accompanied by three priests of the Franciscan Order, Joseph Le Caron, John d'Olbeau, Denis Jamy. These were the pioneer missionaries of the west who broke the trail through the wilderness over which the Jesuit Fathers afterwards travelled and labored with such heroic self-sacrifice among the tribes.

When dwelling with unstinted admiration on the splendid achievements of the Jesuits among the Hurons, the Tobacco tribe, the Neutrals and the Algonquins, we ought not to forget that from 1615 to 1629, the year when Quebec temporarily belonged to Great Britain, the Franciscans were the instructors and evangelizers of the savages roaming the forests of Huronia.

Soon after landing in Canada, Father d'Olbeau opened a mission at Tadoussac. He visited the Montagnais of the upper Saquenay, among whom he passed a winter of great suffering and humiliation, Never did man endure a ruder or more trying apprenticeship. Unacquainted with the language of the tribe, which presented almost unsurmountable difficulties of con-

struction and pronounciation, unaccustomed to the severity of a Canadian winter and untrained to the use of the snow-shoes, the pious missionary nearly succumbed to the hardships of the march and to the horrors of tribal encampments. Still, he heroically bent to his work and sustained with admirable fortitude the burden of his office until he conquered the Montagnais language and compiled his dictionary of that intractable tongue. He was a man of eminent piety, virtue and zeal whose name is honourably and indelibly stamped on the pages of our history.

Father Jamay remained at Quebec visiting intermittently Three Rivers and other posts, ministering to the French and instructing the Indians who came from afar to barter their furs and paltries.

Early in July, 1615, Father Le Caron, in company with a band of Hurons and Algonquins of the Upper Ottawa, began the long and trying voyage of eight hundred miles to the great Lake of the Hurons. Sailing up the St. Lawrence, amid a silence broken only by the dip of the paddle, they entered the Ottawa, whose dark-brown waters and towering hills formed a striking contrast to the light-blue flow and sloping banks of the St. Lawrence.

Day after day the Indians, silently and sullenly bent to their paddles, stopping only at portages, over which they carried their canoes and baggage, and at night for sleep and rude refreshment. They portaged the Caribou and Golots, skirted the Allumette Islands, passed through Champlain's Lake of the Algonquins (*Lac des Allumettés*), sailed through the Deep River and broke into the Mattawa. For forty miles or more they pushed on. Bearing the canoes on their shoulders, they crossed a seven-mile portage and, through an opening in the darkling woods, Le Caron looked—first of white men—upon the placid waters of Lake Nipissing. Skirting its picturesque shores, they soon entered French River, whose pleasant flow carried them to the "Fresh Water Sea," a few days before Champlain's canoe shot into its waters. On the French river they met a band of the "Cheveux Relevés," who were abso-

lutely naked and dressed their hair high up on their heads with great pride and care.

Passing out of French River, they canoed southward for a hundred miles through the tortuous channels of the Georgian Bay, by the shores of regions now known as Muskoka and Parry Sound. Around them on every side, as if floating on the waters, arose a thousand islets and islands green with emerald moss and robed in luxuriant vegetation.

The Great Manitoulin loomed afar off; they hugged the eastern shore, sailed by Byng Inlet, Pointe-au-Barile and Shawauga Bay, and sweeping on past the Seven Mile Narrows, Moose Point and Midland, beached their canoes on the southern shore of Douglas Bay.

Striking a familiar and well-beaten path, they plunged into the forest, and soon passed openings in the woods where fields of Indian corn, beds of squashes, beans and sunflowers stretched to the palisaded town of Otouacha (Township of Tiny).

Here, in a vast forest, within what is now the northern and western divisions of Simcoe County, embracing the peninsula formed by the Nottawasaga and Matchedash Bays, the River Severn and Lake Simcoe were the fishing and hunting grounds of the Wyandots or Hurons, supporting a population of twenty or thirty thousand—a confederacy of four separate tribes, increased, soon after Champlain's visit, to five by the incorporation of the Petuns or Tinnontates. Among all the races of red men in Canada, the Hurons, "living," as Sagard writes, "without laws, without religion, without God," were the least inclined to be attracted to the Christian law of repression, prayer and self-denial. Le Caron, bound by the vow of St. Francis to the life of a beggar, was welcomed and hospitably entertained at Otouacha. From here he was conducted to the large and triple-palisaded town of Carhagougha. "It was at this town," writes Father Le Clercq in his '*Premier Etablissement de la Foy*,' "the Hurons desiring to manifest their satisfaction with his visit, offered to him the hospitality of all their lodges. But he told them that he must confer with God on matters of much importance touch-

ing the good of the entire nation, and that these serious affairs could be conducted more decently alone and in solitude, away from the turmoil and the confusion of village life." According to his request, they built him a lodge outside their town. Here, in the presence of Champlain, Father Le Caron celebrated the first Mass (August 12, 1615), ever offered up in Western Canada. "This," writes Father Jones, "was the first Mass said in what is now the Province of Ontario, and the spot lay in the present parish of La Fontaine, Simcoe County." And parenthetically it may be added, waving the question as to whether Cartier had or had not priests with him on his voyages to Canada, that at Tadoussac, Quebec, Three Rivers, and Montreal, priests of the Order of St. Francis of Assisi, were the first to offer to God the Holy Sacrifice. After the Mass at Carhagouha was celebrated, the Te Deum was sung by Champlain and his soldiers, and a cross, the symbol of man's redemption, was raised aloft for the first time on the shores of Lake Huron.

(To be continued.)

The Foolishness of God

By O. S. B.

Grant me to pass the bounds of common-sense;
Grant me a folly that is all divine—
The folly (dare I say it?) that was Thine
When—veiled in darkness Thine omnipotence
Turned all to guilt Thy spotless innocence—
Thou didst assume a nature like to mine,
To share my burdens and my griefs incline,
And pay the bitter debt of mine offence.

Grant me to sit, Lord Jesu, in Thy school,
And there to learn that shame, reproach and loss,
The taking and the sharing of Thy Cross,
Are better than the pride of earthly rule;
And, counting all things else as utter dross,
Be glad, like Thee, to be esteemed a fool.



THE RT. REV. MGR. KELLEY

Myles Muredach

BY JOHN B. KENNEDY.

A NOVEL has been written. But that means nothing much. Yet it is a Catholic novel. Ah—the news is unexciting. But it is a Catholic novel that a non-Catholic can read with deep interest and a lax Catholic with genuine zest. Now, in the words of the man who is supposed to be in the street, but is more often in a barber-shop, you're talking!

Let it be put down at once that the author of "Charred Wood" is an enthusiast, almost a zealot. He started life as a little, ruddy-cheeked Canadian boy—born by the sea on beautiful, red-soiled Prince Edward Island. I have never seen pictures of him as a boy. The youngest photograph I have seen of him showed him to be about 35, and that was taken ten years ago, when he was pastor of a Michigan parish. But I know the sort of boy he was. He had a finicky conscience, if I, who am supposed to know something about Kant's categorical imperative, am permitted to say so. When the other ruddy-faced little sea-side boys stole apples, he probably helped to steal and eat them. But when the other ruddy-faced little boys were caught red-handed and lied like real, grown-up men, Francis Clement Kelley stepped up, full of apples and shame, to speak the truth and took his medicine. I have never been told these things; but they are quite true.

The little boy grew up and his ruddiness stuck to him—it is even with him yet, after a strenuous apostolate in that super-strenuous city—Chicago. He answered his vocation, studied in Nicolet and at Laval University, Quebec, from which he received his degree—Doctor of Divinity—served as chaplain throughout the Spanish-American war and founded the Catholic Church Extension Society of the United States, and Extension Magazine.

But these facts can be found in any Who's Who. It is the business of one pretending to give an intimate close-up to

present something besides the salient achievements of a man's career. And so, after having had opportunities to study Monsignor Kelley, the writer makes bold to pronounce that he is remarkable for three graces—Faith, Hope and Charity.

Naturally, there will be smiles of tolerance at this, which you who read may consider a weak attempt at wit. But let us qualify. Monsignor Kelley has the faith and the hope of youth and the charity of a man who has read hearts for many years, and who understands hearts as a good confessor should.

Meet Monsignor Kelley on any occasion that is not formal and your first impression will be of a man distinguished and used to meeting those of distinction, yet a man pleasant, even humorous on first acquaintance. But do not be misled. Perhaps he does not know it himself; but behind his pleasant, smiling eye there is a keen intellect at work on everybody and everything met. That intellect is weighing, analyzing, assaying. I have known him to hit off in a sentence the character of a man whom he has known only for five minutes, and those part of a very busy hour. Monsignor Kelley has that quality without which one cannot hope to be an instructive writer, no matter how brilliant or amusing—it is depth.

He will be the first to tell you that some of his dreams have not turned out well in the mold; but it was not for lack of depth in the dreamer—it was the iron force of circumstance that hindered. But whatever he has undertaken—whether it be the founding of a missionary society that has helped materially the salvation of countless thousands of souls, or the building up of a magazine which stands to-day as the best journalistic expression (together with one or two other publications) of American Catholicity, or the composition of a piece of literature—he has undertaken with all his soul, and his is a highly-gifted soul, and gone through with all the strength of his heart, and there is no bigger heart.

And perhaps the plenary test of a man's true greatness is the quantity, rather than the quality, of his foibles. I have interviewed several men who are called great by the world, I have spoken with those who have interviewed many others; but

I have not known of any man who has achieved so much, having less self-appreciation than Monsignor Kelley.

It is the failing of all men who write—particularly those who write poetry (and Monsignor Kelley is an excellent poet, his "Throne of the King" guarantees that), to be super sensitive, one might say, vain. No matter how bravely they outface blue pencil or green critic in public, privately they are pained by indifference to or disapproval of their work. No doubt Monsignor Kelley has this failing, in common with the rest of scribedom. But here is the point: he is too careful a man to expose his writer's vanity. In short, nothing of his appears in print until it has had several readings, has been modeled and remodeled, submitted, if practicable, to experts, and generally and particularly re-examined and O.K'd.

Read "Charred Wood," written under his nom de plume, "Myles Muredach," and these things will be apparent. Here is a story conceived, I happen to know, at least three years ago—perhaps four. It was ruminated over—very thoroughly, and the author, with some reluctance, even changed the title to one of greater figurativeness from one more melodious, and that is a sacrifice for a writer with a keen sense of rhythms and the painful limits of titular appeal in fiction.

Into "Charred Wood" Monsignor Kelley has put things that only he, as a practical enthusiast, could deposit. He once wrote a story—"The City and the World"—in which he touched a theme so splendidly bold that it has possessed the mind of one reader ever since. The story was also a masterpiece in delicacy. In "Charred Wood" we have the same masterful delicacy. We meet Monsignor Murray, a convert-priest to whom an atheistic wastrel would lift his shabby cap in respect. We meet with absorbing mystery, skilful manipulation of a popular plot-vehicle and a generous insight into a material and spiritual social grade that has been more often abused than used by novelists in all the postal zones.

But in addition to the story that will hold attention until its last tangle is unravelled, Monsignor Kelley has pervaded his book with an atmosphere, unostentatious, but serenely Catholic.

No non or anti-Catholic can read this story from cover to cover (and that would be pleasant occupation, even for the editor of, say, 'The Menace') without having some rock-ribbed bigotry or complacent prejudice loosened and dismayed. "Charred Wood" is an efficient convert-maker.

This is not a review. It is difficult to conceive how any writing person acquainted with the retail hazards of his craft, can review a mystery story without prejudice to the mystery. This is merely a feeble attempt to direct attention to a volume which, with perhaps two others produced during the past twenty-four months, stands as a really high-class piece of atmospherically-Catholic fiction.

It is possible that Myles Muredach will have critics of this book. I don't know what they will criticize; but neither do the critics until they meet somebody else who does know; but it can't be the moral of the book—that is, like all morals in the author's fictional work, forcefully true; it can't be the character drawing, for the characters are expertly drawn without a wasted inch of dialogue or a superfluous cravat; still less can it be the technique, for, with the theme considered, the author could not have taken a more direct line to his denouement. But we need not anticipate critics; it is wiser to conserve mental energy for the answering of them.

As an admirer of Myles Muredach, knowing him for the fine priest and the capable man he is, the writer of these ill-fashioned periods will be content if he arouses interest in "Charred Wood" of which the best praise may be put last—it is a novel with a mission.



"Our character is formed within. It is manufactured in the world of our thoughts and there we must go to influence it. He who is master there is master everywhere."

David's Song

BY M. S. PINE.

O how desirable Thou art, my God!

More sweet than honey and the honeycomb!

So sang, ere rose proud Sion's templed dome,
The prince of mortal lyrists, he who trod
Through all Thy Attributes with feet unshod,

His harp with light-rays strung; in Virgin womb

He sang Thee, Word! Thy ways until the tomb,
Sealed Thy white Body; sang Thy precious blood,

Thy piercéed hands and feet, Thy numbered bones,
His lyre new strung by Grief on Calvary.

O how desirable Thou art! his tones
Rend the bright cloud that heavenward beareth Thee!—

Our Altar Christ! had David's heart of fire
Half glimpsed Thee, it had burst with wild desire.

The Musical Culture of the Celts

BY THE REV. J. P. TREACY, D.D.

THE Celtic Fringe, the last remnant of a great but divided people, includes Wales, Brittany, the Highlands of Scotland, the Hebrides, Cornwall and nearly all of Ireland. The Fringe plays a not unimportant part in the civilization of the British Empire. It is not to be understood or even implied, that the Celt influences the Empire in the sense in which the British civilization resembles or approaches to the material civilization of the Teutonic race whence it is derived. The Fringe has neither gold nor silver. The pomp of power and panoply of earthly pride, the armaments of ships and horses and smoking guns, and mail clad warriors are not congenital to it. The unfathomable mazes of modern commerce, the immoral camouflages of scientific diplomacy, and the immoral irre-descences of dress and fashion find no lasting habitation amongst this old British stock. They are plain people and notwithstanding the criticisms of foreigners—a silent people. Their speech is plain and even abrupt. Their customs are old and homely. Their music, which has survived the shock of centuries, is simple, but intense. The culture of the Teutonic and Saxon peoples, as exemplified in the might of armaments, in the wealth and extent of world-wide commerce, in the ordered ruggedness of language and grandiose harmony of music is alien to them.

Some years before the war, the English-speaking world went wild in their rhapsodies over the wonderful culture of the Anglo Saxon nations. Brethren and lineal descendants of the Teutonic race, they together with Americans, were as Bismark so brutally put it in his Diary, the “males of the breed. The females were Celts, Latins and Slavs.” The Anglo Saxon civilization, which comprised religion, science, language, music and other affiliated branches of the arts and sciences was lauded to the skies. A university career devoid of the culture of Innsbruck, Bonn, Munich or Heidleberg, had no face value

in the English speaking world. The German school of painting, German philosophy and philology, German conception of educational systems and scholarships, the German theory of music and technique were the standard ideals according to which the tabernacles of men's thoughts and lives were to be fashioned. For thirty years this worship of Saxondom has been going on. Carlyle gloated over it and was paid for it. Kingsley adored it. This Neo-Paganism had its priests in the United States, in Canada, in England. Thor—the Kaiser and Martin Luther took the place of the Catholic Trinity. The Samson of War has destroyed the Dagonian temple of German civilization forever. Nous avons tout changé. Like people awakening out of a dream, we are beginning to realize that perhaps there was something good in our own people, that the simple culture of the Celts had some human value after all, and that if we had investigated our own civilization at home we should have found something worthy of admiration and even of imitation. As the leaden casket in Portia's house, it might contain untold treasures which are real and sincere and "do not cover a seeming truth which cunning times put on to entrap the wisest."

The music of a people is necessarily, after language, the chief product of its civilization, and its characteristics must be traced to the ethnological and social foundations of the race. Hence, in order that we may attempt the interpretation of the singularly quaint cadences of the Celt, we must know something of himself and his language. I well remember hearing the late Sir George Ross make the astounding declaration that Gaelic was the language spoken in the Garden of Eden. In fact, he would maintain quite seriously that it was the mother tongue of the early races and the root of all the Semitic languages. Stephen McCormack, a well-known writer in Celtic philosophy, came to the conclusion late in life that the mountain tribes of Syria as well as their colonial descendants in Northern Africa spoke the tongue of the Gael. Hannibal gave orders to his brave Carthaginian soldiers in the language of Brian Boru and his stalwart Milesians. My personal interest in and sympathy with the Africans when reading Livy in early school

days, could only be explained when, later on in life, the bond between the Irish and the Carthaginians was established on an ethnological basis. The subconscious pride in Hannibal was racial after all.

The old legends speak of Phoenicia and Tyre as the original cradles of the Celts. The early Maronite traditions which were often rehearsed in Rome by the good man Father Shediach, point to the departure of the tribes for Northern Africa. If history, applied religion, and ethnology, give any certainty to scholarship, we must infer that the Carthaginian warriors, who, under Hannibal, broke down the mountain barriers of the Alps with boiling vinegar and hewed a way for themselves to the smiling plains of Italy, were Celts. They spoke the Celtic tongue and chanted their wild Gaelic war songs in the defiles of the Jura. They met the proud legions of Imperial Rome at Cannae and smashed the historic battle phalanxes as a blacksmith might break a chicken's egg with his ponderous hammer.

From Carthage they went to Spain and across to the southern shores of Biscay, then to Ireland and to Scotland, where in the Highlands and in the Hebrides, ay in far away Canadian Glengarry, in Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, their children are to-day speaking the old tongue, confessing their sins in the old language of the Gael and singing the old "Lilts" and "Laments" of their fathers of the Isles. Despite the lapse of time, strange environments and much mixture with foreign breeds, the language holds good and the music has the same fascinating peculiarities, the same weird "fall" and "rise." The old Marquis of Abbadie D'Arres used to tell us of his experiences as a boy with the fishermen on the Biscayan coast. He would steal away from his parents and run down to the shore to see and hear the black, hairy men who came from Waterford, Wexford, Cardiff, the Hebrides and far away Scotland. They spoke a foreign tongue, but strange to say the natives understood them well. The old Bretons to whom France was "un pays etranger," mixed readily with the big, black-haired men who spoke Gaelic. They addressed them in their own tongue. All seemed to have the same fierce oaths, unknown

to English and French, and their songs had the same twist to them, though the burden of them was slightly different.

As we have seen, but little remains of the original Celtic civilization. The Rathes and Round Towers and Celtic Cross are our only heritage of the early architecture. The Celtic writings and manuscripts are comparatively few in number. Of their early poetry and music, however, we have, thanks to an enlightened German scholarship and the persistent efforts of a few Irish priests, preserved many precious records. What was true of the very early nations is emphatically true of the Celt. Music was cultivated by them and was held in honor amongst them. An emotional race, music was for them the language of religion, natural, and national feeling, to such an extent that if their annals were lost, we could rewrite their history by means of the music which still survives. Music entered largely into the life of the Irish people. Emotional, because deeply conscious, music interpreted their feelings more quickly and more fully than language. A spiritual people, they lived in their religion even when they were Pagans. It was the centre of the national circumference. Hence from time immemorial music was in the hands of the Bards who were both historians and religious teachers. The Schola Cantorum amongst the Hebrews was entrusted to the priests who filled the principal offices of the choir. Amongst the Celts the Druidic Bards were the hereditary musicians of the nation. From father to son they were trained artists and their ability and skill were of world-wide reputation. Old Saxon Cambrensis, no lover of them, says: "They always paid a laudable and industrious regard to their musical pursuits," and again, "They are most devoted to music and the harp, and strike harmoniously the strings of brass with their nails." Their duties were manifold, but according to law they were required (1) to sing and play the music for their gods on May the first, when Lha-Beul-Tinne was celebrated. (2) The Feardana were also obliged to sing the praises and deeds of their great warriors on the field of honor. (3) According to Diodorus Siculus, they composed the religious hymns which were sung at the various national

and provincial assemblies. (4) They wrote and committed to memory the annals, genealogies, voyages and transmigrations of the Milesian people. Hence the memory was especially cultivated. An example of this was recorded in the last century in the person of Nancy McIntosh, who, although illiterate, yet knew by heart all the old songs, ballads and genealogies of the Highlands. Her memory was so accurate and so comprehensive that she was regarded as a marvel. Besides his national duties the Bard was called upon to sing and play upon his harp at all the local feasts of his own clan. Many privileges were accorded to him. (1) He was exempt from all military service in days when every man was a warrior. (2) The bard was not required to pay either national or tribal taxes. (3) Three times a year he got clothes from the King's steward, and all his woollen garments and linen garments were gifts from the Queen. (4) Every woman who married was obliged to pay 24 pence for the honor of having him play and sing the wedding music. (5) In the Great Hall of Tara when all the notables were present he was ordered to sit next to the Heir to the Throne. This reminds us of the attitude of the old Kerry Lord who kept his hat on during an audience with King George at Buckingham last month. He claimed that this was a privilege in his family since the reign of King John. (6) It was also the Bardic prerogative to play before the Queen and her royal maidens at stated times in the year, but he was forbidden to play or sing "aught but elaborate music and Songs of Love."

Gradually, however, so great had become the rapacity of the Bards, their privileges were curtailed. They had become so powerful as to be a menace to the peace of the kingdom. An old law of Wales says, "It shall be unlawful for a Bard to ask his Prince for his horse, his hounds or his lands." The skill of the Irish harpists was well known. Hecataeus, an Egyptian historian who lived 500 B.C., says of Ireland, "There is a land in the West whose people are most of them excellent harpists, who, playing on their harps, chant sweet songs to their gods." Giraldus, the Saxon Historian, writes, "Their harpers are more skilful than any I have seen. Their manner is lively and rapid.

Their melodies are sweet and even sprightly." Carolan the last of the Bards, was born in County Meath, in 1670, and died in 1738. It is recorded of him that at the house of an Irish nobleman, when the celebrated musician, Geminiani, played the whole of the Fifth Concerto of Venaldi on the violin and thereby evoked thunderous applause, the old Irish Bard immediately took up his harp and repeated the entire production from start to finish. Before his death, Carolan composed many works of the German and Italian schools, principally for the harp. There was great competition between the harpists of Wales, Ireland and Scotland, at the great musical festivals which were held yearly in Ireland and which still survive in the Eisteddfod of Wales. In 1710 in the Irish House of Commons in Dublin, they actually had a competition between an Irish and a Welsh harpist. Bets were taken and given. Encores were demanded. Excitement rose high. The contending parties came to blows. Blood was shed, but anyway the Irish harpist won.

What were the chief characteristics of Irish music? This is a question that has been frequently asked. An old manuscript says of Cormac MacArt, Head King of Ireland, in 254 A.D., that "he had great bands of music which played sweetly to soften his pillow and solace him in the time of relaxation." The musical instruments of that epoch, according to history, were the cruit, clarionet, two kinds of harps, the ciuslina or bagpipe, the fife, the sturgan, the trumpet, the horn, the timpan and the Psalterium. According to an old Celtic tradition the bagpipe was the most ancient of all musical instruments.

"Music first on earth was heard
In Gaelic accents deep,
When Jubal in his oter squeezed
The blether of a sheep."

Invented four hundred years before St. Patrick, the Irish had rhyme as it is used to-day in every literature. Like the first European dictionary, the first love song was Irish. Nay, more; all modern triple-phrase music is of Irish origin. It has

been said that Irish music is sad. A great author has spoken of "Erin's music drenched in sorrow." In fact this touch of sadness is regarded as the music color of the race. Nothing is further from the truth.

"The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness
Have wakened thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill.
But so oft hast thou echoed the deep sigh of sadness
That even in thy mirth it will steal from thee still."

Even Moose is awry on the subject. The note or tone is not a sad or lugubrious tone at all. It is "different," and peculiar and weird, but it is not sad except when the emotions or events call for such an interpretation. There was the chase music as seen in the Hunting Songs; Spring Songs and Harvest Chants; Hauling Home songs which accompanied the post nuptial celebrations of the chiefs; the Luineays or milk maids' songs which told of the whirling lark, the sweet white milk and mountain dew; there were Boat Songs, War Songs and the most ancient songs of all, the Wailing Keens or Lamentations. We read of the latter in the Book of Kings, where mention is made of the women wailing the Death of Abner. They were those who made it a profession amongst the Jews, the Romans and the Celts, to accompany the funeral procession "and singing in verse, recount with plaintive voices the genealogy, the virtues and exploits of the deceased."

Some of the old Scottish laments are similar to the melodies which travellers have heard in Persia and Turkestan. The old Keens of Ireland are found in Northern India and Persia. Some of its strangest features still survive amongst the Arabs of Upper Egypt. Of the various Irish musical works and airs over 147 have been preserved by Dr. Petrie. Davis and Allingham have contributed some more. Chief amongst the real Celtic airs we may enumerate "O'Donnell Aboo," the March of the "Men of Harlech," the "March of Brian," the "Return of Fingal," the "Coolin'," "Erin the Tear," which is reproduced in the modern form of "Robin Adair." The Scot, like the Saxon, will steal from us at times, not even saying "By your

leave?" "Highland Mary" is a Celtic find. There is a weird touch of the Orient in all of them. There seems to be a wild outpouring for which words find no adequate expression, and at the same time a delicacy of thought, a tenderness of emotion and a buoyancy of feeling, that we shall not find elsewhere. Their music is a reproduction of the people themselves.

Some writers explain the Celtic color of music by saying that the real Celtic music did not contain the 4th and 7th tones. On examination of the early diatonic scale they find that the Irish and indeed the Scottish Celts, eliminated both tones from the music of the bagpipe and the harp. This feature is to be found in the music of the Arabs also. However, according to Dr. Bunting and other well-known writers, the chief characteristic of Irish music is not the omission of any tones or notes, but the actual presence of a certain tone which is the sub-median or major sixth, in other words, the tone of "E" in the scale of "G." This is called the "Celtic color" in music and this is what touches the heartstrings of the Celt. Hence we can safely say that the real Irish music was written (1) in a major key and in triple time. (2) The first part is always in common cadence while the second part is always an octave higher. It begins with the chord of the tonic, proceeds to the dominant with its major accord, returns to the tonic, from which it progresses to the tone of the sub-median with the major harmony of the sub-dominant, or (3) to the sub-median with its minor accord. The harmony of this peculiar note is most frequently accompanied by the major accord of the sub-dominant. (4) The conclusion of the air is generally a repetition of the first part with slight variations. If this be applied to the celebrated marches we have spoken of, we can readily detect the Celtic color. Even in such simple melodies as "The Wearing of the Green" or the "Coolin," it may be observed. It is always the same and constitutes the warp and the woof of all Celtic melodies.

Of all the peoples who comprise the great British Empire, the Celtic race alone possesses a national music, and just as the ponderous and well-ordered harmony of the Teutonic race re-

presents the strength and efficiency of that people, so the music of the Irish people affords us one of the most unerring criterions by which to judge the natural temperament as well as the national civilization of Erin. Mechanism and scientific technique have taken the place of the more thoughtful and more soulful work in music to-day. The stilted artificiality of our civilization is revealed in the grotesque mannerisms of our modern "schools" of painting, sculpture, literature and music. Intellectual and material values alone are recognized. Individuality and originality of conception or design are outside the "Pale" of modern and systematized art. Hence the finer instincts of the soul and heart are either forgotten, or remain unsung, as being unworthy of our present form of muscular Christianity. In fact, modern counterpoint has become an exact science. Like evolution, hermeneutics and war, it can be expressed by a formula. It is suggestive of system, of strength and of order. When applied to the larger works at the hands of representative authors, you unconsciously hear the heavy footfalls of armed battalions and the grey ghosts of Germany; *blut und eisen* rise up before you. The music of the modern world is the speech, the articulate soul of modern civilization. The old Celtic music with its halting, sobbing cadences, its lift and its lilt and queer and varied repetitions speaks of a wholesome, though less ordered, civilization, for it talks heart to heart of the suffering and the poor, of respect for men and chivalrous regard for women, of the daisy destroyed by the ruthless plough, of the dew on the heather and the patches of cloud curling over the backs of the sheep, in the nooks of the mountain, of the little things of soul and nature, which after all are the big things of God. When music ceases to be the voice of nature and the interpreter of the language of the heart, its harmony is gone forever.

Mater Admirabilis

BY S. M. L.

Mother!—Jesu's Mother!—
Who but thou couldst keep
By Thy Son in anguish
Deep as love is deep?
Mary!—Wondrous Mary!—
Plunged in Sorrow's Sea,
Who could stand by Jesus
Mother dear, like thee?

Wondrous in thy Birthright
Garden all enclosed—
Temple full of Wonders
Where our God reposed—
When did Jesus find thee
Wondrous past compare
If not when He saw thee
Come His Pain to share?

Share? Yes! In the garden
Neath deep waters' flood,
All the Sweat which dewed Him
Came from thy dear blood!
And when standing by Him,
Lo! a Pain Divine
Poured upon thee, Mother,
Given thee as thine!

Thine! The Rosy Payment
For thy Spotless Birth!
Count It—count It—Mary,
As It drops to earth!
Wondrous Mother—Blood-bought!—
Count those God-Prized Gains—
Gather Them from Jesu's
Love-rent, Pain-rent, Veins.

Gather Them and count Them
And then—still remain
Where His Eyes can find thee
Till Their Sight shall wane—
Mists of death shall cloud thee
From that Thirsting Gaze—
Yet He knows His Mother,
Standing by Him stays!

Let me come beside thee,
Queen of Wondrous Love;
Let me feel Those Life-Drops
From the Cross above!
Thine They are, O Mother,
Thine to give to me!—
Pour Them on me, Mother—
Jesu's Blood from thee.

He has bought me, Mother,
His and thine to be;
He has giv'n me to thee,
Given thee to me!
Neath His Cross, then, Mother,
May we meet, and stay—
Wondrous Mother! hold me
Standing there alway!

Hilaire Belloc

BY HENRY SOMERVILLE.

NO one who writes about Mr. Belloc is able to refrain from quoting Mr. G. K. Chesterton's lines:

Mr. Hilaire Belloc
Is a case for legislation ad hoc.
He seems to think nobody minds
His books being all of different kinds.

Mr. Belloc is a historian, a novelist, a poet, an essayist, a military expert, a journalist, a traveller, a philosopher, an ex-member of Parliament, and a few other things besides. In this article I shall deal not with any of these particular roles, but with his general teaching, his influence on the life and thought of his day. For there can be no question of the fact that Mr. Belloc has been one of the most influential of recent English writers. A dozen years ago it was a commonplace among literary critics to refer to Mr. Belloc as one of the most brilliant and promising of contemporary writers. Many expected him to make a really great name in English literature. During the last dozen years Mr. Belloc has done much valuable and successful work; he has produced a multitude of books, but he has barely maintained his literary reputation without advancing it. He is now 47 years old. He published his study of Danton when he was only 27, and he has never done any better work since then. His most beautiful essays and verses were written before he left the *Morning Post* in 1910. It was in that year he retired from Parliament and sacrificed all chances of a political "career," in the sense of progress towards office, that many people expected for him. But though he left Parliament, and cut himself off from all parties in 1910, it is since that year that his work and influence

have been most purely political. Mr. G. K. Chesterton, speaking of Mr. Belloc's later period, has said of him:

"He may be said without exaggeration to have worked three revolutions: the first in all that was represented by the Eyewitness, now the New Witness, the repudiation of both parliamentary parties for common and detailed corrupt practices; second, the alarm against the huge and silent approach of the Servile State, using Socialists and anti-Socialists alike as its tools; and third, his recent campaign of public education in military affairs."

To understand Mr. Belloc's work it is necessary to know something of the intellectual history of England during the last two decades. Before the Boer War, and during that war, the ideals most in fashion were those of Imperialism, and Rudyard Kipling was their prophet. In reaction against the dominant Imperialist school there was at all times, and especially during the Boer War, a group of anti-Imperialists who were called derisively, Little Englanders and pro-Boers. Mr. Belloc (and Mr. Chesterton) belonged to this little, unpopular group. The Boer War proved in its final outcome destructive of the prestige of Imperialism, and the next intellectual movement that came into favour was a kind of Social Radicalism. It was indeed, for the most part, a movement of Socialism. This movement had its good qualities, and it had, of course, its dangers. In the 1906 general election the Liberals swept the country, but their phenomenal successes were less striking than the birth of the Labour Party at that election, sending forty members to the House of Commons.

Socialism became the great theme of debate among the "intellectuals" all over the country. It must be remembered that intellectuals are not confined to one class of society. They are found amongst manual workers, amongst the middle classes and even amongst the rich! To meet the radical advance the conservative forces established anti-Socialist organizations of various kinds, with unlimited financial backing, in order to stop the flow of adherents amongst the working classes to the Red Flag. These organizations were utter

failures. They served only to discredit conservatism and to advertise Socialism. The promoters of these organizations did not know the working classes. They thought that any working-class movement was simply a mob movement to be influenced only by the methods of appeal used for winning elections. The result was that anti-Socialist speakers became objects of popular derision. The campaign against Socialism amongst the more educated classes was scarcely any better. The Socialists seemed to have overwhelming literary and intellectual superiority. Mr. Bernard Shaw crossed swords with Mr. W. H. Mallock. Mr. Mallock was the most redoubtable champion of Capitalism against Socialism that could be found, but he was an infant in debate with Mr. Shaw. The Socialists appeared to have on their side all the clever young men in the country—all but two, and these were Mr. G. K. Chesterton and Mr. Belloc. Both, I believe, had been Socialists in their youth. They had opposed the Imperialistic school, and though they were not Socialists, they belonged to the radical movement, inasmuch as they assailed the existing system of Capitalism as fiercely as did any Socialist. They had an understanding of Socialism that very few of its opponents possessed. They also understood the state of mind that inclined men to become Socialists. The very fact that two such men, so brilliant, so radical, so independent, were against Socialism, was in itself a most powerful check on the tendency amongst all enthusiastic young men to become Socialist. The tendency was strong among Catholic youth as well as others, and Catholic anti-Socialist writings were for the most part as ineffective as other anti-Socialist writings. Belloc and Chesterton were the only two popular writers whose arguments against Socialism did not seem inane. And it is no depreciation of the genius of Mr. Chesterton to say that all the essential arguments used by him were derived from Mr. Belloc. So much alike were the two men in their philosophy, that their very names were hardly ever spelled separately. One spoke of the 'Belloc-Chesterton' or the "Chester-Bellocian" school as something as distinctive as Fabianism. The influ-

ence that Chester-Bellocism attained, especially among the Catholic younger generation, was something amounting to a mania. Belloc's word on any subject had more than papal infallibility. Among undergraduates at the universities, priests fresh from the seminaries, and intellectual young men of the working class, Belloc was idolized. His prestige came largely from his aggressiveness. He associated with the very advanced circles in literature and politics, circles which were largely non-Christian as well as non-Catholic. In these circles it was the fashion to speak of religious orthodoxy, and every other kind of orthodoxy, with superior disdain. "Modern thought," "modern science," and similar phrases were the catchwords of this school. Everything that was ancient was out of date; and every idea that was worth having was something that was new and heterodox and unfamiliar. Belloc came forward and attacked the modernistic school with their chief weapon, which was satire. He poured ridicule on the pretensions of the modernists. Instead of paying tribute to their intellectuality, he talked as if he held their scholarship and mental equipment as immeasurably inferior to his own. He praised the greatness of the past and made fun of the littleness of the present with a torrential vigour that was irresistible. The defence of religion is called "apologetic" and it is usually apologetic in two senses. Belloc's methods were a novelty in a defender of religious orthodoxy. We might say he did not condescend to defend religion, but he charged into the ranks of its opponents and knocked them down right and left. He acted on the military maxim that to attack is the best way to defend. The element of surprise in Belloc's methods made them an extraordinary success. I am sure he stopped thousands of young men from being enticed into the rationalistic schools by the pretensions of superior intellectuality. His blows against Socialism had literally a smashing effect. I think the number of Socialists in England would be double what they are now had it not been for Mr. Belloc. His main argument against Socialism was one that was, I believe, entirely original: that the measures relied on to

bring about Socialism were actually producing, and must necessarily produce, not Socialism, but a Servile State. Great numbers of Socialists have been forced to admit that Mr. Belloc's argument is unanswerable, and these Socialists have accordingly given up Socialism. They have then usually become Syndicalists, which is not an improvement; but the work of Mr. Belloc is none the less striking.

So far I have referred only to the incontestably good work done by Mr. Belloc. His influence for good has been enormous; yet there are many views which Mr. Belloc has propagated from which I must differ. His attacks on what he calls the "Party System," in England, and on the present tendencies of social reform legislation, seem to me to contain much that is right, but also much that is wrong. Mr. Belloc once spoke of England as "the country to which I owe the greater part of my blood and the whole of my allegiance." Nevertheless, I think Mr. Belloc has a very non-English mind, and he does not understand the English people. Mr. Belloc is French, or rather, Gallic. He takes a French view of everything. He cannot believe that a thing which has not been successful in France can be desirable in England. He prefers French vices, like absolutism and revolutionism, to English virtues. His Gallic prejudices have led him to take the most fantastic views of historical questions, such as the policy of Louis XIV., the French Revolution, and the Napoleonic wars. There is one work in particular of Mr. Belloc's that is simply an outrage. I mean his "continuation" of John Lingard's History of England. It was, I suppose, a publisher with an eye to the American market who hit upon the idea of bringing out a Belloc edition of Lingard. A classic Catholic history with an anti-English concluding volume might be expected to be a good "seller" in certain Catholic circles in the United States. The work is monstrous. The mildest thing that can be said about it is what an English historian of distinction once said to me, that the Lingard-Belloc combination was simply Dignity and Impudence. I have spoken of the aggressiveness and self-assurance that mark Belloc's style, and that made his work

against Rationalism and Socialism so effective. He carries the air of omniscience and infallibility into nearly all his work, and the very qualities that have made him so successful in some of his writings have made him merely an irritant in others. Of course an irritant has its uses, and few things written by Belloc are wanting in stimulus and suggestion.

Mr. Belloc has done a great work in his day for the Faith and also for England. He has helped, more than most writers, to make England understand the evil spirit in Prussianism, and he has helped to strengthen in England the needed sense of Europeanism that is always in danger of being numbed by the influences of insularity and imperialism. That Mr. Belloc will continue to do useful work is a surety. But as I said in the earlier part of this article, he does not now promise to do the great work that was once expected of him. He has become a journalist, writing by the day and for the day only. He has given himself to lesser things, and he has indulged too unrestrainedly in private whims and personal bitternesses. His work lacks the loftiness of aim and worthiness of subject which is needed for greatness. Critics will always remark, with Mr. G. K. Chesterton, at Mr. Belloc's versatility, but I think of him as a writer whose great gifts have not been put to their best use.

“Catholic teachers who can inspire with an enthusiastic love of good reading the boys and girls entrusted to their care have probably won for them a blessing which, next to that of the Catholic Faith, will prove to the end of life their greatest comfort and safeguard.

Father Seraphim's Convert

BY MARY AGATHA GRAY.

FATHER Seraphim sat back in the great elbow chair before the big desk. He was very tired that night, for there was much sickness in St. Michael's parish and then there had been confessions after supper until nearly ten o'clock. He happened to be alone that night, for his confrère from the Monastery in the neighbouring town, who generally came to his assistance on Sundays and festivals, had failed to arrive. But as there was still a chance of his coming on the midnight train, Father Seraphim had decided to sit up, and had ordered Vincent off to bed when he came in from locking up the church. Then he had written letters until his eyes grew heavy with sleep and his pen made fantastic scrawlings over the paper. It was no use, he decided, and lowered the light, for he could not read either.

It was very quiet in the little rectory. A mouse scampered about behind the wainscotting, the church clock chimed eleven, and a stray footstep or two passed on the sidewalk under the windows. The study was severely plain. A few religious pictures hung against the dull yellow walls; the desk stood with one end between the windows and upon it, with its back to the wall, was a tall Crucifix of black oak with a white Figure carved out of some smooth, white wood that gleamed softly in the subdued light. Beside the cross was a telephone and the parish registers were piled up at the opposite end. Two sides of the room were lined with shelving in white pine, crammed with books—all kinds of books, history, science, law, theology, poetry, medicine, fiction, not at all arranged—or rather, arranged after a method of which Father Seraphim alone possessed the key. The floor had once been varnished. Now it was simply dingy, and a skimpy square of green car-

pet covered the exact centre of the room. This, as a concession to visitors, for it was the only carpet in the house and was treated with a kind of impatient reverence by Brother Vincent, who was companion and housekeeper to Father Seraphim. Presently the mouse grew bolder and ventured out upon the floor wherever the dim shadows gave her a sense of security, and the priest could not see her, she thought. He watched her, in fact, listlessly for a while; then he rose softly, reached for a trap under the desk and extracted the bait noiselessly with a humorous smile as he pictured Brother Vincent's perplexity on the morrow. Then he laid the little piece of cheese upon the edge of the green carpet and waited. The mouse had run back into her hole and it was several minutes before she came out again, shyly, creeping nearer and nearer to the tempting morsel that he had placed in her way. She began to nibble after a little while, tentatively at first, then more boldly as the priest kept still. He watched her from beneath half-closed eyelids until the roar and rumble of the night train made him sit up suddenly. The mouse ran away, leaving the rest of the cheese.

Father Seraphim turned up the light, straightened some papers on the desk and waited with a sense of unaccustomed excitement. He listened intently for the expected footsteps, but all was silent, though it seemed to him that someone passed on the other side of the street, but the sound was indistinct and he could not be sure about it. Silence again. The silence of midnight in a village. Then the door bell rang sharply. It was a little startling. Ten minutes had passed since the train had stopped; there had been no sound as of anyone approaching the house, no swing and clang of the iron fence gate, only the unheralded peal of the door bell. He drew his cloak round his shoulders and went to open the door.

"So you have come after all," he began. He drew back rather quickly. A breath of cold air chilled him. "Come in, come in, man," he said quickly, "the air is full of frost. You must be chilled to death."

He stood aside a little to permit the visitor to enter, but he

did not move; neither did he speak, although he turned his face a little so that the light from the hall fell upon it.

Father Seraphim stepped back a little. A sense that something was happening that he did not understand stole over him. Then it came to him that the priest was not the one he expected. "Oh!" he exclaimed. "I thought it would be Father John," he added.

The eyes of the stranger never left his face, but he neither spoke nor moved, although Father Seraphim was scarcely conscious of that till afterward. Then the telephone rang.

"Excuse me for a moment," said Father Seraphim, as he turned back to the desk. He was half asleep, he told himself; presently he would be able to gather up all those loose ends. But he had not yet adverted to the fact that not one word had been spoken by the visitor. As he took up the receiver the mouse ran out again, right across his foot this time, but he scarcely noticed it, and after a moment the street door slammed noisily. He experienced a sensation of relief. That at least was real, for it set his weary nerves a tingling. The telephone did not stop ringing for a moment or two and he made a special effort to collect himself, but it was a positive joy to hear a man's voice at the other end of the wire. It came to him murmurously, at first indistinctly, then more sharply and hurriedly, as though the speaker were impatient. He began to make out the message.

"Yes," he said. "By the hotel, did you say? Hullo!" he called, "I didn't get that. What? Below the station! Then it was not the 12.03 that I heard a few moments ago! Certainly, I heard it distinctly; it goes by at the end of this block. Right, I'll be down immediately. Stay! you might send your car down the road to meet me. Time is everything. Yes, yes! I'll start right away. Good-bye!"

He turned from the telephone. "Urgent sick call, Father," he said, turning toward the door where his visitor ought to have been. "I'll go at once, of course."

The light in the hall had gone out. He felt for the switch with a momentary irritation against himself for having shut

it off. Evidently the strange priest was waiting outside, for there was no one in the hall, and with an apology on his lips he opened the door again. A thin coating of snow covered the step and the narrow paved pathway that led to the gate. He saw that the latter was closed and that no one was there. Stranger still, there were no foot-prints either upon the step or the path. For a moment he wondered if he had dreamed it all. Then, as he recalled the features of the stranger's face, recalled the fact that he had not spoken, a dim memory came to him out of a distant past and **he knew** and turned again, and hurried into the church for the Blessed Sacrament and the holy oils, knowing that somewhere among the burning wreckage of the night express were souls who needed his ministrations ere they went to God.

He left the church quickly after that and found the doctor's car already waiting for him. Ten minutes later he was at work climbing over burning timbers, groping by the light of a lantern among the shadows, following up the groans of anguish that went forth into the night from dark places, and all the while the snow was falling, falling, as though merciful Heaven was fain to throw a veil over the horrors of the scenes. A smothered cry came to him from among the blackness of some charred timbers. They hissed still as the snow settled upon them although the flames had already been beaten out of them. He crept about carefully, speaking words of cheer, although he could see nothing. Presently one of the men brought a lantern and by its aid he could make out the form of a man pinned beneath the iron truck of a coach that had fallen upon a twisted and bent rail. There was no hope; even the man with the lantern saw that at once and set it down and turned away that the priest might kneel beside the still form and speak the words that meant more than life itself to the parting soul. Once he opened his eyes and a thrill of anguish caught the priest's voice, but there was no time and he went on doggedly, determinedly, until all was done. There were a few moments then of comparative ease, but he knelt on, praying, encouraging, giving with lavish hand from the treasures of the Church while

yet the soul might benefit and all the time he knew by the look of those eyes that had already caught the dawn light of another life that all was well. His own voice scarcely faltered even though his lips burned to break through the reserve he had imposed upon them, and make himself known.

Doctor Greene came and knelt beside him for a moment. Then he rose and whispered to the priest: "Father John was on the train. He's working like a beaver. You will stay here until the end, will you not?" He marvelled for a moment at the depth of sympathy in Father Seraphim's eyes; it was as though he had come across his first scene of woe and suffering.

"Our friend is just beginning to be old," he told one of his friends whom he happened to meet just then. He was another doctor—a young man.

"Father Seraphim old! He's good for thirty years yet," was the astonished reply.

"So should I have said yesterday," rejoined Doctor Greene. "He has aged overnight."

The young man laughed nervously. "He's tired. That's all," he asserted confidently. "He's been hard at it all day, and to-morrow's All Saints, you know."

"So it is not. To-day is All Saints, my friend, and the man he is watching may be with the saints to-day, if there really are such very unpractical persons."

He turned away again. All the wounded had been cared for. There had not been many passengers on the 12.03 and the greater number of them had escaped with a good fright. The worst case of all was that of the man who lay pinned beneath the wreck. It was impossible to release him until help came and then—well death would have delivered him long before that question arose.

Father Seraphim knelt on in the snow. He saw very little of the horror for the darkness covered it as with a cloak, but his mind harked back to the days of his boyhood—to the mother who had given him so lovingly and cheerfully to God in his early youth, to the young brothers and sisters who had gone their ways to heaven in the days of their innocence, to his

Carmelite sister whose face he had not seen for long years past, who prayed for her brothers in the seclusion of her monastery, to the Benjamin of the family whom he had last seen still a young boy, at his own ordination, in the first days of their great sorrow for the mother who had not lived to see that great day. He could see Francis even yet as he knelt the first of all for the blessing of the new priest, who had served his first Mass on the following morning. Then had followed the long years on the China mission, years full of activities that had been cheered by the letters of Sister Anne and Francis, by the unfolding of the boy's vocation until he, too, wrote to tell how he had taken the habit, and made his vows, and been ordained to the altar. How they had longed to meet, those two brothers, priests of God as they were, as well as brothers in religion. The call of China had echoed in the ears of Father Francis as it had done long ago in his own, and now another call had come to him. They had met at last, but the younger priest had not known him and he would not disturb the dying soul that was in such peace—not even for this.

The night crept away steadily. The snow ceased before dawn. Presently there came a long, low glimmer in the east and then a trembling flush stole upward and the snow began to melt. The dying man opened his eyes once more. "Mother!" he said, and smiled, and seemed to listen. Then a ripple of gladness trembled upon his lips and dwelt for a moment's space in the dark eyes that turned to his brother: "Seraphim," he murmured, "Come soon," he added, and then the light failed again, the dawn grew dim and grey, and the rain began to fall upon them. But neither of them felt it, for the soul of Father Francis had swept boldly to the very gates of Paradise and Father Seraphim had followed after and dwelt there with him for a brief space.

It was three weeks afterward that he told Doctor Greene the strange story of that evening and when he had finished the doctor tipped back his chair and balanced himself for a few moments without speaking.

"Then you knew what you would likely meet, and went on administering to everyone that came. How did you do it?"

"They were all in need, some of them far more so than Father Francis. Besides, I did not find him just at first."

"Yes, but—"

Father Seraphim smiled: "He that loveth father or mother better than Me is not worthy of Me," he quoted.

Dr. Greene nodded silently. After a little while he spoke again: "In a little while you would persuade me to become—a priest," he said.

"You march too quickly, Doctor. First you must become a Catholic."

"Oh, that as a preliminary, of course!" he replied.

Father Seraphim was struck by something in his voice that belied the lightness of his manner. "My dear fellow, you don't say!" he cried brokenly.

"There's no getting away from it, Father. Ever since that night I've known my finish."

Father Seraphim stood up slowly: "Come into the church," he said gently, "there are some things a man thanks God for better on his knees."

The Banquet of the Lilies

By S. M. I. J.

At dawn the gentle breezes blow
Swaying the Easter censors
Lilies white as snow,
That bloom in the Sacred footprints
Where the risen Christ doth go.
At dawn, all crimsoned in the glow
Of those Wounds now glorified
E'en as long ago,
Towards the banquet of the Lilies
The risen Christ doth go!
Swaying the Easter censors

Counterpoise

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

O pallid blue of yon ethereal sky,
 O gold of sunset swiftly drawing near,
 How soft ye meet and blend! The atmosphere
Still bids your sweet opposing tints allay
To create emerald. So pure and high
 The delicate new tone, so elfin-clear—
 From both resultant—that we strain to hear
Its colour-music. Painters who desecry

Its fair gradations, muse in wonderment.
 So, love, Thy soul with silent spirit-touch
Re-acts on mine. Thy golden, calm content
 Sooths its low stir, a-quiver overmuch.
'Tis warmth and light! As though some fire-bird flew
Into its depths of meditative blue.



THE REV. J. B. DOLLARD, LITT.D.

New Book by Father Dollard

"Irish Lyrics and Ballads" Reviewed

BY THE REV. D. A. CASEY.

THE Rev. Dr. Dollard's latest volume of verse, "Irish Lyrics and Ballads," is worthy a prominent place on the shelves of all lovers of genuine poesy. To the Catholic—and especially to the Irish Catholic—it makes an especial appeal.

To review the work of a real poet is always a pleasure. But the difficulty in this case is to find anything to say that has not already been beautifully said by abler critics. For Father Dollard is no new discovery. His place among the poets of the day has long been secure, nor is his fame confined to this Dominion or continent. Wherever the English language is spoken, there the genius of Canada's poet-priest is known and admired. We who are akin to him in faith may justly feel proud of the fame he has achieved. During recent years the Dominion has witnessed the growth of a school of poetry all its own. There are men and women writing verse in Canada to-day who would do honor to any country. It is, perhaps, the highest compliment that can be paid to Father Dollard's talent to be able to say that among such a brilliant galaxy he is easily the first. And when we remember that even in the world of letters there is more or less prejudice against the work of a Catholic priest, it will readily be seen that this is no empty title. And fame has come to him unsought. It is doubtful if there is in the literary field to-day an author who so shuns the white light of publicity. He has coveted no distinctions; he has sought no honors. Honor and distinction have come to him, but yet he gives himself no airs. All too generous where the work of others is concerned, he is his own severest critic. This besides being the hallmark of true genius, is responsible for the uniform excellence of the volume under review.

Although Canada may justly pride itself on being able to claim for its own, the reverend author of "Irish Lyrics and Ballads," yet it cannot argue an exclusive claim to its premier poet. Irish born and Irish bred, the little isle over the sea of which he loves to sing, disputes Canada's claim. And although the Dominion has not a more loyal son, yet is the fair land of his birth not forgotten. In fancy he still treads its emerald sward; listens to the crooning of its silver streams; hears the strains of fairy music stealing from its enchanted raths, and holds converse with the heroes, legendary and otherwise, of the forgotten centuries. Were Father Dollard not a son of old Kilkenny he might have been a poet—but such a poet, no. On opening the pages of this volume the reader hears the sighing of the winds among the heather clad hills of Ireland and the breaking of the waves upon its rock-bound shores; he sees the fair plains of Munster and the barren stretches of "the Connacht Shore"; he holds converse with the ghosts of the historic past and exults in the glory that once was Eire's; he weeps over "what might have been" the while he rejoices in the beauty and charm that still characterizes the home life of the Gael. Father Dollard's book is "kindly Irish of the Irish." Within its covers are blended "the smile and the tear" of which another Irish poet sings. The author knows his theme, and so it is the genuine Ireland of generous hearts and strong faith, of unnumbered sorrows and of many joys—the Ireland of that peculiar charm that appeals even to its enemies, that he portrays.

"Irish Lyrics and Ballads" is divided into four sections. The first section is entitled "The Horns of Elfland," and as its name implies, treats of the Ireland of the fairies and banshees, and the atmosphere of strange enchantment that still clings to the hills and glens of this mystic land. Ten poems are included in this section. The reader will regret that there are not many more, for although other Irish poets are more or less successful in trailing leprechauns, only Father Dollard can catch up with them. One of the best poems in the volume, "The Fairy Anvils," which first appeared in "The

Canadian Freeman," will be found here. Of this poetic gem Joyce Kilmer wrote in "The Literary Digest": "Here is some genuine Celtic magic—a beautiful blend of melody and fancy. It should be set to music—the words almost carry a tune with them—and sung by John McCormack." We quote it in full:

The Silver Anvils.

There was a rath I used to love, in Ireland long ago,
An ancient dun in which they dwelt—the Fairy Folk, you know.
All belted round with hawthorn was this Rath of Closharink,
And one could hear, when straying near, their silver anvils
clink!

O clink, clang, clink—hear the fairy hammers go;
Clink, clank, clink, in their caves of gold below!
What were they a-forging in the dun of Closharink
Upon their silver anvils tapping—clink, clank, clink?

When all the thorn was blossomed white and yellow was the
furze,
You'd hear them in the noonday hush when ne'er a linnet stirs;
You'd hear them in the evening when the sun began to sink
And purple glory flushed the hills that smiled on Closharink.

O, cling, clank, clink, hear the fairy hammers sound—
Clink, clank, clink, in their forges underground;
What were they a-patterning, the Sidhe of Closharink,
With all their silver anvils sounding—clink, clank, clink?

What were they a-fashioning—a crown for great Queen Mave;
A helmet for Cuchulain, or a shield for Lugh the Brave;
A scabbard for the Sword of Light that flames on danger's
brink,
A jewelled torque for Angus, who is king at Closharink?

Clink, clank, clink, like a harp note, sweet and low,
 Clink, clank, clink, and a big moon climbing slow!
 Though youth is far from me to-night, and far is Closharink,
 My senses thrill to hear it still, that clink, clank, clink!

The same indescribable spell of the Unseen that is so tangible in Ireland finds voice in "The Fairy Harpers," the pathetic and realistic "Ballad of the Banshee," "At Dead o' the Night, Alanna," "The Fairy Piper," etc. Of "The Passing of the Sidhe" the late Canon Sheehan wrote: "It thrills me through and through when all modern verse leaves me cold and unmoved." "This weird and fascinating poem," writes Dean Harris, "fills the glens with the plaintive moanings of the spirits of the air, lamenting the death of the old beliefs in the Sidhe and the gradual decay in the minds of the peasantry of the existence of fairies and the good people." The poet describes the fairy-army leaving for ever in sadness their ancient and beloved haunts.

The Passing of Sidhe.

There is weeping on Cnoc-Aulin and on hoary Slieve-na-mon,
 There's a weary wind careering over haggard Knocknaree;
 By the broken mound of Allen
 Sad as death the voices calling,
 Calling ever, wailing ever for the passing of the Shee!

Where the hunting call of Ossian waked the woods of Glen-na
 mar,
 Where the Fianna's hoarse cheering silenced noisy Assaroe,
 Like the homing swallows meeting,
 Like a beaten host retreating,
 Hear them sobbing as they hurry from the hills they used to
 know!

There's a haunted hazel standing on a grim and gloomy scaur,
 Tossing ceaselessly its branches, like a keener o'er the dead;
 Deep around it press the masses
 Of the Sluag-shee that passes
 To the moan of fairy music timing well their muffled tread!

Came a wail of mortal anguish o'er the night-enshrouded sea,
Sudden death o'er-took the aged, while the infant cried in fear;
 And the dreamers on their pillows
 Heard the beat of bursting billows,
And the rumble and the rhythm of an army passing near!

They have left the unbelieving, past and gone their gentle sway,
Lonely now the rath enchanted, eerie glen and wild crannoge,
 But the sad wind, unforgetting,
 Calls them back with poignant fretting,
Snatching songs of elfin sorrow from the streams of Tir-na-nog!

In the twenty-two poems that constitute the second section, "In the Shadowy Glens," the poet's theme is the Ireland of to-day—the Ireland that, even though it no longer believes in the "good people," still is so closely bound up with the supernatural that, as Sir Horace Plunkett, chairman of the present Irish Home Rule Convention, once wrote. "its centre of gravity is in another world." Here the author endeavors to portray that strange charm of Ireland and the Irish before which even the bitter enemies of Ireland capitulate.

The opening poem, "The Song of the Little Villages," has been rated by such an authority as Joyce Kilmer the best modern poem of topographical allusion. The spell of the Irish landscape is vibrant in every line.

"The dreamy little villages, where by the fire at night,
Old Shanachies with ghostly tale the boldest hearts affright;
The crooning of the wind-blast is the wailing Banshee's cry.
And when the silver hazels stir they say the fairies sigh.
Kilfenora, Kilfinnane, Kinnity, Killylea,
Kilmoganny, Kiltamagh, Kilronan and Kilree,
Killashandra, Kilmacow, Killiney, Killashee,
Killenaule, Killmyshall, Killorglin and Killeagh.

Leave the little villages, o'er the black seas go,
 Learn the stranger's welcome, learn the exile's woe,
 Leave the little villages, but think not to forget;
 Afar they'll rise before your eyes to rack your bosoms yet.
 Moneymore, Moneygall, Monivea and Moyne,
 Mullinahone, Mullinavatt, Mullagh and Mooncoin,
 Shanagolden, Shanballymore, Stranorlar and Slane,
 Toberaheena Toomyvara, Tempo and Strabane.

In many of the poems in this section the call of Caitlin-ni-Houlihan to her scattered children—the exile's yearning for the old home places, is voiced with pathetic realism. The heart hunger of the Gael has ever been an inspiration to the Irish poet, but not even the Saint of Iona gives more moving expression for that longing than does Father Dollard. Ever is he "longing to be home, in the County of Kilkenny—in Moon-dharrig by the Suir." And when at last the fates prove kind and he re-visits the scenes of his youth.

"The olden place is there, and stand the mystic hills around;
 But all seems gray and ghostly, for no more
 The comrades of my youthful days I see—
 They all have fled and I am left alone."

"Maurya Bawn," which describes a scene all too common in the Ireland of the eighties—an eviction, is haunting in its realism:

"Wake up, wake up, alanna,
 Maurya Bawn, Maurya Bawn!
 (Hush! do not weep, mo creevin', in the dawn!)
 Your father must be goin' from the place he called his own,
 For the landlord wants the holdin', Maurya Bawn!"

Father and daughter, driven forth "to beg the world on the stony roads of sorrow," thank God that the mother's dead and buried.

"God's Holy Hand is in it—sure the home she has this minnit
 Ne'er a landlord can be stealin', Maurya Bawn."

In this our day statesmen profess interest in "the little peoples—at least with their lips. Copious tears are shed over the sufferings of Belgian, Serbian and other refugees. But when the children of the Gael were scattered to the four winds of the world it was different. And yet, some people wonder that Irishmen find it hard to forget!

So fickle is the public's fancy that we seldom or ever hear these days that horrible monstrosity, "It's a long way to Tipperary," that was so popular in the early days of the war. It is devoutly to be hoped that it is dead and buried under the Flanders' mud. How differently an Irishman and a real poet writes of the Premier County is evidenced by the majestic lines on "Tipperary" (as William Butler Yeats would write it) in this volume. It impresses itself upon the memory as the swelling notes of a master organist fills the empty spaces of some vast cathedral.

Father Dollard has absolutely no use for vers libre or the new school of poetry. And yet "Orange and Green," the one specimen of this "free verse" included in his present book, is real poetry—which proves that even vers libre in the hands of an artist may be turned into something really artistic.

The third section of "Irish Lyrics and Ballads" is entitled "The Ancient Celtic Glamour," and herein the poet sings of the Red Branch Knights, the Cuchulain Saga, of Fin and Ossian, of Tara, Emania and Cashel of the Kings, and of the immemorial legends handed down by Bards and Seanachies of Ireland's heroes and historic places. Father Dollard is at his best in writing of such themes as these. The reader is steeped in the glamour of ancient Ireland, legendary and historic. Cuchulain walks again the land of Eire; King Conor holds court in royal Emania; the Vikings cleave the seven seas in search of new lands to conquer, Brian faces their mailed might at Clontarf and sweeps them from the sacred soil they coveted. To have written "The Vikings" alone would be sufficient to set the seal of genius upon the brow of Dr. Dollard. "In swinging stanzas vibrant with the rush of mighty seas," to quote Lindsay Crawford's review in the Toronto "Globe," the author visualizes

for us the gathering of the mighty armada that was to bring Ireland under subjection; the pitting of Christianity against Paganism on the fateful field of Clontarf, and the glorious victory of Brian's valiant forces achieved, alas, at such a terrible price. "Cnoc-an-ar" (The Hill of Slaughter) is another splendid poem that sings itself into the memory. "The Coming of Lugh" and "The Death of Cuchulain" are two long poems of high excellence. It would be impossible to praise too highly such perfect word painting as this from "The Hill of Allen":

"Then rose the moon, large, broad, and round, like Finn's
emblazoned shield,
Wheeling its mournful course across the sky,
And through the mists an hundred little lakes
Flamed up like crucibles of molten gold."

Dr. Dollard is a past master of the art of sonnet writing. Seven typical examples conclude this remarkable book.

The reading of "Irish Lyrics and Ballads" but whets our appetite for more of this gifted author's work. We believe that Father Dollard contemplates publishing two further volumes in the near future. We hope that the reception accorded "Irish Lyrics and Ballads" will be such as to hasten the appearance of its successors. Especially do we urge his fellow-Catholics to procure Dr. Dollard's book. We have not so many writers of our very own that we cannot afford to patronize them. And in Dr. Dollard we have a writer in whom we may justly take pride.

"Irish Lyrics and Ballads" is published by McClelland, Goodechild and Stewart, Toronto, Price \$1.35, and is for sale at all the city book-stores.

An Effect of the War

The English National Character

BY THE REV. M. J. RYAN, D.D., PH.D.

MANY people are busy speculating upon the moral and social results or consequences of this war, and concerning the state of things that will prevail after it. Prediction is a thing in which a wise man is not apt to indulge; the forces and circumstances at any particular time are too complex for analysis, and therefore the premises for a deduction are incomplete. But in some cases we can at least foresee that things will be in many respects very different from what they have been, and that character, which consists of habits, will change with the circumstances.

The Scottish philosopher, Hume, in an essay upon national character, remarks that it is only uneducated men who judge every individual by a supposed national type and think that he corresponds to it, but that at the same time it is true that some particular qualities are more frequently found among one people than another: "We have reason to expect greater wit and gaiety in a Frenchman than in a Spaniard, though Cervantes was born in Spain; and an Englishman will naturally be supposed to have more knowledge than a Dane, though Tycho Brahe was a native of Denmark."

He observes that "we often may remark a wonderful mixture of manners and characters in the same nation, speaking the same language and subject to the same government; and in this particular the English are the most remarkable of any people perhaps that ever were in the world. Nor is this to be ascribed to the mutability and uncertainty of their climate, or to any other physical causes. Since all these causes take place in the neighbouring country of Scotland without having the same effect.

“Where the government of a nation is altogether republican, it is apt to beget a peculiar set of manners; where it is altogether monarchical it is more apt to have the same effect (the imitation of superiors spreading the national manners faster among the people). If it consists chiefly of nobles and landed gentry, like Germany and Spain, their uniform way of life will fix their character; if the governing part of the State consist altogether of merchants, as in Holland, the same effect follows. The genius of a particular religion or sect is also apt to mould the manners of a people. But the English Government is a mixture of monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy; the people in authority are composed both of gentry and of merchants;* all sects of religion are to be found among them. And the great liberty and indulgence which every man enjoys allows him to display the manners peculiar to him. Hence the English of any people in the universe have the least of a national character, unless this very singularity may pass for such.” Matthew Arnold points out that the English nation is also composed of Celt and Saxon and Norman-French. It is obvious that among such a people the system of party government (which, of course, has both advantages and disadvantages), may easily corrupt into mere contradiction and faction, and anti-patriotism professing to be cosmopolitan fair-play.

Burke, during the war of defence against revolutionary France, declared that Fox’s partiality for the enemy was such as it would be shameful for any educated man to feel for his own country: “It might be shameful for any man above the vulgar to show so blind a partiality even to his own country. Mr. Fox lamented all the defeats of the enemy; he rejoiced in all their victories, even when these victories threatened to overwhelm the continent of Europe, and by facilitating their means of penetrating into Holland, to bring this most dreadful of evils with irresistible force to the very doors, if not into the

*And now we have other classes, too, especially the lawyers and trade unions.

very heart, of our own country. If any of the Jacobin leaders are spoken of with hatred or scorn, he falls upon all who take that liberty with all the zeal and warmth with which men of honor defend their particular and bosom friends, when attacked. Had Mr. Fox been a minister and proceeded on the principles laid down by him, I believe there is little doubt he would have been considered as the most criminal statesman that ever lived in this country. I do not know why a statesman out of place is not to be judged in the same manner, unless we can excuse him by pleading in his favor a total indifference to principle, or that he would act and think in quite a different way if he were in office."

Coleridge, a little later, though he was then a Radical, remarked that there never yet was a war in which England was engaged but there was a party of Englishmen maintaining that their own government was in the wrong, and the enemy in the right, and he could not understand how it happened that the enemy was always in the right, never by any accident in the wrong, and their own government always in the wrong, never even by a blunder in the right. Burke, and Macaulay after him, observe that the great religious revolution of the sixteenth century and the great political revolution of the eighteenth century, completely extinguished all nationality and patriotism in a large number of the people in most countries. And Macaulay says in reference to the English Civil War, or sectarian fight, of the seventeenth century: "The effect of violent animosities between parties has always been an indifference to the general welfare and honor of the State. A politician, where factions run high, is interested not for the whole people, but for his own section of it. The strongest aversion which he can feel to any foreign power is the ardor of friendship when compared with the loathing which he entertains towards those domestic foes with whom he is cooped up within a narrow space, and with whom he lives in a constant interchange of petty insults and injuries. . . . We often see men do for their faction what they would die rather than do for themselves."

John Stuart Mill, a Liberal, a cosmopolite and a philosopher, more than half a century later confesses that the English were "more than any other people" addicted to the habit of being against the government, and of criticising and accusing it even of unfairness to foreigners. Herbert Spencer, likewise a Liberal, a cosmopolite, and a philosopher, warned them that if there is a bias of patriotism, there is also such a thing as "a bias of anti-patriotism." Mill observes that "in all questions between the government and an individual, the presumption in every Englishman's mind is that, the government is in the wrong." Every reader of this magazine is learned enough to recall how the English in the early reign of George III. made a hero of Wilkes when he was prosecuted, who used to laugh at them, and truly said that he himself never was a Wilkite, and how fifty years before, a Whig government, at the height of power, was ruined by prosecuting Sacheverell. Sir George Trevelyan, in his *Early History of Fox*, remarks concerning the case of Wilkes, that the English are "a people so contentious in their instincts that they will always take sides on every question from a European war to a trumped up case for an estate," and that "the number of those who espouse the cause of a litigant or a prisoner is determined not so much by the strength of his cause as by the length of time during which it has been before the public." In this he is alluding to the once famous claim of an Australian convict to the Tichborne estate, concerning which Professor Goldwin Smith used to say that, if a general election had taken place at that time, the English people would probably have turned it into a contest for and against the claimant. Trevelyan also says that the art in which an Englishman most covets to excel is that of arguing and debating. The great individuality and absence of nationality and unity in the English has both its advantages and its disadvantages. It is obvious that it has in many ways helped them to build up a great Confederation (called by some the Empire and by others now the Commonwealth) out of many nationalities. It may be

said with more truth of this Commonwealth than it was said of ancient Rome by the Egyptian poet:

Haec est in gremium victos quae sola recepit . . .
Matris non dominae ritu, civesque vocavit
Quos domuit, nexuque pio longinqua revinxit.
Hujus pacificis debemus moribus omnes
Quod veluti patriis oriis utitur hospes . . .
Quod cuncti gens una sumus.

—Claudian, in 2nd-Consulatum Stilichonis, 150.

On the other hand, the absence of national touchiness or sensibility has often been the cause that English statesmen have offended the national susceptibilities of other nations within the Empire without the slightest intention of doing so, or the slightest suspicion beforehand that their act was likely to offend.

Bishop Creighton in his *Life of Wolsey*, taught us that if two Englishmen are sent on a diplomatic mission together, one will be accusing the other of unfairness to the foreigner, and if the mission should fail, will report home that the foreigners were perfectly fair and friendly until they were driven unto hostility by his colleague's distrust of their friendship. This it is which blinds us to the aggressive designs of foreign countries so often.

Mill, who was long connected with the government of India, remarks another evil which arises from this inclination of the English to think the government always in the wrong. When the government of India or the Crown Colonies "erects bulwarks to protect the natives against the encroachments of the English settlers," the latter may appeal to the English at home and persuade them that the government is oppressive. How often has it happened, when an English government was trying to do justice to the native Irish against the Ascendancy, that some of the latter would rush over to England and persuade people there that the government was tyrannising over them. An Hungarian historian affirms that one of the causes of the American Secession from the British Empire was the

desire to get rid of the restraints which the British government placed upon the white men's aggressions upon the Red Indians.

Macaulay observes in his account of the prosecution of Lord Clive, a great, though by no means faultless statesman, that "he was above all hated by those wealthy and powerful servants of the E. I. Company whose rapacity and tyranny he had withstood. He had to bear the double odium of his bad and his good actions, of every Indian abuse and of every Indian reform. His enemies, especially the enemies of his virtues, were unscrupulous, ferocious, and implacable,"—and they set up for philanthropists, champions of the down-trodden Hindoo against him.

"What makes the matter worse," said Mill, "is that when the public mind is invoked—as the English mind, to its credit, is extremely open to be—in the name of justice and philanthropy in behalf of the subject community or race, there is the same probability of its missing the mark. For in the subject community also there are oppressors and oppressed; powerful individuals or classes, and slaves prostrate before them; and it is the former, not the latter, who have the means of access to the English public. A knot of privileged landholders who resent as a wrong any attempt to protect the masses from their extortion,—a tyrant or sensualist who has been deprived of the power which he had abused, and who is supported in as great wealth and splendor as he ever enjoyed—these have no difficulty in procuring interested or sentimental advocacy in the British parliament and press."

Assuredly this tendency to be always against the government, and to be in contradiction and contention with one another, a tendency which showed itself alarmingly in the new democracy in the ten years before the war, has been and will be greatly diminished by the present war. No politician of the importance of Fox, no man of any real importance, has taken the part of the enemy. The national unity has been knit together more than ever before. And the democracy has accepted the principle of universal military service, not in obedience

to a despotic government, not for the need of clearing its own soil from a foreign invader, but in order to fulfil in the spirit as well as the letter, every obligation of honor as well as of duty to allies and friends.

Mr. Arthur Guy Empey, an American who enlisted in the British army after the sinking of the *Lusitania*, gives us this assurance in his book, "Over The Top": "For all the suffering caused, this war is a blessing to England, for it has made new men of her sons, and has welded all classes into one glorious whole . . . The average English officer is a good sport, he will sit on a fire-step in a trench and listen respectfully to Private Jones' theory of the way the war should be conducted . . . This war has gradually crumbled the wall of caste. You would be convinced of that if you could see King George go among his men on an inspecting tour under fire, or pause before a little wooden cross in some shell-tossed field, with tears in his eyes as he reads the inscription; and a little later on, perhaps bend over a wounded man on a stretcher, patting him on the head. More than once in a hospital I have seen a titled lady as a Red Cross nurse fetching and carrying for a wounded soldier, perhaps the one who in civil life delivered the coal at her back door."

Together with this process, the democracy are trained by the law of service, which they have readily accepted, into the spirit of co-operation and agreement. At the same time the vast number of families who have now lent their savings to the State, and who have learned to save in order to be able to lend, will be attached to the State and the Constitution by a bond of self-interest which they never felt before.

The same causes are working to make the Welsh and Scottish grow more attached to the State, and more inclined to form with the English one British nation; a disposition which is powerfully stimulated by the elevation of Welshmen and Scottishmen to such high places in the Government and in the forces of the Crown.

There is another consideration. In former times the island was so long protected by the fleet from invasion that the

thought of war brought with it neither the memory of past invasion to make the islanders hate foreigners as the Continental Europeans hate one another, nor the fear of coming invasion which alone could unify a whole people and put a stop to party strife. No foreign army had occupied London or Edinburgh as French armies had Vienna and Berlin, and as Prussian and Austrian armies had occupied Paris in 1814 and the Germans in 1870. But now, since the coming of the air machines, this insular security no longer exists, and the invasions have been marked by atrocities upon non-combatants—upon women and children. Islanders are generally more benevolent towards foreigners, and more contentious with one another, than Continentals, for the foreigner is more remote from them, and distance lent enchantment to the view. The foreigner with the air machine is no longer more distant from the islander than from the Continental, and therefore he will be no longer the favourite object of “British fair-play.”

It is a part of wisdom for us to notice this phenomenon of unification, and to pay little attention to the despatches of newspaper correspondents, who are men of no very large mind or intelligence and who are inclined by their trade to manufacture “sensations” when they cannot find them, and to magnify every grumble of an Englishman into a reluctant confession of some appalling defect, or into the first sign of a revolutionary movement like that of the Russians.

Always have I loved the society of scholars. How great a treasure is science! It enlightens those who, like ourselves, know little. Guided by this light, and by the torch of the Holy Scriptures, we acquit ourselves of our duties with security.—St. Teresa.

* * * *

He who is weakened in well-doing by the ingratitude of others, is serving God on a salary basis.—W. G. Jordan.

Consider the Lilies

BY THE REV. HUGH F. BLUNT.

Yestere'en the thorny sheaf;
Yestere'en the pain, the grief;
Ah, but lilies in a night
Burst from swathèd bud to light.

Yestere'en the starless sky;
Yestere'en the heart-achè cry;
Yet the while the lilies dream,
Knowing suns again will beam.

Yestere'en the closèd grave;
Death the master, Life the slave;
But the risen lilies say,
God is not more weak than they.

Yestere'en the drooping head
Of a mother o'er her dead;
But with morn the Easter bloom—
Israel's Lily at His tomb.

Cometh soon the night to all,
Cross and death and sable pall.
Ah, but lilies, putting on
Fairer robes than Solomon,
Richer robe God keeps for me—
Christ's own immortality.

Where Light Meets Light

BY THE REV. C. C. KEHOE.

THE light that streams from the altitudes of the supernatural world has its own hues and produces color effects of its own, it is the light of another world and has no mysteries where it comes from for it is the light that God, His Angels and Beatified souls see by, it is transparent and natural to them; but it is all mystery to us and would seem weird and untrue to us if we had no faith. Living from childhood in the atmosphere of this wondrous light we are almost ignorant of what mere natural light is. It is not philosophy that presides over the budding mind of the Christian child, but revelation with its host of traditions and by this revelation momentous problems that are obscure and vexing even to sages, stand out clear and obvious to the Christian. The Spiritual world becomes more real than the material world around and the spirituality and immortality of the soul become like matters of consciousness. This rapturous second sight is neither lost nor dimmed as mental maturity advances. The many natural sciences unfold themselves over the same mental area where faith resides without offence or opposition and these two, the supernatural and natural knowledge, although coming from different and distant sources, live together in fullest accord and even in mutual illustration and support. It was the harmony of the natural and supernatural order that caused Tertullian in the second century when the world was still pagan, to declare that men are naturally Christians. He told the pagans that their false worships, their grotesque philosophies, their immoral myths and traditions, were the real intruders on the moral and mental world and not the new religion of the Christians. It is true that Christianity on its first introduction and when in sharp conflict with rank idolatry, broke many idols and some of priceless art,

yet it quickly acquiesced to save them and even to gather up the fragments when men pleaded for them not as gods, but as God-like productions of human genius. These old idols are still with us and the Vatican is filled with them. The images of Christ and His Saints mingle freely with them and seem to smile upon them—indeed the admiration is mutual. When we speak of the light of the natural world we indicate philosophy, law, physical science, art, literature, aesthetics, and every discipline useful and beautiful that the natural mind can develop from the resources of the merely natural order.

The Church and Renaissance.

The Church has had the great fortune besides conserving and carrying intact to succeeding ages the supernatural revelation of Christ, to preside over two great renaissances of human culture in which the glories of ancient Greece returned to cheer and civilize crude humanity; the first was when the early Greek Fathers revived the decaying schools of Athens, when Origen, the Gregories, Chrysostom, Theodoret, Basil and the host of other Catholic prelates of their times made the old Attic air of Athens grow as clear as ever and when even dull martial Romans were fascinated by the invitation of the muses producing such prismatic geniuses as St. Jerome, St. Augustine, St. Hilary and St. Ambrose. This glorious Christian renaissance that bid so fair to illuminate the world and civilize it in conjunction with youthful Christianity was stamped out in the West in blood and ashes by the Goths, the worshippers of Thor and Woden. The second renaissance was coeval with the Reformation, when after long, dreary ages of intellectual struggle and missionary labor the simple, crude nations of Europe acquired a taste for philosophy and art. Leo the Tenth, a son of Lorenzo the Magnificent, who presided over the new era in Florence, was declared a pagan by the gloomy, uncouth inhabitants of the north countries because he patronized the arts. Luther, whose fourth centenary we celebrated lately, but with subdued enthusiasm, however, was shocked, as he tells us, when he came to Rome with sullen, sneering face and greasy clothes

because churches and palaces were so grand and the Romans so cultured, and bed linens of the hospitals, as he remarks, so fine. He roused the stalwart Goths a second time and they became hostile to Rome. The Protestant Reformation was professedly a reaction of mere supernaturalism tearing away from all attachments of traditions and customs and following the difficult guide of the open Bible accordingly as every sad, fanatic, melancholy or rude mind interpreted it. The tearing and patching off the supernatural order was awful to contemplate, it is true, but the flaunting of nature in philosophy, science, art and general culture was no less horrifying. Luther in his own peculiar, rhetorical style, called the schools of philosophy harlotries of the devil.

The Gloom of the Reformation.

To catalogue a few of the natural truths that the Reformers trampled upon we should say first that the great benign Creator and conservator of the world was caricatured into a fierce Moloch of cruelty and brutality. God by the gloomy doctrine of predestination was made to doom to an eternal prison of fire before all consideration of demerit those whom He chose to hate; babies were burned and hell was paved with their little skulls. That prominent Atheist, Bog Ingersoll, who received such a sympathetic hearing from Christians in the last century, portrayed the Jehovah of the Scriptures as an infinite spider always spinning webs to catch the souls of men. Natural reason, however, convinces us from the mere aspect of this world that God is good, merciful and kind. Human free-will is also a natural truth and is the basis of all law and government, it is the necessary condition for all rewards and punishments, yet the reformers denied it totally, maintaining that every action we perform is a grievous sin, that we can do nothing but sin, that man's will is a slave and not free and as Luther said in his own way, a donkey that God rode one day and the devil rode the next. How sad, how depressing, how revolting to human reason! As a consequence of the denial of free-will was taught justification by faith alone, that good works were not required

and men were pleasing to Heaven by the enthusiasm of their faith. Foul, sinful lives were rendered wholesome by the mere condiment of faith. This was a horrible doctrine to redeem the world by. Faith in Christ, even though the rest of a man's moral conduct was as low as that of a pagan, rendered him perfect and acceptable. Good works, however, and decency of life, were required by all heathen philosophers worthy of the name, sceptics and sophists alone excepted. These horrible doctrines are rejected with shame by nearly all modern Protestants, if we except some taint of the doctrine of justification by faith only. We are told now that we can be justified, but not sanctified, without good works and even this is a great relief to our natural feelings. A preacher addressing troops in Toronto some months ago, who were about to depart for the front, offered them the consolation of certain salvation if they but kept their confidence in Christ firm, no matter what their faults otherwise might be. Another preacher severely censured him for giving such counsel to men who might go directly from haunts of sin to the trenches and to the other world. He thought that it would be better for them to think of reform of life.

Breaking Images.

There are few Protestants now who would break images of Christ and His Saints, who would, like John Knox, desecrate a sweet, appealing painting of the Madonna, and call it but a "pented bredd." The doctrine of images is the doctrine of human congruence, of human art and human sympathy; the image and the person represented are one; the person is absolute and the image is relative. The honor we owe the person whether divine or human is thrown around the statue or picture and to desecrate the representation is to offer insult to the principal. Men dared to violate the image of Christ, but they would not dare to offer insult to the image of their earthly king. The prostrate Crucifixes with broken limbs, the disfigured Madonnas and their dismantled shrines that appear now in war pictures horrify us all alike, and it is as though the last and supreme desecration of war had mounted as

high as Heaven itself to offer insult to the court of Divinity. Our minds and fancies are filled with images and we must worship God through them; our very brain is the first temple of images, and to destroy all images we should crush our own heads. Let us say in deference to all Christians at the present time that pictures like sweet visions from above are coming back to all churches and homes; they seem to get back first to the stained-glass windows as though pleading to come in and speak to our senses of the spiritual world. The Crucifix itself has reappeared in many non-Catholic churches with a lighted candle on the right and on the left—and the road-side Crucifix, too, has been brought by the soldiers from Belgium and France and set up again in England with public ceremony. Old niches that stood vacant for nearly four hundred years are tenanted again by the Madonna. Some stubborn ones may say how Catholic! but others just say how reasonable, how natural! Images and art are one and religious art has come back again to all churches with organ and surpliced choir, and churches are no longer bare, plain and hideous that God may be worshipped in spirit and truth.

From Supernatural to Natural.

This very truthful tendency to return docile again to the whisperings of nature and to the cravings of nature has its own extravagances and absurdities for it is easy for the pendulum to swing from grotesque supernaturalism to rank naturalism. A startling instance of this was exhibited some months ago in an Anglican Synod, when a member gravely rose and demanded recognition of the doctrine of prayers for the dead. The reason he gave was that men are crowding so fast into the other world from the battle fields that a new interest had been awakened in it and in them; that it was unnatural and heartless to dismiss them so summarily—that we should follow them with sympathy and assistance into the spirit land; we should appeal to the great Saviour of souls for the souls of our dear dead.

No old-fashioned appeal was made to Scripture, and, of course, not to Catholic Tradition to verify the doctrine as a doctrine of Christ, no reference was made at all to three centuries of censures and sneers against the Romish superstition of Purgatory and prayers for the dead.

Perhaps it is untruthful and offensive to say that they are imitating and borrowing Catholic doctrines; but at least it can be said that they are becoming truer to nature, that they are acknowledging tacitly that Catholics hold harmonious and consoling doctrines and that they are putting themselves right by the very wrong standard of natural reason. When two things agree the standard of agreement must be in one and not in both, so when natural reason agrees with Supernatural revelation the standard must be on the side of the Supernatural if the religion is to remain a supernatural religion; the test always must be what God revealed, not what the human mind demands. By this substitution of reason or sentiment as the rule of faith instead of the true rule of faith, which is the teaching of the living Church drawn from Scripture and Tradition, we can readily understand that sects may seem to approach very near to the doctrines of the Catholic Communion in many isolated instances, but in this affair it can be said as in all others that the nearest approach to truth is still a falsehood. Yet there is no denying the apology that many Catholic truths one time hotly disputed and denied, now receive from this new rule of human reasonableness and helpfulness.

Sacramental Confession.

It is frequently said now by many non-Catholics that if Christ had not instituted the Sacrament of Confession He should have done so for the human feature of it is so necessary that it is almost indispensable for strong, clean, morality. What could be more conducive to clear understanding of moral duty and the strengthening of the individual will to fulfill it than the unfolding of one's conscience to the inspection of a professional moralist? Who can express the evils of a pent-up conscience? We are impelled by the tortures of guilt to confess, to air our in-

ner selves and thus come to refreshment and peace. To confess to one more enlightened and stronger than ourselves and to have the aid of his mind and will added to our own should be the most valuable corrective conceivable for ignorance and weakness. Catholics that have grown up under the influence of the Confessional certainly have distinctive advantages even though Christ never breathed on His Apostles and said to them, "Whose sin you shall forgive they are forgiven them." In this fashion the review of Catholic doctrines could proceed before the stand of mere natural utility and every doctrine should win in addition to the original authentic stamp of Divine revelation the prize of human admiration and approval. So when light meets light there is a concurrence of truth and a lesser though not a little proof of Orthodoxy.

Prayer

BY EDITH R. WILSON, M.A.

"Whatsoever we shall ask according to His will, He heareth us."
I. St. John, 5th-14th.

If we ask the Father, He will hear us;
If we seek the Spirit, He will cheer us;
If we look to Jesus, He will pity,
And the white-winged angels of the golden city
Swift descending from their starry heights, will tarry
Lovingly around our steps and carry
All our broken, weary-hearted prayers above,
There to lay them at God's feet of love.

For the great Creator pity taketh
On the handiwork His wisdom maketh;
And the Spirit with unutterable desire
Broodeth o'er the souls He would inspire;
And the Wounds of Christ the Saviour, warm and red,
Plead with power mystical and dread,

While the Maiden Mother of the Child Divine
Standeth yet in heaven, as a sign
Of the tenderness our Saviour beareth
Toward the creature in whose flesh He shareth;
And she lifts her meek hands to the God made man
Pleading tender words, as mothers can.

See the stars above you, brightly shining!
Yet their multitude gives no divining
Of the countless hosts on Him attending
Who from His bright throne is downward bending
Still to catch a wayward sinner's prayer—
Is it nothing that a Father's care
Circles all your life from its beginning?
That the Spirit's grace, through darkness and through
sinning,
Draws you ever toward the better part,
While the pulses of the Sacred Heart
Beat for you, upon His throne above,
As within the earthly temple of His love?
Beat, within the Beatific Vision,
As amid the Cross' anguish and derision!
Lift, my soul, thy heart in adoration
To the God Triune of thy salvation!

Structure of Dante's Inferno

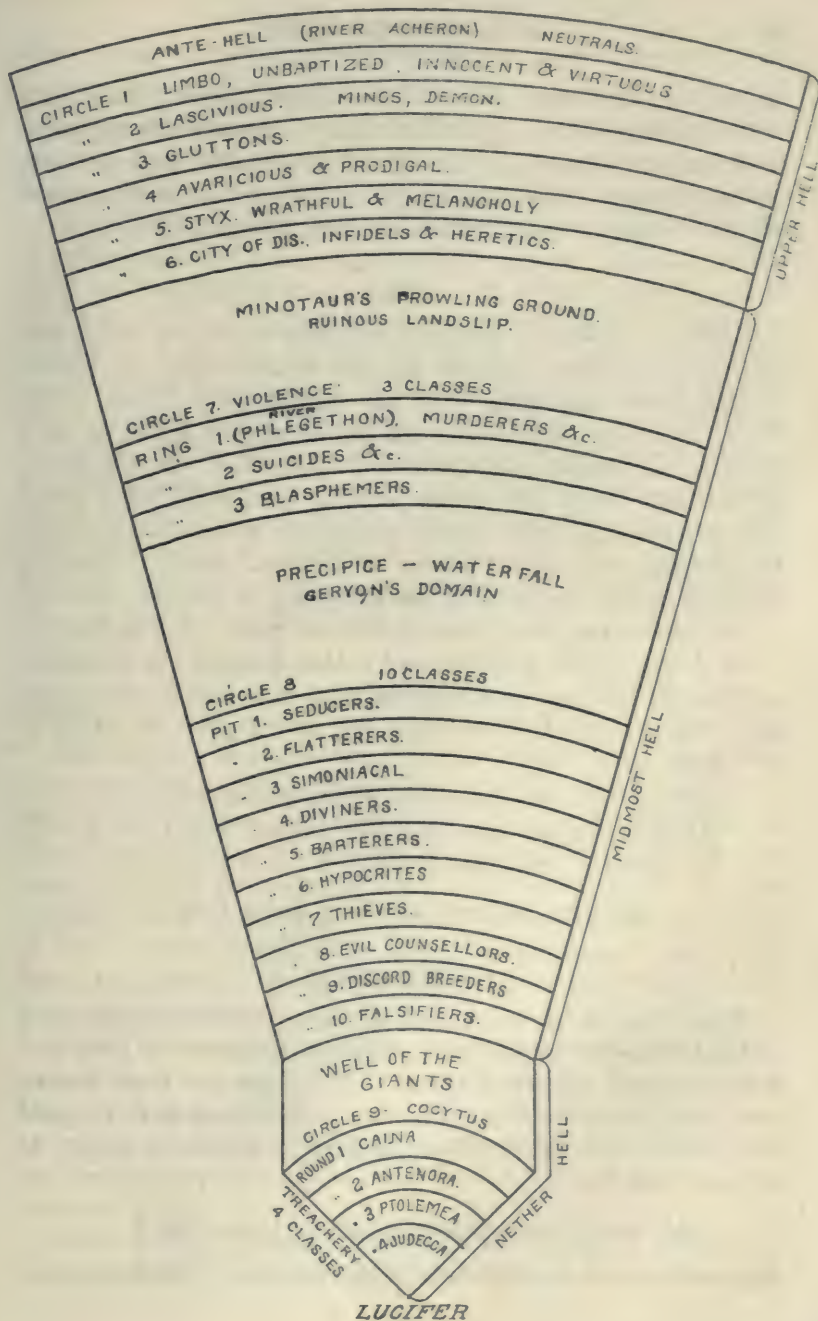
BY THE REV. J. BAGNASCO, D.D.

PRELUDE.

DANTE'S masterpiece, "La Divina Commedia," is divided into three parts, Inferno, Purgatorio, Paradiso; respectively, Hell, Purgatory and Paradise. Each part contains 33 Cantos with an extra Canto in the beginning as a prelude. Altogether the poem has 100 Cantos and 14,233 lines. The poem is an imaginary trip through the three realms of Hell, Purgatory and Paradise, taken by the author, Dante Alighieri, in company with the Latin Poet Virgil. In Paradise, Dante's company is Beatrice. When he starts on his trip he is about thirty-five years of age.

"In the midway of this our mortal life."

It was in the year 1300 A.D., at dawn of the 8th of April, which date that year occurred on Good Friday. He says that wandering, half asleep, from the right path of justice, he found himself in the midst of a dark forest; before him rose a hill, the summit of which was clothed with the rays of the sun. He was about to ascend the hill when he perceived three wild animals, a panther, a lion and a she-wolf. The sight of the three beasts so frightened him that he began unconsciously to retrace his steps to the thick of the forest. Then he noticed, to his great relief, the presence of a man coming his way. It was Virgil. Virgil, approaching, told Dante that he was treading the wrong path, the path of Lust, Pride and Avarice, symbolized in the three animals before him. Virgil offers himself to lead Dante to righteousness, but to attain it they must pass through the Kingdoms of Hell, of Purgatory and of Paradise. To gain our Poet's confidence, Virgil confides to him that Beatrice descended from Heaven down to Limbo, acquainted him with Dante's sad plight and sent him to his



SECTION OF DANTE'S HELL.

rescue in the forest. Beatrice was Dante's lover, when both were young children, but at the age of twenty she had married another man and at the age of twenty-four had died and gone to heaven. Dante hearing Virgil's tale, gratefully placed himself under the poet's guidance and followed him.

HELL.

Hell is, by Dante, placed within the earth; its uppermost central point directly under the city of Jerusalem; its lowest central point coinciding with the central point of the earth. It has the form of an immense funnel-shaped abyss, or of a hollow cone, with its pointed end downward. In the inside of the cone there are circles winding downward in a spiral line as a serpent's coil. Some circles are sub-divided into different rings and pits and belts of different width. Following the idea of the funnel, it is not necessary to mention that the upper circles are wider than the lower ones. Hell is besides, divided into upper, midmost and nether sections; in the upper section are six circles, in the midmost two, and in the lowest one. They enter Hell through the awful gate on which is written:

“Through me you pass into the grieving realm;
Through me you pass into the eternal grief;
Through me you pass among the kin that's lost.”

“All hope abandon ye who enter here.”

UPPER HELL.

Inside this gate is the Ante-Hell where are those angels, who in the battle that took place in Heaven between the good and the evil angels, remained neutral. There are also those human souls who, when on this earth, were indifferent both to good and to evil, who lived without infamy and without praise, as the poet puts it.

Che visser senza infamia e senza lodo—Inf. 3.

displeasing both to God and to His enemies. These sinners

were naked and stung by flies and wasps, and disgusting worms gathered their blood, which mingled with tears, dropped to their feet. They smote their hands, making a resounding noise, and cried aloud in anguish and raged about like a mad whirlwind. The poet's attention was drawn by a multitude crowding around a boat on the embankment of the river Acheron. Old Charon is the boatman. The crowd were blaspheming God and their ill-luck, their parents and their birth-places; and partly moved by the wrath of God and partly unmercifully whipped and chased along by the oar in the hands of Charon, hastened into the boat and were immediately carried across the river and unloaded on the opposite shore. Charon refused to take aboard our poet on the ground that he was not dead. Virgil pleaded for him, but we don't know whether or not with success, because an earthquake shook the place and Dante fainted. When he regained consciousness he found himself on the opposite shore with Virgil.

LIMBO.

Circle 1.

Two classes of people are found here; the unbaptized children who died without actual sin and those souls who in life, not knowing Christ nor the Gospel, followed the natural law. The souls in Limbo do not suffer positive pains, that is, torments inflicted from outside agencies, but they are afflicted by the pain of loss, which is a hopeless longing for the vision of God. This is the place where Virgil was sentenced to spend his eternity. The poets Homer, Horace, Ovid and Lucan keep him company.

Virgil informs Dante that at one time a "Puissant One" entered the place and freed the holy souls of the Jewish people. The sacred names of Christ and Mary, His divine Mother, are never mentioned during Dante's passage through Hell, it being unbecoming even to whisper those holy names in such a place as Hell.

There is a notable castle in this circle—the castle of Fame—surrounded by seven walls. In it were found people who had

been great on earth—Electra, mother of Dardanus, the founder of Troja; Camilla, the Roman Amazon; Latinus, the King of Latium; Hector and Aeneas, Greek heroes; Lavina, the latter's wife; Brutus and Tarquin; Marcia and Cornelia; Lucretia and Julia, all great Roman people, and Saladin, the Sultan of Egypt. Then follows a host of Doctors, Philosophers, Writers and Teachers, of whom are Socrates, Plato, Democritus, Euclid and Ptolemy.

Circle 2.

From this they pass to the second circle of the lascivious or sensual people. Here the real Hell begins with positive tortures. Demon Minos stands at the entrance and acts as judge. After he has heard one's confession of guilt, he flings him to the circle fit for him, twisting his tail around himself as many times as the number of the circles to which the sinner is to be sent.

“For when before him comes the ill-fated soul,
It all confesses; and that judge severe
Of sins, considering what place in Hell
Suits the transgression, with his tail so oft
Himself encircles, as degrees beneath
He dooms it to descend. Before him stand
Always a numerous throng; and in his turn
Each one to judgment passing, speaks, and hears
His fate, thence downward to his dwelling hurl'd.”

Here is utter darkness and a raging storm tosses about and scourges these spirits as they scream, weep, blaspheme the powerful hand of God, and plead in vain for rest.

There is Semiramis, Queen of Assyria; Dido, who unlawfully loved Aeneas; Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, who was the mistress of Julius Caesar and of Anthony; Helen and Paris of Troy; Tristan, Knight of the Round Table and Isault; Francesca da Rimini and her brother-in-law, Paolo Malatesta, who were slain together by Francesca's outraged husband before

they could repent of the adultery. Francesca's history so affected Dante that he swooned.

Circle 3.

When he revived he was in Circle Three, a place of punishment for the Gluttons. Demon Cerberus, a hideous cur, with three heads, threatens to do harm to the visitors, but Virgil appeases him by filling his mouth with two handfuls of earth. His office is to scratch, skin and quarter the gluttons, who lie in the mire under a storm of hail, filthy rain and snow. A deadly stench arises from the soil under-foot.

A certain man from Florence, who calls himself Ciaccio, raises his head above the slush and foretells political events that will come to pass in Florence soon after 1300, but before he can say all he wants he falls beneath the mire, not to emerge again until Doomsday.

Circle 4.

From this place the two travellers move towards a flight of steps, leading down to Circle Four, at the top of which they meet Demon Plutus, represented in ancient mythology as the God of Wealth. He tries to stop them, but again Virgil persuades him to let them go. A crowd of misers and prodigals were here rolling great weights with their chests. (The contention for riches—Ruskin). Half this circle is occupied by the misers and half by the prodigals, and though all in motion, the former can never trespass on the half circle assigned to the latter; but when a group meets the other they clash together and with mutual upbraiding the misers say: "Why castest thou away?" and the prodigals rejoin: "Why holdest thou fast?" (The greatest number in all Hell are the misers and prodigals).

Dante expresses surprise at not seeing some misers and spendthrifts he had known on earth, but Virgil explains that their undiscerning life which made them sordid, now makes them too obscure for any recognition.

A discourse on fortune follows: Fortune is considered by

the poet as a heavenly Intelligence ordered by God to manage the good things of the world and to superintend their distribution among men.

Circle 5.

While conversing they descend to Circle Five, where are the Wrathfuls. The time is midnight; Holy Saturday. They had spent twelve hours in the wood and six in Hell. The descent is described, not by steps, but by the slope, down which the Styx flows till it settles into the stagnant pool that constitutes Circle Five, and serves for a moat to the fortified city of Dis. In that muddy pool the sinners are naked and much tried. They are pounding and tearing each other to pieces with their teeth. The mud so fills their mouths and their throats that they can hardly speak intelligently. Phlegyas lords it over this circle. A little boat is sent to carry them across this pool to the City of Dis.

On their way over, Dante recognizes his foe Filippo Argenti with head upraised above the murky waters. They insult each other and Dante takes great pleasure in Argenti's misfortune.

Circle 6.

The City of Dis (circle six) is a prison of fire. Its turrets and walls are guarded by furies. Its citizens refuse to admit Dante, even at Virgil's entreaties; but an angel appears and frightens those haughty spirits into receiving the poets inside their city. Within, they behold a vast cemetery, bristling with tombs, all red hot from intense fire. As the tombs were open, the laments of the heretics and infidels buried there could be heard distinctly. Some were the followers of Epicurus who denied the immortality of the soul. Their number is great. In Canto 10 of the poem are mentioned Farinata degli Uberti, Frederick II., Cavalcante Cavalcanti and Cardinal Ottaviano degli Ubaldini, all Dante's contemporaries and supposed to have been unbelievers in the immortality of the soul.

Here ends Dante's Upper Hell.

MID-MOST HELL.

The poets, after speaking with Farinata, take a path leading to the edge of the circle overlooking the central Void. Here the stench arising from the lower circles was so oppressive that they took shelter behind a high tomb. The inscription on the tomb told them who was buried there and why. It was Pope Anastasius II. (496-498), who in Dante's time was wrongfully believed a heretic, for the kindly reception he tendered to Photinus, a deacon of Thessalonica and a follower of the heretic Acacius.

Twenty-two hours by this time elapsed since the opening of the poem, twelve in the wood, ten in Hell. Holy Saturday was dawning on Earth.

The descent to circle seven was through a valley made by the ruin of a wall or of a craggy ridge similar to that which in Dante's time could be seen on the Adige River between Trent and Verona, which had been caused either by an earthquake or by a natural slide of the mountainous land. At the top of the valley they meet Minotaur, a monster with a man's body and a bull's head. Virgil insults him by reminding him of the mode of his death. Whereupon Minotaur,

Like to a bull that with impetuous spring
Darts at the moment when the fatal blow
Hath struck him, but unable to proceed,
Plunges on either side; so saw I plunge
The Minotaur.

While the Minotaur was thus performing, they quickly hurry down through those dilapidated crags, that often move underneath Dante's feet, to the pass to circle seven. The fury of the demon prevented him from noticing their going, until they had crossed over that broken precipitous landslip, outside of which he was not allowed to step.

Circle 7.

Circle seven is divided into rings or smaller circles. In the first are the murderers; in the second the suicides; in the third

the blasphemers—that is, those who violently sinned against their neighbours, against themselves and against God.

Ring 1:

The first ring is the Phlegeton, a river gurgling with boiling blood, in which are plunged the murderers. All along the river, between it and the wall of Hell, there is a narrow passage, where Centaurs, armed with arrows, race about to shoot anybody who, to mitigate his pain, dare to emerge out of the blood, more than it is allowed him by the gravity of his guilt. Three of the Centaurs came towards the poets; they were Chiron, Nessus and Pholus. Nessus carried Dante on his back across the river. In this river they meet the tyrants Alexander of Macedonia, Dionysius of Sicily, Azzolino of Northern Italy, Guy of Montfort, Attila, King of the Huns, Pyrrus of Epyrus, and many others, well known to Dante.

Ring 2.

After they had forded the river, they found themselves in a pathless wood. The trees were thick and thorny, their boughs knotted, their foilage of a dusky hue. The place looked worse than the Tuscan maremma. The filthy Harpies, symbol of remorse, make here their nests.

“Broad are their pennons, of the human form
Their neck and countenance, arm’d with talons keen
The feet, and the huge belly fledged with wings.
These sit and wail on the drear mystic wood.”

On all sides, sad lamentations were breathed forth and none could see from whence they came. Dante lopped off a twig from a tree,

“And straight the trunk exclaimed: ‘Why pluck’s thou me?’
Then, as the dark blood trickled down its side,
These words it added: ‘Wherefore tear’st me thus?
Is their no touch of mercy in thy breast?
Men once were we, that now are rooted here.
Thy hand might well have spared us, had we been
The souls of serpents.’ As a brand yet green,

That burning at one end, from the other sends
A groaning sound, and hisses with the wind
That forces out its way, so burst at once,
Forth from the broken splinter, words and blood."

The spirit thus speaking was that of Pier della Vigna. He was a faithful chancellor of Frederick the Second, and unjustly accused of treason, he was put in prison and blinded in 1248. Being unable to bear with his misfortune, he committed suicide in prison in 1249.

There are also those who have been prodigally wasteful. They are chased and torn by swift and hungry black female dogs.

Ring 3.

The third ring is a plain of dry and hot sand, where three kinds of violence are punished, viz: Against God, against nature, and against art, and they are tormented by the flakes of fire, which are eternally showering upon them. (Canto 14).

"Of naked spirits many a flock I saw,
All weeping piteously, to different laws
Subjected; for on earth some lay supine (blasphemers),
Some crouching close were seated (usurers); others paced
Incessantly around (sodomites)."

Among the blasphemers is Capaneus, who was one of the seven kings at the siege of Thebes and boasted that all the wrath of Jupiter would not protect the City from him, for which he was struck by lightning as he scaled the walls. He continues to blaspheme God, in Hell, and his talk with the poets is blasphemy.

Dante and Virgil come to a streamlet of blood issuing from the forest they had left. Its margins are clear from the burning sand and sheltered from fire.

"One of the solid margins bears us now
Enveloped in the mist, that from the stream
Arising, hovers over and saves from fire
Both piers and water."

And affords a safe walk.

ORIGIN OF THE INFERNAL RIVERS.

Virgil then described to Dante the origin of the infernal rivers. In the Island of Crete, within Mount Ida, there stands a great old man who has his back towards the East and his face towards Rome. His head is gold, his arms and chest silver, his trunk brass, his hips, legs and feet iron, except the right foot, which is clay. From all these parts, except his head, tears trickle down and flow from rock to rock to the circles of Hell and form the four infernal rivers, Acheron, Styx, Phlegeton and Cocytus. Very likely it is only one and the same river, which runs through the different regions of Hell under four names. Its origin is in the corruption of mankind, it grows in frightfulness as it advances in its course, it saddens the abode of the lost souls and is an instrument of punishment for the same.

(Canto 15). The violent against nature ran ceaselessly under a rain of fire. As the poets travel along the sheltered margin of the river they encounter a troop of spirits that come on the sand by the side of the margin. Amongst them is Brunetto Latini, Dante's former teacher. He was very much in public life in Florence, where he died in 1294. There are no proofs that Brunetto was guilty of Sodomy, except Dante's testimony in this place. Dante conversed with him very affectionately and learned from him the names of others, some ecclesiastics and some scholars, who were in Brunetto's group.

Journeying along the river, they are now near the end of it. At this point, three men depart from a group and move towards the poets and speak to them. The first one is Guido Guerra, a brave soldier in his day and leader of the Guelph party, who died in Florence in 1272. The other one is Tegghiaio Aldobrandi, another soldier, who died before 1266. The last one is Rusticucci, a wealthy and honorable gentleman of Florence, also a soldier.

The two poets reach the place where the water falls and makes a deafening noise, rushing down to circle eight. Here, Virgil, having thrown down the hollow a cord, with which

Dante was girt, they behold at that signal a monstrous and horrible figure flying up to them. Virgil speaks to him.

In the meantime Dante proceeds a little farther along the edge of the Void to see the third species of sinners contained in this compartment, namely those who have done violence to Art. The mournful tribes were seated and crying, while moving their hands here and there over their bodies, that were roasted either by the falling fire or by the red-hot sand. The poet illustrates their performance with this simile:

“Thus use the dogs in summer still to ply
Their jaws and feet by turns, when bitten sore
By gnats, or flies or gadflies swarming round.”

Dante did not recognize anybody by his face, but each was identified by the purse hanging in front of him, for it was emblazoned with the family coat-of-arms.

Geryon, the appalling, loathsome monster, who flew up from the deep, is the image of Fraud. Dante's Geryon is like an infernal reptile with a human face.

“His face the semblance of a just man's wore—
The rest was serpent all; two shaggy claws
Reached to the arm-pits and the back and breast
And either side, were painted o'er with nodes
And orbits.”

He sat on the brink of the precipice, that parts the seventh from the eighth circle, his tail, fork-like and upturned, armed with the sting like a scorpion's. The hind part of his body was hanging over the void; his face turned to the poets. They mount on his back and dive in a spiril line through the air down to circle eight, wherein the eye sees nothing but fire and the ear hears only wailings. There both riders were set down, and the beast shot away like an arrow from the bow.

(To be continued.)

**ANNO DOMINI MDCCCXVI. IN SOLEMNITATE SS. SEP-
TEM FUNDATORUM ORD. SERVORUM B. MARIAE V.**

R. mo P. Alexio M. Lépicier, Priori General Ejusdem Ordinis.

Virginis in laudem quem scripsit Blasius hymnum, Inscribit
meritis, dulcis Alexi, tuis.

HYMNUS.

Nimis cruenta praelia

Europa longum sustinet,
Saevoque bello stringitur
Formosa tellus Itala.

Regina Pacis inclita

Et Corredemptorix omnium,
Maria semper adfuit
Opem datura providam.

Jam civitates Italas

Fraterna caedes presserat;
Late furebat bellicus
Ardor eisisque sanguinis.

Tunc Virgo Mater perdolens

Septem vocavit Servulos,
Pacis ministros optimos,
Donans juvamen gentibus.

Hi praedicantes affatim

Jesu ac Dolores Virginis,
Urbes, plateas cursitant,
Irata corda molliunt.

Cunctis salutem conferat

Acerba Christi Passio,
Simul Dolorum Virginis
Amara contemplatio.

Nunc, Virgo Mater, excita

Pares fideles servulos,
Qui subsequantur acrius
Exempla Patrum splendida. Amen.

BLASIUS VERGHETTI,
SS. RR. Congr. Hymnographus.

ON THE SOLEMNITY OF THE SEVEN FOUNDERS OF THE
ORDER OF SERVANTS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN
MARY IN THE YEAR MDCCCCXVI.

To the Most Reverend Alexius M. Lépicier, Prior General
of the Order.

This hymn, written in praise of the Blessed Virgin, is dedicated by his affectionate friend, the Author :

HYMN

A strife most bloody and prolonged
Rends hapless Europe's heart,
And the fair land of Italy
Feels War's transfixing dart.
But Mary, Heaven's glorious Queen,
Our Co-redemptrix strong,
Was always known in time of need
To guard this Land from wrong.
Italia's States in former days
Against each other stood,
And battle-fury wildly raged
And thirst for brother's blood.
Then Mary, saddened at such sight,
Called Seven Servants true;
She made them messengers of peace—
Her will they vowed to do.
In city and on plain they preached
Christ and His Mother blest;
Till men from deeds of darkness turned
And Christ's sweet faith confessed.
His Passion and His bitter Death
Salvation brought to all;
And thought of Mary's seven-fold woes
The sinner's tears made fall!
Ah! Virgin Mother, grant us now
Strong servants like to these,
To do once more their glorious work,
And bring us lasting peace!

BLASIUS VERGHETTI,
Hymnographer (i.e., poet laureate),
of the Roman Congregation.

NOTE: This graceful translation is the work of Rev. Dr. Dollard, whose poems have so often enriched the pages of our Catholic magazines.—M. J. R.

Catholic Footsteps In Old London

(Continued from December Number.)

BY EDITH R. WILSON, M.A.

WE have now reached Temple Bar, as the spot is still called where, until recent times, an actual gateway showed the dividing line between the City of London, technically so called, and the "liberty" of Westminster. For London is, as we know, but an agglomeration of many towns and boroughs, of which the "city" proper forms but a contracted, central district, devoted to business. In olden days Temple Bar was connected with many a royal pageant and much pompous ceremonial of opening and shutting when the King visited the city. Here the bier of Elizabeth of York rested on its way to interment in Westminster Abbey, as that of the "Chère reine" had rested at Charing Cross. Later, Temple Bar sank to be the ghastly support of Traitors' heads exposed to view for the warning of all possible rebels. Although the relics of some Catholic martyrs were exposed here, yet we will pass by its gruesome memories, as they belong chiefly to a later day and testify to the barbarities practised in Protestant England less than 200 years since. We now enter Fleet Street, formerly the route for all the Coronation processions between the Tower and Westminster, but now chiefly famous for its newspaper offices and editors. We pause presently before a low gate of dull red brick. We enter and presto! change! We have left the 20th century and its eddying life quite behind us, to find ourselves within the famous precincts of the "Temple," or monastery of the Knights Templars; the most prominent, perhaps, of those great Orders of Religious warriors which sprang up with the Crusades. By a strange desecration, their knightly figures have been replaced by those of prosaic students of the law and the whole area given over to the possession of the "Inns of Court." Yet the scene is still one of rare restfulness and beauty. Before us rise the outlines of two noble

churches, whose massive structure and heavy archways recall the very form and semblance of their former worshippers, and around these, court after court of vernal green stretches in picturesque vista, the chambers of the law-students rising in their midst, to form a quaint, Elizabethan background for the glint of fountain or play of foliage. "It will perhaps seem an anomaly," writes Edwin Oliver in his "Romance of Old London," "to associate the law with sunny lawns and trees, young and old, 'sprouting a shady boon for simple sheep'—yet the fact remains that we Londoners owe some of our greenest pastures and most legend-haunted bye-ways to the followers of the blind goddess. The Inns of Court have been called the noblest nurseries of humanity and liberty in the kingdom, may we not add of poetry and romance, as breathed by hushed cloisters, lichened walls, and dim-lit chapels?" The earliest London residence of the Knights Templars was in Holborn, but they removed to the present so called Temple grounds about 1184, and here arose a great monastery with "terraces, gardens, and a superb church to the Virgin." Of the two Temple Churches, the round one, built in the Norman style, is the earlier. Its circular form being in commemoration of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. It is surrounded by an arcade of Early English arches and was consecrated by Heraclius, Patriarch of Jerusalem, in 1185. Within, on the pavement, lie the effigies of eight knightly figures, recalling Spenser's lines on the Knights of the Cross:

"Upon his breast a bloudie cross he bore,
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord's,
For Whose sweete sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead, as living ever Him adored,
Upon his shield the like was also scored,
For sovereign hope which in His help he had."

The triforium of the church is filled with tombs, removed at the "great pillage," from the chancel, which has been rifled also of all Catholic ornament. St. Mary's, or the

"choir church," now reserved for students and barristers at law, is a beautiful example of early English Gothic. (Our own) Nathaniel Hawthorne dwells, in his English Note Book, on the grace of its clustering pillars. The colors of the Templars' banner, black and white, are frequently repeated here, but the glow and mysterious beauty of a Catholic sanctuary have departed from it, leaving only a chill sense of former grandeur. On the suppression of the Templars in 1313, Edward II. bestowed their property on Alymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, but later it passed into the hands of the Knights of Jerusalem, who, in turn, leased it to the students of the King's Court, whence the name, "Inns of Court." At the Reformation, the Temple property lapsed to the Crown, but is now, technically, vested in the "benchers" themselves. Thus we trace, step by step, each link in the strange transformation of these once hallowed precincts. We must now tear ourselves away with one lingering glance towards the "Fountain Court," where grew those immortal roses, red, and white, which became the respective badges of Lancaster and York. Shakespeare, in his Henry VI., puts these words into the mouth of Warwick, "the king-maker":

"This brawl to-day, grown to this faction in the Temple
gardens,

Shall send, between the red rose and the white,
A thousand souls to death and deadly night."

Returning to Fleet Street, we enter Chancery Lane, beyond the new Law Courts. In its grimy mazes, we pause to note the dark, brick courts of "Serjeants' Inn," intended for "Serjeants-at-law." These officers derive their name from the "Fratres Servientes" of the Knights of Templar and still address each other as "Brother," in odd mimicry of what had once a religious meaning. Just beyond this Inn, a dingy courtyard houses the "Rolls Office," originally built by Henry III. Hither, and to the new Record Office, have recently been brought the various, important, historic documents, formerly

sedulously hidden away in the Tower or in other archives, from the famous Domesday Book, down to the latest state papers. As these records are now accessible to students, great and wonderful revisions of history are issuing from these unpretentious quarters, which have already done much to counteract the evil of earlier "conspiracies against truth" and notably, to obtain for Catholics a long-denied meed of justice. We forgive the ugly chapel here, then, and pause to offer in it a fervent act of thanksgiving. It still contains one Catholic treasure, a sculptured tomb by Torregiano, which Hare compares to those in the Badia, Florence. It is the tomb of the last "Master of the Rolls," the true religious feeling with which it is wrought contrasting sharply with the paganism of later English tombs.

We now pass St. Dunstan's and St. Bride's, both modern substitutes of older churches. The old St. Dunstan's was famous for its great clock, on which two giants struck the hour; the present one bears a statue of Queen Elizabeth, hardly a desirable patron saint! To the right lies Whitefriars Street. Here, once stood the Convent of the "Brotherhood of Our Lady of Carmel," founded by Sir Richard Gray in 1241. After the dissolution, it was turned into a play-house, as Blackfriars had been before it. St. Bride's is noted for the once adjoining palace of Bridewell. It was in this palace that Catherine of Aragon received the legates, Wolsey and Campeggio, here that Henry, enamoured of Anne Boleyn, communicated to his lords the scruples which vexed his royal conscience concerning the validity of his marriage! Here occurred those famous scenes recalled by Shakespeare in the 3rd Act of his Henry VIII. Was it in divine retribution that this palace sank from a hospital, or reformatory for homeless boys, to be one of the most horrible of London gaols, finally demolished for its iniquities? Returning to Catholic days, we find its name derived from St. Bride's Well, which, like St. Clement's, was a "holy" well possessed of miraculous powers. It still flowed freely in Milton's day, but, if now in existence, is disguised as a city pump!

But we must hasten on to St. Paul's, which crowns the summit of Ludgate hill. For a moment we pause before the little church of St. Martin, which stands, like a sort of usher, beside its greater companion. The original church was said to have been built by the British prince, Cadwallo, who was buried there in 677. In St. Martin's court, across the street, a fragment of the old city wall may still be seen, crowded between two projecting shop walls. At the summit of the hill, the modern St. Paul's looms up in gloomy majesty. But while well meriting our examination from its own admirable proportions, and interesting from frequent comparison with St. Peter's, Rome, to which it bears a superficial resemblance, yet it is a far earlier St. Paul's whose form we would conjure up before the mental gaze of our Catholic tourist or pilgrim. Hutchings, in his "London, Ancient and Modern," claims the old St. Paul's as the centre of the city's life, continuously, for 1,300 years, far outstanding in antiquity the arrogant commercial novelties around it, although the guildhall just beyond in Cheapside, may claim, perhaps, a longevity of some 800 years. Considerable discrepancy exists among writers in their statements as to the foundation of the first St. Paul's—some denying what others set forth. We can hardly go astray, however, if we follow the guidance of the great antiquarian, Sir William Dugdale, author, or editor, of "*Monasticon Anglicanum*," who himself must have seen the final glories of the earlier Cathedral which he describes so eloquently, since he was born in 1605, while the Gothic St. Paul's was only finally destroyed by the "great fire" of 1666. We are safe, too, in following Wren, architect of the new Cathedral, whose excavations in building confirmed his belief as to an early Christian Church existing there in Roman times. The original "presbyterium," or apse-shaped chancel of this church was actually discovered in digging. "It consisted of Kentish rubble stone, artfully worked and consolidated with exceedingly hard mortar, in the Roman manner, much excelling the superstructure." This first church is supposed to have been destroyed during the Diocletian persecution and to have been

rebuilt in the reign of Constantine, again demolished by the pagan Saxons, it was restored in 603, by Sebert, acting under the authority of Ethelbert of Kent, the illustrious convert of St. Augustine, and first Christian King of Saxon race. For the history of this Saxon church we have the precise statements of the Venerable Bede. But this edifice was destroyed by fire in 1086, and it was then that Mauritius, Bishop of London, began the erection of that magnificent Gothic pile which was the glory of mediaeval London, and the immediate precursor of the present St. Paul's.

William of Malmesbury, who knew the beauties of the French Gothic well, yet proclaimed it as amongst the "most famous of buildings." Added splendors were bestowed upon its decoration till, about the middle of the 13th century, it attained the zenith of its magnificence, when it became a "vista of Gothic arches 700 feet in length." It was now the largest cathedral in England. The height of its spire was the boast of Englishmen, being given by some as 520 feet above the pavement. It was probably at least 150 feet farther up in the blue than the dome of its modern supplanter. The mediaeval St. Paul's seems, like the modern Westminster, to have been famous for its tombs, Saxon and Norman, from the shrine of St. Erkenwald, glowing with innumerable jewels (especially the "St. Erkenwald sapphire," reputed to heal diseases of the eye), down through those of Ethelred the Unready, Edgar Atheling, and a long line of noble Normans, prelate and peer, culminating in that of the saintly Bishop of London, known as William the Norman, who, at the time of the Conquest, interceded with his fiery namesake on the throne, for the lives and liberties of his people. Up to the very date of the Reformation, it was the invariable custom of the Lord Mayor, on the day of his inauguration, to make a pilgrimage to the tomb of the good Bishop. Clad in his scarlet robes and accompanied by all his aldermen, he set forth in great pomp. After reciting a *de Profundis* for the Bishop's soul, the cortege passed to the so-called "pardon churchyard" to visit the tomb of Gilbert á Becket, father of the martyred St. Thomas of Canterbury.

Very magnificent ceremonies were also held in the Cathedral in pre-Reformation times, which drew thither great crowds. At Pentecost, a goodly company, including all the great dignitaries of the city—the town companies, or guilds, with the rectors of all the London parishes, gathered at the Western door and chanted the “Veni Creator.” Through an aperture in the sanctuary roof, a white dove, symbolic of the Holy Ghost, was allowed to fly down at the Consecration. The flight of the dove was followed by the lowering of a great silver censer on a long cord. This was swung from one end of the great church almost to the other.

In sad contrast to this pious ceremonial of Catholic times, followed the “brawling and trafficking” of Tudor days, which turned the beautiful Cathedral from a house of prayer to a den of thieves. It began by the opening of the great transept doors and the conversion of the transepts themselves into a thoroughfare, as offering a short-cut from one side of the church-yard to the other. Here burdens were deposited, wares exhibited—and later, buying and selling shamelessly carried on. Worse, the naves became the haunt of the idle and vicious, blood was shed, and though various proclamations were issued against brawling in “Paul’s Walk,” as the once glorious name had come to be called, yet the only remedy applied seemed to lie in its still farther stripping of all sacred memorials. The great rood screen with its images of our Lady and St. John, was removed, altars and tombs were demolished and rifled, jeweled vestments were sold, or converted to profane uses.

We turn from this sickening picture of desecration, to recall one most notable feature of the earlier St. Paul. This was the famous St. Paul’s Cross, erected in the church-yard, which formed the great out-door pulpit of old London, for here monks and bishops preached, here penitents did penance, here papal bulls were promulgated and royal edicts published. Here strife waxed bitter at the Reformation. Here the divorce of Henry VIII. was publicly denounced—though with sad consequences to some of the fearless speakers. So largely did

"Paul's Cross" mould the religious tone of the English people, that one of Elizabeth's first cares was to gag, or corrupt it; or, to use her own euphemism, "secure a safe preacher." Facing the eastern end of the Cathedral stood, until 1884 (removed to Hammersmith in 1884), the famous St. Paul's school, so often described as founded by Dean Colet, the friend of Erasmus and Sir Thomas More. Really, however, its origin is lost in antiquity, as it antedates the Norman Conquest—a fact Catholics should recall, since many of us are just learning how early our Cathedral schools were opened. It was refounded, indeed, by Colet in 1512, and saved from destruction at the Reformation by his foresight in placing its temporalities under the care of a body of secular, rather than clerical trustees. It was built to house 153 poor children, the number being chosen as that of the fishes in St. Peter's net, and dedicated to the Child Jesus. Very tender and sweet is Erasmus' account of this dedication, of the figure of the Holy Child above the Master's chair, of "excellent work, in the act of teaching, whom all the assembly, both at coming in and going out of school, salute with a short hymn." Over the figure was a Latin inscription which has been rendered thus:

"Children learn first to form pure minds by Me,
Then add fair learning to your piety."

Burnt and rebuilt under Protestant auspices, a tablet still marks the spot of its original location, while its endowments are used to educate children in the "new doctrine," against whose errors it was originally intended to guard them. But now we must turn from St. Paul's to study another page of Catholic history, of which London City keeps the memorial, the great martyr chapter whose perusal will lead our steps to the Tower.

(To be continued.)

Officers of the St. Joseph's College
Alumnae Association



1917—1918



Honorary Patron—The Very Rev. W. R. Harris, D.D., LL.D.

Spiritual Director—The Rev. E. Murray, C.S.B.

Honorary President—The Reverend Mother Superior of the
Community of St. Joseph.

President—Mrs. J. D. Warde.

Vice-Presidents—Mrs. T. F. McMahon, Mrs. L. J. Cosgrave,
Mrs. H. Healy, Mrs. R. W. Houston.

Counsellors—Miss N. Kennedy, Mrs. J. M. Landy, Mrs.
Fred. O'Connor, Mrs. F. P. Brazill.

Treasurer—Mrs. G. Griffin.

Recording Secretary—Miss Blaid Leonard.

City Recording Secretary—Mrs. J. A. Thompson.

Out-of-Town Secretary—Miss K. McCrohan.

Press Correspondent Secretary—Mrs. T. McCarron.

Historians—Mrs. Madden and Miss McBride.

Alumnae Items

Dean Harris and Spiritism

The readers of the "Lilies" will be pleased to hear that the venerable Dean Harris, Honorary Patron of the St. Joseph's College Alumnae Association, is about to place in the hands of his publishers the manuscript of his latest work, "The Occult World." This new publication of the scholarly Dean will deal with the modern manifestations of the occult sciences; with spiritism, bilocation, aerial transportation, bicorporiety and evocation of the dead.

* * * *

Alumnae members who were college students when His Excellency Mgr. Sbarretti, now Cardinal Sbarretti, visited St. Joseph's, will be pleased to read the following extract from a letter to his sister by the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Cruise, of the Consistoral Congregation, Rome: "Tell Sister ——— that in one of my automobile trips with Cardinal Sbarretti, who was staying with us in San Silvestro for about ten days, I went to his palace. On the table in a place of honour was a nicely bound address. It proved to be one that was presented to him when he visited St. Joseph's fourteen years ago. Near it was another address, that presented the same week by St. Michael's College, and bearing the signature of poor Father Teefy. I did not see any others, though the Cardinal must have received many addresses when in Canada. Sister ——— will be pleased to think that after so many years, her labour is appreciated, and that on the drawing-room table of a Roman Palace, her words may be read, and no doubt are often read, by those who are waiting for an audience with His Eminence.

* * * *

As we went to press for the December issue, we received, too late for publication, the following notice: "On August 20th, at St. Mary's Church, London, by the Rev. Father Ken-

nedy, Mr. Thomas Scanlon Coleman, insurance inspector, was united in marriage to Jessie D. MacGregor, a graduate of St. Joseph's College and of the Faculty of Education." Not soon will Alma Mater forget golden-voiced Jessie, who brightened many a recreation hour by the charm of her delightful singing and the soulful beauty of her elocution. That Mr. and Mrs. Coleman may enjoy many, many years of happiness in the new life that has opened to them is our ardent hope.

* * * *

Several members have flitted South, and are happily escaping the rigors of our very severe weather. Mrs. J. D. Warde and Miss Nora Warde, Mrs. T. McCarron, Mrs. Day, Mrs. M. Healy, and Mrs. Walter Way are some of the fortunate ones.

* * * *

Our sincerest condolences are offered to Mrs. Charlebois and Miss Rose Casserly, on the death of their beloved mother. Their brother, Captain Casserly, R.A.M.C., who returned in October on account of the illness of his mother, has left for England to rejoin his regiment. He has seen service on the Balkan and French fronts.

* * * *

Mrs. Emile Jeanotte (Blanche Kiely) sent loving Christmas wishes from Eastbourne, England. Although the mails are somewhat belated nowadays, the good wishes are none the less acceptable.

* * * *

It is a pleasure to record that our Alumna, Miss Blanche Murphy, trained nurse in the Canadian Convalescent Home for Officers, in France, has been mentioned in despatches. For three years she has continued her self-sacrificing, strenuous work overseas, and we rejoice to learn that her work is indeed appreciated by British Army Officials. Her brother is also "doing his bit" with our Canadian troops abroad.

* * * *

Alma Mater had a pleasant visit from Miss Lena Aymong (Brooklyn, N.Y.) who spent the Christmas vocation with her brother, Mr. R. A. Aymong—himself an old pupil of St.

Joseph's. Mr. and Miss Aymong lately received the pleasing intelligence that their cousin, Lieutenant-Colonel Amyot, Sanitary Adviser of the British Government, was invested in the early part of February by His Majesty the King, at Buckingham Palace, with the insignia of a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, and at New Year's he was created Companion of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George. Colonel Amyot has always been a loyal friend of the Sisters and Alumnae of St. Joseph, who whole-heartedly congratulate him on his well-earned awards.

* * * *

Other Alumnae members who have received good news of their relatives at the front are: The Misses Elmsley, who learn that their brother, Brigadier-General J. H. Elmsley, C.M.G., D.S.O., who commands the 8th Brigade, has been four times mentioned in despatches during the present war. Mrs. L. J. Cosgrove was informed that her son, Major L. Cosgrove, has received a bar to his D.S.O. Miss Margaret Commins is gratified to hear that her brothers, Captain Bill Commins and Captain Jack, won their captaincies for bravery in the field. Both won the Military Cross, and "Bill" also the D.S.O.

"Only a field service postcard coming from France afar,
Bringing good tidings with it of him who is at the war;
Making the heart feel lighter, chasing the tears that swell,
With those three little words written on it simply to say "I
am well."

* * * *

We regret to record that Miss Mathilde Simoni's brother has received a cablegram, according to which their brother, Major-Chevalier S. Simoni, has been made a prisoner of war. He was captured on November 15th, while acting with a rearguard at Udine in Italy, in holding back the Austro-German offensive.

* * * *

On November 24th Requiem Mass was celebrated in the College Chapel by the Rev. E. Murray, C.S.B., Spiritual Director of the Association, for the repose of the souls of deceased

Alumnae members. "We have loved them in life, let us not forget them in death." R. I. P.

* * * *

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Smith (Gladys Graham), Calgary, on the coming of their first-born, a boy.

* * * *

Wedding bells rang merrily at St. Patrick's Church, Mer-ritton, when on January 2nd, Henrietta Phillips was united in marriage to Mr. P. J. McGarry, D.L.S., of Ottawa, by the Rev. F. J. Manley, assisted by Reverend Fathers Jeffcott and Smyth.

In St. Mary's Cathedral, Kingston, on January 3rd, Loretto Hanley to Mr. Henry R. Hart of Picton, by the Rev. Father McNeil.

On January 9th, at St. Andrew's Church, Port Arthur, Olive Doyle, to Mr. Wilfrid Pocock of Winnipeg, by the Rev. F. Grenier, S.J., assisted by Rev. Father Leroux, S.J.

On February 6th, at St. James Church, Colgan, Rose Morrissey to Mr. T. J. Ingoldsby of Toronto, by the Rev. Dr. Morrissey, assisted by the Reverend Fathers Welsh and Coleman.

May the future of one and all be prosperous and blessed!

* * * *

Many Alumnae members were present on February 7th at the Toronto Choir-Gardini-Concert in Massey Hall, given under the auspices of the Sir Henry Pellatt Chapter I.O.D.E., of which Chapter Mrs. Ambrose Small is Regent. It will be seen in "College Notes" that one hundred students attended through the courtesy of Mr. Ambrose Small. A pleasing event took place on the stage after the concert, when the members gave an overture to their leader, Mr. H. E. Vernon, and also to Mrs. Small, who was presented with a huge bouquet of roses and lilies by Mrs. Vernon in behalf of the choir. Major Mowat, M.P., paid an eloquent tribute to Mrs. Small's work. The happy recipient of the flowers later brought them to our Chapel to breathe out their fragrance before our Sacramental Lord.

On January 5th, six former pupils of our College and Academies received the Veil in our Convent Chapel. They are the Misses Mary Johnston, Toronto, who will be known in holy religion as Sister M. Vincentia; Mary Keogh, Adjala, Sister M. Austin; Nora Travers, Sudbury, Sister M. S. Thomas; Mary Donnelly, Alliston, Sister M. Justina; Rose McCaffrey, Toronto, Sister M. Dosithea; Edith Shenck, St. Catharines, Sister M. Marcelline. *Magister Adest et Vocat te.* These chosen souls have generously responded to the Divine Master's call. In our strenuous days, when recruits are offering themselves for war service to king and president—other recruits offer their whole lives to the service of the Heavenly King. The fields of our great Dominion are white for the harvest, but alas! the labourers for souls are few.

“Christ calls for souls; shall we not heed the call, we in the
flood of youth with courage high?
Fair islands wait, far stretch the prairies wide, majestic moun-
tains tower towards the sky.

From still, white Arctic to the Southern Seas the throb of
aching hearts beats like the surf,

Christ calls for souls to minister to these.

Christ calls for souls! Yes, Lord, we hear the call, help us to
leave the market and the street,

To muster from the East and from the West, and never know
disaster, or defeat,

Crimson of sunset! Evening's purple sky! We to the colors!
In His service die!”

Kind Words for the Lilies

FROM THE "CANADIAN FREEMAN," KINGSTON, ONT.

"Saint Joseph Lilies" is published quarterly from St. Joseph's College, Toronto. The place of publication may lead some to conclude that it is a school magazine. But the "Lilies" is nothing of the kind. Although young in years, it already ranks with the foremost of our Catholic monthlies, and the Canadian Catholic who is not on its subscription list misses something really worth while. Dr. John Talbot Smith's "The Manufacture of Literary Reputations" in the current issue is worthy the pages of the "Dublin." Dr. Dollard is represented by a poem and an article. Edith R. Wilson has a fascinating paper on "Catholic Footsteps in Old London." Monsignor Cruise, H. V. Ferguson and others, add to the wealth of matter enshrined between the dainty blue and gold covers. (Subscriptions a dollar a year; single copies 30 cents).

* * * *

FROM THE "ST. DUNSTAN'S RED AND WHITE," ST.
DUNSTAN'S UNIVERSITY, CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I.

We are sorry that we are not in possession of the last number of the "Saint Joseph Lilies," as this is one of our exchanges which we always read with a great deal of pleasure and profit. This magazine is fortunate in having such a large number of gifted and scholarly contributors. The exposition of "Ordinary Mysticism" in the June number, by Rev. C. C. Kehoe, is presented in a forceful and interesting manner. The poems, which are all of a high order, reveal a depth of thought and a beauty of expression often lacking in modern writers. Altogether, the "Saint Joseph Lilies" is one of our best exchanges. The selection and arrangement of the matter, coupled with its high moral tone and simple, yet dignified, style, entitle it to a high standing among magazines. We wish the "Lilies" every success in its endeavours.

FROM "THE RAINBOW," LORETTO ABBEY, TORONTO.

"The Saint Joseph Lilies" maintains its tone of excellence in the Christmas number. The enterprise and skill that go to the making and keeping up of such a magazine cannot be too warmly praised. The scholarly article by Rev. John Talbot Smith has merit enough in itself to endorse all that follows. Yet it forms but one of the many contributions of high merit in the list of contents. Congratulations!

* * * *

FROM "THE BULLETIN," TORONTO KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS.

Bro. Hugh V. Ferguson is honored and flattered by the publication of an article in the Christmas issue of that high class periodical, Saint Joseph Lilies. This magazine has the merit of all good publications; each article is by an authority on some special line, consequently it will never be out of date.

* * * *

FROM "THE VINCENTIAN," ST. VINCENT'S ACADEMY, NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

During October we received a pleasantly anticipated copy of "Saint Joseph Lilies." The length of your book is certainly commendable. A touch of dignity and attractiveness is lent by the sprinkling of verse throughout the September number. Iterum veni, Saint Joseph Lilies.

* * * *

A FEW EXTRACTS FROM FRIENDLY LETTERS.

"I am deeply grateful for your kind thought in sending copies of 'Saint Joseph Lilies,' which are always read with pleasure, and am glad of the occasion to extend cordial greetings and best wishes for Christmas and the coming year."—From an Archbishop in the Northwest.

* * * *

"Your December number is excellent. It is a wonder you manage to maintain the same high standard. I send a contribution for the March number."—From a Bishop in the West.

"Many thanks for the last number of 'Saint Joseph Lilies.' I wonder at the progress you are making."

* * * *

"Thanks for the copy of 'Lilies' sent me. I have enjoyed reading it so much that I wish to become a subscriber, and I herewith enclose my cheque for Two Dollars, which will pay for the numbers you have sent me this year and the subscription for the coming year. It is a magazine of real literary merit as well as being truly Catholic."

* * * *

"Permit me to express my admiration for your Magazine, which arrived a few days after your letter. Many thanks for it."

* * * *

"The copy of the December number of 'Lilies' came on the vigil of the great feast. To-day I will try to read over the other contributions, and I am confident they will equal, if not surpass, the standard the 'Lilies' always maintains. I thank you very much for having sent me the copy."

* * * *

"I fully realize that any notes from my pen are out of place when side by side with the learned and distinguished writers who contribute to your very high class Magazine, but, to please you, I enclose an attempt."

* * * *

"A thousand thanks for the copy of the December 'Lilies.' I have neglected subscribing merely from a habit of putting off my letter-writing from day to day, but shall do so, to start well this year of 1918. The elegance of diction, fluency and lofty style of thought of that same magazine make it worthy of a place among the classics. I did thoroughly enjoy Reverend John Talbot Smith's article on the 'Manufacture of Literary Reputations'—as a scathing denunciation of modern criticism it is brilliant. Then, too, the 'Irish Soldier's Prayer' was splendid, with an appeal no one could withstand."

"I thank you very much for the December number of the 'Lilies.' It was, as usual, most interesting and varied in its interests."

* * * *

"I like the 'Lilies' so much, it is a pleasure to write for it. I also sent copies to very dear friends because I wished them to know the 'Lilies.'"

* * * *

"Thank you for the copies of 'Saint Joseph Lilies,' one of which goes to the School Library table. You have an inexhaustible supply of carbon stored away to enable you to do all your literary work."

* * * *

"Many, many thanks for the 'Lilies.' It is read with a great deal of interest away down here in Carolina. One of the most zealous readers is our chaplain. Just the other day he told me again not to forget what an interest he took in the 'Lilies.' It must be very strenuous work getting up such a big magazine so often."

* * * *

"I enjoyed greatly the copy of 'Saint Joseph Lilies' which you sent me. When I get more time I will be glad to send you some original copy for the delightful Magazine."

* * * *

"It must be a constant preoccupation—the preparation of your beautiful Magazine. It seems to us perfect, and how happy you are in your contributors; but the brunt of the labour is yours. Editing is no easy task—choosing, arranging, selecting illustrations. It must be overwhelming."

* * * *

"There is an odour of sweetness pervading every page of the 'Lilies,' a strong Catholic sweetness that tones up and fortifies the reader in a manner entirely unique. 'Catholic Footsteps in Old London,' by Edith R. Wilson, and 'South African Reminiscences,' by Hugh V. Ferguson, to one who, like myself, knows both London and South Africa, are worthy of the highest praise. But to begin picking and choosing amongst the contributions is utterly useless. The whole Review is excellent."



"The Ariston" is a magazine published by the students of St. Catharine's College, St. Paul, Minn. The Autumn number is dedicated to the memory of the late Rev. Mother Agnes Gonzaga Ryan, for twelve years Mother-General of the Sisters of St. Joseph of St. Louis, Mo. The masterly funeral oration delivered by Archbishop Glennon is quoted in full and gives testimony to the esteem in which the character and life-work of the deceased Religious were held through the length and breadth of the United States. Broadminded with that Christian breadth that knows how to discriminate, she saw where anything helpful to the advancement of her Sisters was to be found, and there they went. If it was an art gallery in Florence, or a hall of science at Washington, or wherever there was anything worth while in the field of art, science, literature, religion, she had her Sisters go to take these valuable things back to their convents to be utilized by the Community for the benefit of others. Yet withal she was always the simple, devoted Sister of St. Joseph, seeking only the approval of her Divine Spouse, and the good of the Church and her Community. R.I.P.

* * * *

In one of the December issues of the "Ave Maria" we find a splendid article, "Books as Gifts," which though written

especially for the holiday season, contains salutary advice which is always helpful. The folly of giving expensive presents that serve only as advertisements of the financial standing of the donor, and give no real nor lasting pleasure to the recipient is decried. Books, and especially Catholic books, are recommended as suitable gifts for all, but particularly for the young in whom it is necessary to awaken the desire to read, and to foster a love for Catholic literature.

* * * *

The Jubilee number of "The Rainbow" is very attractive in its many fine literary contributions, and in its rich illustrations. The introductory article on "The Writing of English," from the pen of His Grace the Archbishop, is thought-provoking and arresting. After speaking of the various methods which writers have followed with a view to acquiring elegance and ease in the production of English prose, His Grace strongly emphasizes one fact, namely, "that cramming for an examination in English does not lead one single step in the direction of good writing," which statement, all teachers of English composition will unanimously corroborate. "Loretto Convent, Letterkenny," is a charming retrospective review by Frances O'Doherty. In fond memory the writer recalls the "dear little Convent circled by fields of green, nestling at the foot of an old-world garden." She concludes her soulful reminiscences: "Across the years, across the seas, I stretch a hand in greeting. Even as the mustard seed may you grow and flourish, and your children call you blessed," in which touching and tender apostrophe, Saint Joseph Lilies, in this, the "Rainbow's" Jubilee year, heartily unites.

St. Josephs College Department Editorial Staff

Editor of the College Department.—Miss Madeleine Murphy.

Assistant Editors.—The Misses Frances Whelan, Ruth Agnew,
Marion Allan, Helen Duggan.

Local Editors.—The Misses Margaret Acres, Rita Ivory, Edna
Mulqueen, Sara Rees.

Music Editors.—The Misses Lucia Ashbrook, Albertine Martin,
Amy Meraw, Ursula Christopher.

Art Editors.—The Misses Marie Baechler, Bessie Devine, Vio-
let Connolly, Lillian Desroches, Jean McCabe.

The Easter Proof

O lilies, lend your perfumed breath
To sweeten Easter dawn,
O birds, trill out your gladdest songs
To make melodious morn!
O poets, pen some perfect gems—
For inspiration pray,
With fitting words to speak the truth,
That Death is dead to-day!

O hearts bereft, now cease to mourn,
O weary-laden souls,
Lay all your heavy burdens down,—
This hour your comfort holds;
As gloom departs and glory tends
The joy-illumined way—
For Christ Himself is living proof
That Death is dead to-day.

RECREATION AT ST. JOSEPH'S IN MID-WINTER



Ruskin On "The Pathetic Fallacy"

BY MADELINE MURPHY.

IN his lecture on "Modern Painters," Ruskin digresses for a short time into a discussion of the pathetic fallacy, which is used in poetry, not, as he says, by poets of the first order, such as Shakespeare, Dante and Homer, but by those of a lower order, such as Wordsworth, Tennyson and Keats. The term he defines as "a falseness in our impressions of external things, produced by violent feeling," such as grief or dismay.

When we are under the strain of some overpowering passion, we cease to see things as they really are, but impute to them qualities which in reality they do not possess at all. Poets, being human, often do this, too, in their writings, and in two different ways. Some voluntarily allow themselves to depict objects unnaturally, knowing that no credit, but hoping that some praise will be given to their portrayals. Others, under the influence of their heated imaginations when stirred by some emotion, involuntarily depict objects unnaturally, not with any definite purpose in view, but because to their temporarily unfocussed minds, the objects actually appear unnatural.

We usually consider this tendency an attribute of all poetry, and rather expect to find it in poetry, but this is an erroneous idea. For in reality the greatest poets seldom permit the pathetic fallacy. They can dispense with it easily, and describe and compare objects without the least confusion, very clearly and just as effectively as the second order of poets, who, on account of their feverish and irrational ideas, describe objects confusedly.

The greatest poets, when under the strain of some passion, such as bitter sorrow, terror or amazement, express themselves in simple and startled words, whereas mediocre poets, under this same strain, would often use a roundabout style, their

verses fairly punctuated with studied conceits, which, far from being pleasing, are only exasperating, and although fallacy, are not pathetic fallacy at all.

It is usually considered that the mind, which makes use of the pathetic fallacy to any extent, is too weak to do full justice to the subject before it, irrespective of the feelings under which it is labouring. But, on the other hand, the fact that a poet does not use the pathetic fallacy, is no guarantee of the strength of his mind, for it often happens that poets see clearly and truly, only because they never experience strong feelings, and so never have to struggle against them.

Indeed it is a sign of ability in the poet when his manner of expression shows that his mind has been partly, at least, overruled by his feelings, which have made him perceive wrongly the subject before him. But then, it is a sign of still greater ability, of real grandeur, when, although strongly acted upon by powerful emotions, the mind gathers strength enough in itself to equal the emotions at their utmost height, and, therefore, to perceive rightly in spite of them. There are always some subjects which ought to affect the poet's mind so deeply as to obscure his perception, and make him give vent to his mingled feelings in broken and figurative language, and, under these conditions, his manner is considered perfectly natural because the true expression of his mind.

As long as the feelings are genuine, the fallacies they produce are pleasing to the reader, but once they become affected, once they are allowed to be the counterfeit productions of a calm mind, they immediately lose both beauty and truth, and are stamped as the work of a poor writer. At times, however, the pathetic fallacy implies some weakness, creditable or otherwise, in the author.

From this we see that the pathetic fallacy is powerful and effective only in so far as it is pathetic. The very fact that it is fallacy or deceit, must ever be its weakness, but in this case not a crippling one, because whatever appeals to our imagination, be it in joy or in pathos, is bound to have enduring power.

Our Return Home to Ecuador

BY MERCEDES POWELL GOMEZ.

My very dear Sister:—

When I said good-bye to you on the balcony at dear St. Joseph's, I promised to send you a diary of our homeward journey. I am striving in my little measure to keep my promise; although to describe the beauties of earth and sea and sky from Toronto to my native Guayaquil is beyond my pen to picture.

We sailed from New York on the afternoon of Tuesday, July tenth, on the SS. "Zacapa." The sea was at its roughest and consequently the first two days were unpleasant for almost every passenger. The remaining five were most enjoyable when the travellers had become acquainted with one another.

Our time was spent in playing games such as "Shuffle Board," "Pinning the Eye on the Pig," etc. We also enjoyed long hours in the steamer's library, which was filled with the choicest volumes of English prose. We were particularly friendly with our comfortable deck-chairs, especially in the evenings when in the absence of artificial light (since the United States declared war no lights are used on steamers crossing the Atlantic) the only possible distraction was to maintain amicable discussions while admiring the unclouded sky.

The second day after sailing we took part in a "boat-drill"; all the passengers were given notice of it in the morning. At two o'clock p.m. adults and children were up on first deck; the entire crew was assembled there in a position of attention and respect which spoke volumes for the Commander's discipline. At his orders the mariners showed the passengers the manner of adjusting "life-preservers." Our boat-drill lasted not much longer than five minutes.

"Land!" It was the sixth day of our journey when we came in sight of the Island of Cuba, whose verdure was simply enchanting. Everyone's heart was filled with no little joy—"Land this morning! Please lend me your glasses; oh what

a beautiful tree! See how quaint that bungalow looks. I see a man walking on that middle road. I wish we could land," were some of the exclamations heard.

The following day we arrived at the picturesque harbour of Kingston, Jamaica. At the first view of the tropical vegetation—trees with tall and slender trunks and fan-shaped tops, the cocoa-nuts, and others—it seemed to us as if we had recently awakened from a dream, and our beloved Ecuador to which we were returning presented herself most vividly before our eyes.

The entrance to the harbour was slow but interesting. The first object which attracted our attention was a group of pelicans which, making their station a narrow reef, constantly dived for minnows. The British flag was raised because we were anchoring in a British port, the yellow quarantine flag was also raised until after the registration of the passengers by the Doctor and Local Authorities, when it was replaced by the United States Navy Flag. As well as the two flags already mentioned, four little flags which in code signify the steamer's name, proudly waved. These last-mentioned are used by every steamer on entering or leaving a port.

Before the boat had reached the pier, swarms of half-clothed natives came to it swimming and in clamorous accents begged for pennies. The passengers, amused, threw them silver coins and they dived for them, losing not a one. At intervals these interesting beggars sang some of their "favourite selections," which we regret not to be able to mention, because we did not know the air nor did we understand a syllable of them.

We landed in Kingston to mail our correspondence and visit the city, and met with a difficulty. A crowd of native peddlars, each with his merchandise and each determined not to allow our passage until we had purchased, barred the exit to the pier. They sold stringed beads, coral necklaces, and beautifully carved hemispheres of "mate"—a tropical plant, sphere-shaped, resembling a cocoa-nut, which cut in two is used for conveying water from one vessel into another. Others sold a firefly but very small, imprisoned in a large cage; and last, but not least,

we shall mention a large duck, the vendor of which in the process of introduction nearly deprived us of our optical faculties. A dish of Jamaican ice-cream satisfied "our sinful appetites." Everywhere in that city were signs of its great poverty; its natives are all coloured save only a few English colonials. The richer people ride; there are in the streets almost as many carriages (in appearance they date back to the days of Cromwell) as there are people. The poorer class roam about begging or watching favourable opportunities—such as the arrival of steamers. Having purchased various souvenirs, we returned to our steamer.

On crossing the Caribbean, the new passengers yielded to the consequences of its unwelcome swinging, also some of the New Yorkers who had not yet become "good sailors."

After a day and a half more we anchored at Cristobal, Panama. The improvements at this port, during the past five years, have been marvellous. Large piers have been constructed, its streets are beautifully paved and scrupulously clean and in its outskirts as well as in Panama beautiful auto roads delight the tourists' eyes. Our baggage having been inspected, we turned our steps to the Registration office, where we had to print our thumb on a slip of paper which bore the exact description of the owner. A copy remained at the said office and the slip we kept, returning it the day we left Panama.

We took the five o'clock train to Panama—a distance of forty-six miles. On the same train a "secret service policeman" travelled, who became very friendly with the gentlemen of our party and who, having a perfect knowledge of the road, made it most entertaining for us, explaining and pointing out the points of interest. We passed by strips of once marshy land, now converted into fruitful plantations by the energetic aid of the American Government, at which work a vast number of heroic workmen lost their lives; a large number of such strips are now being restored. In the Hotel "Tivoli," Panama, we spent three most enjoyable days. It is a large and beautiful building with the latest American comforts. During the afore-said three days we saw much of that city. What interested

us especially were the old Spanish Cathedrals. The Chinese stores with their variety of artistic and beautiful curios afford great amusement and temptation to the traveller.

On July twentieth we embarked on the SS. "Manavi" in Colon, which took us through the world-famed Panama Canal. In crossing it we spent nearly a day; we had only left it when the mighty waves demonstrated their great power, rocking our vessel from end to end. Three days later we anchored at the Colombian port, Tumaco. No sooner had the gangway been let down than the native coolies—"cholitos"—flocked to the boat. Their canoes were filled with luscious fruit, the "Aguacate"—Alligator pears—being most plentiful. One of the said canoes was overturned; the owner had a very exciting time trying to restore it to its original position and to rid it of the great volume of water which filled it. This port was picturesque and the quaintness of the native huts most attractive. They consist of four posts very like to maple trunks during the winter season, a few old leaves for roof and cane for walls and floor, the single room of which is utilized for all purposes. Esmeraldas, Manta, Machalilla, Manglaralto, Ballenita and Puna were the other ports at which we stopped, all similar to the one mentioned. The natives came on board in the same way as at Tumaco, selling oranges very green but very sweet, Panama hats made in Ecuador, namely, the "Sombreros Manabitas," and trinkets of pure Ecuadorian gold. The next port was Guayaquil—our own beloved Guayaquil—much packing, bustling and hurrying ensued; the third whistle of the steamer had been blown, we had reached the port, and we found ourselves in our dear Daddy's arms. It was the twenty-eighth of July, 1917.

After five years' stay at dear St. Joseph's we are home again—"Home, sweet Home." And now on December fourth, as I write you, dear Sister, and that dear magazine—our "Lilies"—brings me the sweet memories of my Convent School. I am lonely and longing to be with you again; my heart goes out to you all; and yet, at the same time I want to be with my dearest Daddy. Alas! there is nothing complete in this world. From

the letters Ivy has received, we judge that there are very few changes in the staff; but I suppose all last year's girls have not returned and that there are many new faces in the class rooms. Our Guayaquil is a nice city; the sanitary conditions are good and the heat, although increasing day by day, is not as yet excessive. Christmas is drawing near; this letter will reach you about then. Allow me, dear Sister, to offer you my greetings for a very holy and peaceful Christmas season and may our Blessed Lord fill the coming year for you with His sweetest blessings. With much love from Ivy, and respects from those at home, believe me

Your devoted and respectful friend-

Guayaquil, Ecuador, Tuesday, Dec. 4th, 1917.



Already wears the lilac her leaf buds for next year.
That thro' the winter's dimness will wait our hearts to cheer;
Tho' drifting snow may hide them, tho' frost breath waft its
 sheen,
They only wait Spring's call-note to veil bare boughs with
 green.

Already in the copses the prickly gorse tufts hold
Sweet blossoms scattered softly like beads of shining gold,
And o'er them lightly dancing when wintry sunshine reigns
The gauze-wing'd gnats are glancing like stars in silken skeins.

The missel thrush is flinging his challenge to the world,
The Christmas roses open pale silver buds long furl'd,
The winter jasmine flutters its gold against the pane,
And robin sings the year's dirge, but looks for Spring again.

An Experience in a Snowstorm

BY HILDA MEYER.

KING STORM reigned supreme in all Ontario, and neither magnates nor tramps were afforded any mercy within its realm. Railroad transportations were tied up in all directions and thousands sat and shivered in railway coaches all over the Province, praying for the drifts to move that their trains might proceed and take them to their destinations.

The Michigan Central train left Buffalo about two o'clock, carrying approximately two hundred passengers from Toronto and Hamilton, the greater number from the Queen City. Outside the wind was blowing a perfect hurricane and the cars rocked under the power of the storm. Some idea of the velocity of the storm may be gathered from the fact that although there were the usual storm windows covering the inner ones, the snow drifted through in a steady stream.

In the rear Pullman the people viewed the storm with deep concern. Someone discovered that the car was getting cold and even the porter could not help, as the steam was turned on full. Coats were rescued from the racks and the owners disappeared within their folds. For a few miles the train laboured on while the chair car grew colder. When opposite a flag post the engine plunged into a drift and came to a full stop. One or two of the venturesome muffled themselves up, worked their way forward and found a twelve-foot drift with the engine snugly stowed in. The cheerful information was imparted to the passengers that the train was in a drift and could not move, but that telegraph communication was trying to be secured with Hamilton to have an engine come to their assistance.

It was beginning to get dark and the occupants of the car realized that they were hungry. One man led the way by

stating he was going to find the nearest house or store before it got dark, and procure some provisions. Five others made a similar declaration. All muffled up, they ventured into the storm and learned that a country store was situated about two hundred yards along the road running past the station. In the village store, which kept an assortment of practically everything from pitchforks to handkerchiefs, they secured a twenty-pound cheese, six large loaves of bread, five pounds of butter, a stock of bananas, several dozens of oranges and three tins of sardines. The porter produced knives and forks, and sandwiches were made and passed around. The women and children in the other coaches were invited to take part in the repast.

About this time help arrived from Hamilton and the journey to Toronto was continued. When the train reached the city it was again stalled. Five trains ahead awaited their turn to reach the station. The passengers subsided into a half wakeful drowsiness. At five-thirty a.m. the train reached the Union Station and the weary passengers crept out into the storm and the gray dawn. It was certainly good to see the lights of the city and to know that warm fires and comfortable beds awaited them not far away.

If all the skies were sunshine
Our faces would be fain
To feel once more upon them
The cooling splash of rain.

If all the world were music
Our hearts would often long
For one sweet strain of silence
To break the endless song.

If life were always merry
Our souls would seek relief
And rest from weary laughter
In the quiet arms of grief.

Alexander Pope

BY RUTH M. AGNEW.

POPE is the predominant figure in the poetry of the first half of the eighteenth century. His superiority in this period of English literature is unquestionable. His poetry is particularly interesting as a faithful reflection of the spirit and interests of his time.

Alexander Pope was born in London on the twenty-first of May, 1688. His education was slight and desultory, and at the age of twelve he was left entirely to his own resources. Within a few years he had learned a great deal about English, French, Latin and Greek literature. This he did merely by following his own inclinations and love for knowledge.

He began to write poetry at an early age, but his first published work, the "Pastorals," only appeared in 1709. They are artificial and formal, rather than simple or natural.

Nature is not described for her own sake, but is used as a back-ground for human life. The "Pastorals" are chiefly important as illustrations of Pope's marvellous handling of rhythm and versification. He used the heroic couplet almost altogether, but modified it by varying the caesura in successive lines and by infusing romantic and literary elements.

Pope's next important work was the "Essay on Criticism," which was written in 1709 and published in 1711. It was an attempt to set down in verse the laws of poetry, as drawn from the classics and as applied to the work of the Renaissance.

It is divided into three parts. First Pope tells of the abuses of the art of criticism in his day; and lays down his main rule, which is to follow Nature according to reason, and to avoid extremes. He also advises the study of classical authors, because they give, better than any other writers, the rules to be observed in respect to correctness and propriety. In the second part of the Essay he gives examples of False and True Wit, and says that

“True Wit is Nature to advantage dressed,
What oft was thought, but ne’er so well expressed.”

In the third section Pope describes a good critic, and gives short sketches of those who have been most famous in this regard.

The same year that the “*Essay on Criticism*” was published “*The Rape of the Lock*” made its appearance. This poem is a very good illustration of the rules that Pope had laid down in the “*Essay*.” It is what is known as a mock heroic poem; that is, it has all the lofty features of a classical epic, but it has also a trivial subject. The satire is delicately half-hidden, and the ethical qualities of the poem do not in the least destroy its lightness. It is a true picture of the society of the time, and is probably the most popular of all of Pope’s poems.

Pope’s next publication was a realization of one of his dearest ambitions—that of securing honour, fame, and some wealth by means of literature. In the year 1720 he completed his translation of Homer’s “*Iliad*.” This was considered a wonderful achievement, and the poem was widely read, and for the most part, favourably criticized. The translation was inaccurate; its popularity was chiefly owing to the fact that it was written in the fashion of the time—the heroic couplet.

From 1727 to 1741 Pope published chiefly epistles and satires. The most important of these works is the “*Dunciad*,” a satire directed against those who had attacked him or his works. From this poem sprang other satirical poems and epistles, for example, the “*Imitations of Horace*,” and the “*Epistle to Doctor Arbuthnot*.” In his satires he attacks personal enemies, Ministers, or political corruption, and makes many reflections on the morals and manners of the time.

The “*Essay on Man*,” one of Pope’s later works, was published in 1732 and 1734. It is a didactic work, inspired indirectly by the Deistic movement. From a philosophical standpoint, it leaves much to be desired. It is inconsistent, illogical, and self-contradictory. It shows clearly Pope’s incapacity to think continuously. Viewed as a poem, however, it takes a high

rank. It is cleverly arranged, and displays in the highest degree Pope's skill, wit and imagination. It is divided into four Epistles, with one central theme: The first one treats of the nature and state of man with respect to the universe; the second, of man with respect to himself; the third, with respect to happiness. The thought is so condensed that almost every word is important. Hence Pope often gets into difficulties with the grammar in his couplet. Some of the couplets in this poem are unexcelled for pithy, pointed, and polished expression of well-known truths.

Pope is important for bringing form and order into English poetry. He preserved past traditions, and developed the classical movement. In his later poems the form of the verse is almost perfect, and they display a marvellous command of language. However, Pope had no lyric gift. He was so careful to avoid extremes that he lost much of his poetic originality. His work was never spontaneous or emotional, and he signally failed in his attempt to portray tragedy and pathos in the so-called love poem, "Eloisa to Abelard."

Alexander Pope is now generally considered a second-rate poet. Some, indeed, have refused him even the name of poet; it has often been said that his poetry is in reality only prose in rhyme, without inspiration or emotion. It is true that he excelled only in certain kinds of poetry, for example, the didactic, the satire and argumentative. It must be admitted also, that his excellence lies more in technical skill than in innate beauty. However, Pope is indubitably the foremost poet in his sphere and age, and the acknowledged leader of the classical school.



College Notes

The Forty Hours' Devotion began in the College Chapel on December 7th. High Mass was celebrated Friday morning and afterwards the Blessed Sacrament was left exposed for adoration until Sunday evening. A schedule was made out which designated the time when each student should take her hour at adoration. The young ladies are to be commended for the fervor which they showed and for the frequent visits they made to Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. The Sanctuary was beautiful with roses and lilies, those fragrant blossoms so suggestive of the virtues that should flower in the hearts of St. Joseph's children. Those three days of grace were ones to be long remembered. The hours of quiet thought and prayer spent before Our Saviour's Sacramental Throne were very precious, and far or near from our Alma Mater we shall hold those prayerful hours among the most cherished recollections of our happy days in dear St. Joseph's.

* * * *

The evening of December thirteenth was the occasion of a very enjoyable concert in honor of Sister Superior's feast day. The following was the programme :

Chorus—Night Bells.

Address and Presentation Miss Ellen Ashbrook
 Piano Solo Miss Lucie Ashbrook
 Recitation..Misses Mona Maguire, Ruth Totten, Virginia Cash
 Vocal Solo—The Open Secret Miss Koster
 Recitation Miss Grace Maguire
 Piano Duet—Rhapsody March, Ritz—Misses Yvonne and Margaret Carrier.

Part Song—Ring Out, Ye Bells..Misses Meraw, Ivory, Collins, Mulligan, McCormick, Desroches, Christopher, McTague, Carrier, Nolan, Canfield.

Recitation Miss D. Canfield
 Piano Solo—Impromptu C Minor, Reinold..Miss Ursula Christopher.

Recitation—Daddies and Laddies Playing..Junior Elocution Class.

Chorus—Hail Dear St. Joseph!

The Reverend Chaplain, Fr. R. McBrady, C.S.B., complimented the young ladies on the success of the evening's entertainment, and joined his congratulations with theirs in wishing Sister Superior many happy feast days and lots of girls to keep them with her.

* * * *

We extend our sincere congratulations to the Misses Antoinette Ellard and Anastasia Langan, who have completed the Commercial Course and have won the coveted Diploma.

* * * *

"Loving Christmas and New Year's Greeting to all."—Mercedes and Ivy. Thus read the Christmas cable from two of our last year's students, the Misses Mercedes and Ivy Powell Gomez, who are now in their home city—Guayaquil, Ecuador. We enjoyed a delightful letter from them, and hope to hear soon again. We are always interested in them and we know they will always remember with love and gratitude, St. Joseph's.

* * * *

The skating rink has proved a great success, and when recreation hours permit, it is a pleasing spectacle to watch the happy groups of girls engaged in the health-giving winter sport.

* * * *

Early in December a number of young ladies, chaperoned by the Misses E. Dowdall and F. Quinlan, attended a patriotic concert held in Convocation Hall, under the auspices of Lady Hendrie and the Rosary Hall Association.

Among those whose names are added to the Honour Roll in the present World War are Miss Nina Dickie's brother, Miss Olive Doyle's two cousins, Miss Camilla Mulvehill's cousin. We express our deepest sympathy to the sorrowing relatives and friends for the loss they have sustained.

* * * *

Lieutenant E. A. Steer, at present "Somewhere in France," sent his greetings to St. Joseph's in the form of an artistic card with an embossed crest of the Battalion and the following words: "Lieutenant-Colonel W. R. Patterson, D.L.O., and officers of the 4th Canadian Mounted Rifles Battalion B.E.F., wish you the compliments of the season. Christmas, 1917."

* * * *

A well-chosen programme was artistically presented in the College Auditorium by some of the music pupils on the Feast of St. Cecilia. All present thoroughly enjoyed each number. Programme: Piano solo, Impromptu (Carl Mater), Miss Ursula Christopher; vocal solo, Somewhere a Voice is Calling, Miss Doris Canfield; vocal solo, The Fairy Pipers, Miss Anastasia Langan; dance, Highland Fling, the Misses Foy, May and O'Flaherty; violin solo, A Broken Doll, Miss Ora Lawless; vocal solo, Miss Mary McTague; piano solo, Miss Yvonne Carrier; piano solo, March Hongroise, Miss Yolande Didier; recitation, Between Two Loves, Miss Lucie Ashbrook; Hymn to St. Joseph.

* * * *

Our dear Mistress was treated to a surprise on the evening of December fifteenth. Her feast-day coming, as it does, in holiday time, was anticipated and we decided to celebrate in advance. Miss Rita Ivory read the address in the name of her companions. The "Canticle of St. Agnes," recited by Miss Lucie Ashbrook, introduced the principal feature in the programme for the evening. The theme of the drama lifted it from the plane of a mere representation of beautiful scenes and gave considerable scope for dramatic action throughout. The Rev. Father Kehoe, O.C.C., who honored us with his presence,

congratulated the performers on their dramatic skill in bridging over the years, taking us back 1,600 years to the days of ancient Rome—where Agnès waged her great battle and conquered—St. Agnes is needed as a model to-day. Now, perhaps more than ever in the world's history, are we in need of the heroic child's example of a faith that secures allegiance to duty and a purity vigilantly alert to detect and resist skilfully concealed allurements.

Dramatis Personae.

Sempronius—Prefect of Rome.....Miss Mona Maguire
 Marcus—His Son Miss Doris Canfield
 Patricius—A Patrician Miss Virginia Cash
 Sabina—His Wife.....Miss Lucie Ashbrook
 Agnes—His Daughter Miss Eleanor Ward
 Fulvia—The Prefect's Wife..... Miss Ellen Ashbrook
 Julia—The Prefect's Daughter.....Miss S. Rees
 Emerentia—Maid to Agnes Miss R. Ivory
 Claudius—Attendant of Marcus Miss Mary McCormick
 Soldiers Misses Krausmann and Hammel
 Angels and Saints .. Susanna, Cecilia, Dorothea, Lucia, Agatha

In St. Joseph's Reception Hall a new picture may be seen, thanks to the generosity of our schoolmate, Helen Barry of Rockwood, Ont. It is an oil painting of the famous Sistine Madonna. The copy is an excellent one and will be a source of inspiration to all who view it.

* * *

The reception of new members into the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary usually takes place on December 8th, but this year, owing to the Forty Hours, was postponed until the 14th of the month. Twenty-eight girls received the badge of Our Lady, pledging themselves to be her children and to follow her as their exemplar. Our Reverend Chaplain, Father R. McBrady, C.S.B., delivered one of his masterly sermons, which always sink deeply into the hearts of his listeners, telling us in a few well-chosen words truths that can never be forgotten.

On December 17th, Professor Kirkpatrick, the talented interpreter of prose and poetry, gave us a most delightful evening's entertainment. Those of us who had enjoyed the pleasure of hearing Dr. Kirkpatrick before had raised the anticipation of the less fortunate ones and all faces in the College Auditorium were aglow with enthusiasm. The Professor gave selections illustrating the different styles of literature. Beginning with the Lyric, he entertained the audience with poems by Denis McCarthy, W. B. Yates, David Burnett and T. A. Daly. Then followed the descriptive poems, such as "The Admiral's Ghost" and "The Barrel Organ" (Noyes). In the latter the interpreter brought his hearers back to the sights, scenes and familiar noises of "Old London" and showed the beauty of the rhythm which is now too often missed in vocal interpretation. Dr. Drummond's "When Albani Sang" preceded the Narrative and Dramatic selections from Nicholas Nickleby and Tennyson's Arthurian poetry. Dr. Kirkpatrick's versatality is marvellous and his wonderful voice control and remarkable facial expression portray the impersonated characters so vividly that one can see them moving about, can feel their sorrow, anger and love. We extend a hearty vote of thanks to Professor Kirkpatrick and look forward with eager pleasure to seeing and hearing him soon again on our college stage.

* * * *

Shortly after Christmas the Senior Classes were honored with a visit from Reverend Mother. We appreciated very much the little encouraging talk she gave us and wish that Reverend Mother's time was not at so high a premium, for then we might enjoy her presence oftener and thus to be spurred on in the "rugged upward path" that smoothes out so readily under the influence of her ready sympathy and bright words of encouragement.

* * * *

The students of Forms I. and II. visited "The Grange" last month, to view an exhibition of works by the students "Ontario College of Art." This is the second exhibition the pupils

have had the opportunity of enjoying in December, having been to see the paintings in oils and water colour by Mr. Henry Briton, A.R.C.A.

* * * *

During the past month the young ladies have attended the following: The Paulist Choir in Massey Hall in aid of the Navy; Signor Carboni's concert in Columbus Hall in aid of the Halifax sufferers; the Toronto Choir and the eminent French prima donna, Mme. Nelli Gardini, and have enjoyed themselves at each and all. We extend a vote of thanks to our chaperones, Mrs. Griffin and Mrs. Madden; and to Mr. Ambrose Small for his kindness and thoughtfulness in supplying the tickets for the last mentioned entertainment.

* * * *

On one of the long December evenings which stand out well in our memory, Dr. James L. Hughes, so popular in Toronto pedagogic circles, delivered to the teachers and pupils at St. Joseph's an admirable address on Charles Dickens as an unparalleled reformer of disciplinary methods in the schools of England. The venerable speaker was interesting for many reasons; he was interesting to those of the audience who had not heard him before, because of his historic and influential relationship with the teaching profession in Toronto, and upon this continent in a general way; and because he is the author of poems and text books, which have made his name familiar to all. The subject of the address was treated with a lively, lambent humour and in the masterful style of the experienced lecturer. Dr. Hughes was thoroughly at home with Dickens, whom he passionately admires. He quoted most aptly and with dramatic effect, from work after work of the great novelist. In every selection the speaker made fitting application to teach some lesson, enforce some point, or illustrate some feature of the character intended for caricature or merited contumely. Perhaps the pictures which he impressed on the mind most clearly were some of the abominations perpetrated in the "Squeer's Academy," where Nicholas Nickleby attempted to redress the wrongs of poor Smike. Incidents were cited from

the Salem House School, where though unfortunate himself, little David Copperfield tried to befriend poor Traddles; and from Dr. Blimber's school at Brighton, where all the joy was crushed out of the boy-life of Paul Dombey. Many passages, grave and gay, tragic, comic and grotesque, were quoted by Dr. Hughes, who displayed wonderful memory, a keen sense of humour, and the skill of a true teacher, in pointing and weighting his sentences to carry home the lessons which he wished them to convey. The Rev. M. J. Oliver, C.S.B., who accompanied the lecturer on the platform and introduced him to the audience, expressed the gratitude of those present in a few well-turned sentences, which suggested to Dr. Hughes some humorous, personal anecdotes of his youth, and he told them in his witty, spirited way, provoking a laugh at his own expense. Dickens has found a splendid champion in Dr. James L. Hughes, who in far Canadian fields twines a wreath of immortelle

"To honor him who searched with jealous care
Life's refuse heaps for broken earthen-ware."

* * * *

The annual retreat for the students was held on the ninth, tenth and eleventh of February, and was conducted by the Rev. J. O'Reilly, C.S.S.R. The Reverend Father in his lectures pointed out very clearly the virtues that must be practised by self-controlled, self-sacrificing women—women so much needed in the world at all times, but needed particularly at the present time. Prayer, an infallible means of obtaining these virtues, is always at one's command. The close attention of the young ladies to instructions and exhortations, their piety during the exercises, their general exemplary conduct, bespoke the pleasure and profit felt during the time. The retreat closed on the morning of February twelfth and all returned to their class-work animated with renewed ardour and energy to prepare themselves for a field of wider usefulness in the world.

Tea Cleanliness and Purity

From the tea gardens in Ceylon to the familiar sealed packets of



Absolute cleanliness prevails. Every particle of dust removed.
Weighed and packed by automatic machinery.

DR. W. J. WOODS

Dentist

2 BLOOR STREET EAST

Phone North 3258

Dr. Porter

DENTIST

CORNER

Mississauga and West St.

ORILLIA :: ONTARIO

CHOICE FLOWERS

Dillemoth

FLORIST

123 King St. W., Toronto

Phone Adelaide 2437.



IN Canadian schools there are 5,000 Underwoods, and 1,300 of all other makes combined.

And in offices everywhere the Underwood is supreme.

Our Employment Department supplies typists for 6,000 positions annually.

UNITED TYPEWRITER CO. LTD.

Underwood Bldg. 135 Victoria Street TORONTO

E. J. CURRY General Contractor

SPECIALTY Plain and Ornamental Plastering Work

I submit herewith partial list of some well-known buildings of every description in this city in which my work appears. An inspection of each is perhaps the best proof I can submit of my capabilities along this line:

SHEA'S THEATRES
PRINCESS THEATRE
VICTORIA THEATRE
SUNNYSIDE THEATRE
YORK THEATRE
ST. PAUL'S THEATRE
AUTOMOBILE SUPPLY BUILDINGS
BRUNSWICK DAY SCHOOL
ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE ADDITION
ST. JOSEPH'S NOVITIATE
GEORGINA HOME
SELBY PRIVATE HOTEL,
ST. CHARLES HOTEL
EXHIBITION BUILDINGS

WESTON'S BREAD FACTORY
ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL ADDITION
ISABELLA MANSIONS
BEACH PUBLIC LIBRARY
RONCESVALLES PUBLIC LIBRARY
KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS HALL
ST. CLARE'S R. C. CHURCH
ST. FRANCIS' R. C. CHURCH
THE POLISH CHURCH
THE RUTHENIAN CHURCH
NEWMAN CHAPEL
ST. THOMAS PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
BUELAH HALL
AND MANY LARGE RESIDENCES.

PROMPT ATTENTION GIVEN TO ALL KINDS OF REPAIRS.

HEAD OFFICE: 57 Queen St. W. TELEPHONE: Adelaide 1829

Main 1589

Ferrier & Co.

**Wholesale
Potato Dealers**

**62 COLBORNE STREET
TORONTO**

Car Lots a Specialty

Shop Telephone North 3765

House Telephone 3782

GEO. M. BRYAN

MANUFACTURER OF

**Galvanized Iron Cornices, Skylights,
Metal Roofing and Ceilings and
all other Sheet Metal Trimmings
for Buildings. : : : : :**

**SLATE, FELT and GRAVEL
ROOFING and REPAIRING**

Jobbing Promptly Attended To. Furnace Work

**503 YONGE STREET
TORONTO**

**Carving Tables. Tea and Coffee
Urns.**

RANGES.

Wrought Iron Range Co.

OF CANADA, LIMITED.

Manufacturers of

HOME COMFORT KITCHEN OUTFITS

**For Hotels, Restaurants and Insti-
tutions.**

**Re-tinning and Repairing a Spe-
cialty.**

**Factory—22 ORILLIA STREET,
Rear of Showroom.**

**Office—151 KING ST. WEST,
TORONTO.**

Phone Adel. 1788 and 3533.

BROILERS.

Dish Washers. Potato Parers.

M. M. CLANCY

INSURANCE.



29-34 CANADA LIFE BLDG.

46 King St. W.

Telephone - - - Main 3000



CANADA'S GREATEST MUSIC STORE

Importers, Publishers, and Manufacturers of Sheet Music, Music Books, and Musical Instruments of every description.

Our stock is especially adapted to the requirements of **TEACHERS, STUDENTS, SCHOOLS, CONVENTS, and CONSERVATORIES.**

Write for Price Lists and Catalogues.

Publishers of
Elementary Classics
Primary Classics
Famous Classics
First Pieces in Easy Keys
Melodious Recreations
Read's Easy Method for Piano
Vogt's Modern Technique
Vogt's Standard Anthems
Ideal Anthem Books
Mammoth Folio of Music
Empire Song Folio
Vocal and Piano Music of All Kinds,
Standard and Popular, always on hand.
Let us supply your every requirement.

WHALEY, ROYCE & CO., LIMITED
WINNIPEG TORONTO

Buy an Efficient Gas Range AND COOKING WILL BE A PLEASURE



YES--A



of course, because you know they have been making stoves for seventy-five years, therefore their gas ranges are simply perfection.

OUR gas range line is complete. Everything from a little two-burner, one-oven cooker to the larger, compact cabinet, as illustrated.

You will be interested in our gas catalogue, and a copy is yours for the asking.

THE GURNEY FOUNDRY CO.

LIMITED
TORONTO

Also at MONTREAL WINNIPEG CALGARY VANCOUVER

ST. JOSEPH LILIES.

Fruit and Vegetables Solicited

BRANCH
WAREHOUSES :

**SUDBURY,
NORTH BAY,
COBALT,
COCHRANE,
and
PORCUPINE**

References :
The Canadian
Bank
of Commerce,
(Mkt. Branch)
and Commer-
cial Agencies.

**SEND FOR
SHIPPING
STAMP**

WE GET YOU BEST PRICES

Our facilities enable us to realize top prices at all times for your fruit, vegetables, or general produce. Aside from our large connection on the Toronto market, we have established branch warehouses, with competent men in charge, at SUDBURY, NORTH BAY, COBALT, COCHRANE, and PORCUPINE. In time of congestion on the Toronto market, we have a ready outlet through these branches. We never have to sacrifice your interests.

H. PETERS,

88 FRONT ST. EAST, - - - TORONTO, ONT.

Parkdale 1493

C. GANNON
WHOLESALE BUTCHER

—
FINEST
QUALITY
OF
MEATS
—

23 MARGUERETTA STREET

Toronto, Ont.



**For Infants, Invalids, the Aged
and Travellers**

A Safe and complete Food Product for Infants and Invalids which eliminates the dangers of milk infection.

The basis of "Horlick's Malted Milk" is pure, full cream milk combined with the extracts of malted grain reduced to powder form.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK CO.

Racine, Wis., U.S.A.

Montreal, Can.

PLEASE PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS.

C. A. RISK

DENTIST

Yonge & Ann Sts.

PAINLESS
EXTRACTING
A SPECIALTY

Office Hours 8 to 5 Phone Main 49

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT

Faye's Restaurant

W. FAYE : : PROPRIETOR

OUR SPECIALTY IS
QUALITY
AND
QUANTITY

140 King Street West
PHONE ADELAIDE 2483

A.A. MOSES

HARDWARE KITCHEN UTENSILS

✱ ✱ ✱

AGENTS FOR

HAPPY THOUGHT RANGES

✱ ✱ ✱

429 Yonge Street
TORONTO

Phone North 3336

We handle Benjamin Moore & Co's
Paints.

SPECIALISTS in cleaning interior wall
decorations of all description.

Manufacturers of

IMPERIAL CLEANER

for materially renewing

PAINTS	EMBOSSSED
ENAMELS	JAPANESE
WOODWORK	WALLPAPERS
METAL CEILINGS	GOLD LEAFS
and fine decorative art	

For price and information write or phone

Standard Cleaning Products Limited

64 Richmond E., Toronto Phone M. 2985

ST. JOSEPH LILIES.

Christie Biscuits

ARE THE

Purest of All Pure Foods

OVER 500 VARIETIES

Christie, Brown & Co., Limited
TORONTO



IRONING DEPARTMENT FOR SHEETS, TABLE
COVERS, PILLOW SLIPS, TOWELS,
NAPKINS AND SPREADS, ETC.

NEW METHOD LAUNDRY CO.
LTD.

"We Know How."

VISITORS WELCOME.

The Club Coffee Co.

SPECIALISTS IN

FINE COFFEES AND TEAS

Importers, Roasters and Blenders
TORONTO, ONT.

Take pleasure in announcing that the steady increase of their business has forced them to secure larger premises.

In a large new warehouse built by them, the most up-to-date roasting and grinding machinery has been installed, and now, more than ever, have facilities on hand to render exceptional service.

A specialty is made of supplying large institutions.

THE NEW ADDRESS

240 Church St., Toronto

Telephone Main 173

PLEASE PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS.

ST. JOSEPH LILIES.

Royal Assurance Co. Ltd.

OF ENGLAND

Largest Fire Insurance Co. in the World.

PERCY J. QUINN
Local Manager.

WM. A. LEE & SON

GENERAL AGENTS

26 VICTORIA STREET, - - TORONTO

Phone Main 592

Residence Phone Park 667

Western Assurance Co.

INCORPORATED 1851

Assets over \$ 3,000,000

Losses paid since organization over..... \$61,000,000

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO, ONT.

W. R. BROCK, *President.*

W. B. MEIKLE, *Vice-President and Managing Director.*

WM. A. LEE & SON

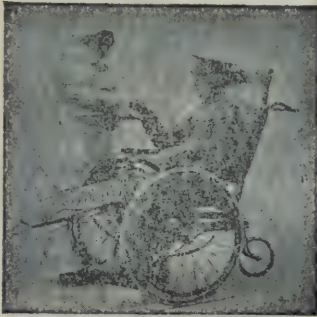
GENERAL AGENTS

26 VICTORIA STREET, - - TORONTO

Phone Main 592

Residence Phone Park 667

PLEASE PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS.



Invalid Wheel and Rolling
Chairs of all kinds for
Hospital, House and Street use

Our Grade "C" Catalogue
shows full line.

THE GENDRON MFG. CO.

Gendron

Limited
Toronto

NITROGEN AND TUNGSTEN

Electric
Fixtures

LAMPS

Electric
Supplies

DUGGAN & LEVY

Show Rooms

166 KING STREET W.

Phone Ad. 2258 TORONTO, ONT.

School Seating and Supplies
Laboratory Equipment
Water Colors

THE GEO. M. HENDRY CO.

LIMITED

215 Victoria St. : Toronto

Phone North 5180

::: FISH :::

Fresh direct from the Fisheries
every day, by fast express.

❖ ❖ ❖

PRICES LOW

❖ ❖ ❖

Quality the Finest at

SIMPSON'S

736 YONGE ST.

AYTON DAIRY

FRANK McGARRY : : Proprietor

**Milk, Cream,
Buttermilk**

45 MUIR AVE.

(Cor. Sheridan)

Phone Park. 4575

Cambridge Clothes for Men of Every Build

One of the features of the Cambridge Clothes Shop that adapt us for every man's needs is our scope for fitting different types of figures. We can supply you with a PERSONAL suit or topcoat ready to wear that will fit well, wear well, and please you with its smart, new lines; from \$15 to \$35.

FITZPATRICK & O'CONNELL
254 Yonge Street LIMITED

ANTHONY MOLE

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
HARDWARE MERCHANT
PAINTS, OILS, WINDOW GLASS, ETC.
PRICES RIGHT. DELIVERY PROMPT
534 QUEEN ST. W., TORONTO

Elevator Specialty Company, Limited

*Our Specialty is Repair
Work on Elevators and
Electrical Machinery*

DAY PHONE NIGHT PHONES
Main 2201 Adel. 3013
Adel. 4161

36-38 Lombard St.

WEAVER COAL CO.

WHOLESALE

COAL
COKE AND
ANTHRACITE
COAL

Royal Bank Bldg.
TORONTO

SELLERS-GOUGH

The Largest Exclusive Fur
House in the British Empire

FURS

We manufacture everything we sell. We guarantee the quality. We show the most exclusive designs. Our values are the best. Our prices are the most moderate. We show the largest collection of fine manufactured FURS in CANADA. All the year through.

SELLERS-GOUGH FUR CO.,
LIMITED

244-250 Yonge Street, Toronto

A Sewing Machine Offer

We want to put a **SINGER** Sewing Machine into your home for a free, fair, full trial.

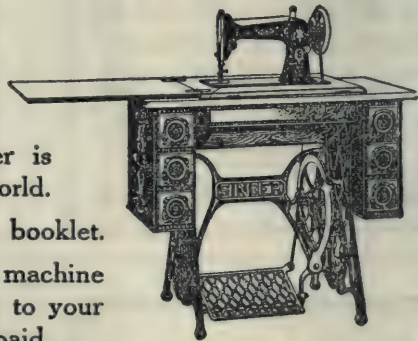
We want every woman to see for herself why the Singer is recognized as the best in the world.

Send a postal for our free booklet.

Select from it the type of machine you would like to have sent to your home for free trial, all charges paid.

If you decide to buy it, terms will be made to please you.

If you don't want it, it will be taken back at our expense. Write for the booklet now. Address,



SINGER SEWING MACHINE CO.

EXCELSIOR LIFE BUILDING, TORONTO.

Telephone Main 1034

Funeral Chapel and
Private Mortuary

H. Rosar
Undertaker

180 Sherbourne Street
(Cor. Shuter Street)
Toronto

James E. Day

John M. Ferguson

James M. Adam

E. F. McDonald

J. P. Walsh

**Day, Ferguson &
McDonald**

—◆—
BARRISTERS
—◆—

26 Adelaide Street West,
TORONTO.

Phone North 1680

Chas. A. Connors

—
Funeral Director
and Embalmer
—

505 Yonge Street - Toronto, Ont.

Phone M. 2838

Phone Junc. 3618

McCabe & Co.

UNDERTAKERS

—
222 Queen St. East

268 St. Clarens Ave.

377037

ST. JOSEPH LILIES.

There is always great
pleasure in a pipeful of

FOREST & STREAM TOBACCO

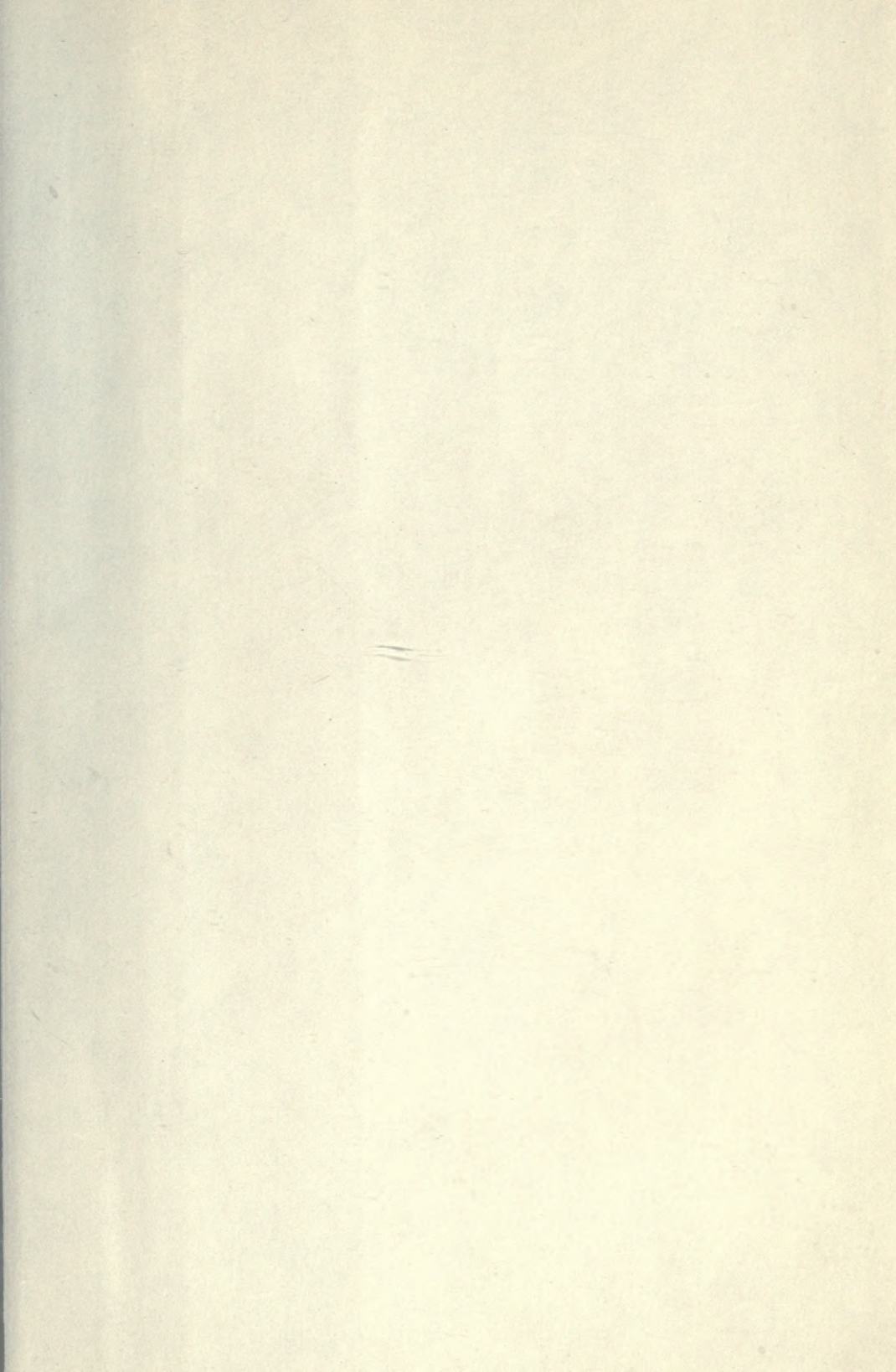
Because it is cool,
fragrant and
satisfying

Put up in neat
and handy tins

SOLD
EVERYWHERE

10c. a Tin





SAINT Joseph Lilies.

1917-1918

v. 6

